Collier's

DECEMBER 27, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

Mother ✓
Dad ✓
Aunt Charlotte ✓
Billy ✓
Stuart ✓
Uncle Ned ?
Jimmy ✓
Kathryn ✓
Aunt Mary ✓
Spencer ✓
Ellen ✓
RONALD McLEOD

SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH US BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

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Dec 27 '41

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CONTINENTAL
Perfection of Mildness
Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
A smooth and delicious whisky expertly blended for bouquet and flavor
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PA

Perfection of MILDNESS

SUPERB BLEND OF SURPASSING DELICACY AND APPEALING FLAVOR

86.8 PROOF 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • A COMPANION BLEND: COBB'S CREEK PREFERRED

Backing Him Up!

> **"In all the world no job is being better done today than by the American Railroads"**
>
> *Hon. Clarence F. Lea of California, Chairman, Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, before the House of Representatives, Sept. 25, 1941*

1939 and WAR—and suddenly everybody looked anxiously to the railroads as the life lines of defense. Could they do their part of the job ahead?

They did it in 1939.

They did it again in 1940.

And now the record for 1941 is in—*and the railroads have handled the biggest transportation job in history.*

The railroads handled more traffic than in the busiest year of the first World War.

—handled more traffic than in the peak year 1929.

—handled two-thirds of all *the nation's traffic—all the freight they were asked to haul.*

—hauled more tons more miles than any carrier in the world has ever transported in one year before.

The railroads did the job without car shortages—without congestion—for industry—for agriculture—for defense.

That record gives its own emphatic answer to fearful talk of railroad bottlenecks.

There weren't any. And, with the continued cooperation of the government and shippers, *there won't be any*—provided only that the railroads are permitted to get the materials they must have to keep tracks, locomotives and cars in repair, and to buy new equipment to meet increased defense production.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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COVER RONALD McLEOD

ANY WEEK

OUR fashion note this week has to do with the hat worn by the slightly cluttered young lady on the cover. Our staff stylists, the Misses Larkin and Carson who chic our women for us, discovered that hat in the hands of Miss Sally Victor, its creator. Combining it with one of the numerous models who daily wander through these offices trying to distract us, they turned them over to Artist Ronald McLeod who fell hard for the hat, which is made of, amongst other materials, two whole Persian lambskins. He wanted to buy the hat for Mrs. McLeod, who was very pleased until she learned that it would set the McLeods back sixty dollars. She said if sixty dollars were spent in her house they were going to buy something more durable than a hat.

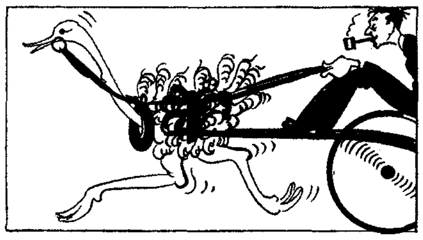
OUR little profundity of the week is launched by Mr. Jim Jay Rollick of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Mr. Rollick is not sanguine that his observations will have much effect upon our rulers in Washington. It is his opinion that "a word to the wise is worth a smack in the puss and you usually get paid." As we get it Mr. Rollick thinks that this country will be ready to "defend itself, keep England afloat, support Russia and keep South America off the bargain counter just as soon as America's industrial tail begins to wag the Washington political dog." We are in considerable agreement with Mr. Rollick, having surveyed much of the scene from which he derives his opinions. "However," says he, "there are two phenomena that sadden me. If there is anything more dismal than the sight of a politician trying to be an industrialist it is an industrialist trying to be a politician. No, I'm wrong. The most disheartening sight is to see the two misfits teamed together, one backing and filling, the other pulling and hauling while the driver stands up on the seat with his back to the team yelling to the crowd for more oats." Toward the end of his twelve-page missive, Mr. Rollick snaps out of allegory long enough to assure you that "Washington is a squirrel cage. No matter what you were at home, the minute you get in that cage you begin to act like a squirrel. After a few weeks of it you think everything outside the cage is nuts. . . ."

IN THE interests of accuracy, for which we are hounds, we announce the arrival of a letter from Mr. Paul S. Seavey, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Dunedin, Florida. In Howard Hartley's recent article, Fighting Ferryboats, he placed all of the activity about the development of these troop-landing monsters in the Clearwater area. Mr. Seavey wants it understood that much of the work is being done in "the beautiful little city of Dunedin. We expect to hear from Mr. Seavey again, applauding us for getting the facts straight at last.

SOMETIME ago we published a letter from Mrs. Johanna Marian Duffy of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, suggesting that pet dogs should be sent to the lads in our Army training camps. We thought it a nice idea, too. Since then, however, we have been receiving pleas and threats from officers and men imploring us to do what we can to stop what we started. Many of the soldiers demand Mrs. Duffy's address so that they might forward to her several thousands of assorted dogs. So we're calling off the dogs, as we are particularly impressed with a letter from an artillery officer who says that it is virtually impossible to hold maneuvers because dozens of dogs, regarding it all as good clean fun, frisk back and forth in front of the tractors, thus bringing training to a halt, the lads refusing to take any chances of running over the mutts.

AND things, we think, are getting out of hand. For example, we have a letter from Mrs. Lucy Y. Osburne of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, who not only urges women to redouble their lipstick activities but to "save the metal lipstick holders and forward them to Mr. William S. Knudsen, chairman of OPM, for national defense." Until recently, Mrs. Osburne's duties as president of the Pennsylvania chapter and national vice-president of the Unrouged Women of America absorbed all her spare time. She was striving, she says, "toward the day when there would not be a painted face in our country." Mrs. Osburne herself uses the stuff today for patriotic purposes although every time she touches the stuff she bridles. Says so herself.

RECENTLY our Jim Marshall rode the caboose of a Michigan Central Railroad freight train. As a result of this feat, Mr. Marshall has written an article which will eventually turn up in these pages for your delight and edification. But before Mr. Marshall was permitted to mount the caboose he had to sign a personal-property waiver relieving the company of responsibility for damage to "Property other than livestock, live wild animals or ostriches" which he might take along with him. This caused some delay, Mr. Marshall deciding to send home for a span of ostriches which he bought for a song from a cassowary collector who had innocently bought a setting of ostrich eggs from an untrustworthy English remittance man in Singapore. In Ditty City, Washington, where Mr. Marshall lives it is a familiar sight to see him driving his ostriches to a high-wheel sulky in the shafts of which Maud S., a famous trotting mare owned by Mr. Marshall some years ago, broke many records. But the railroad dissuaded Mr. Marshall, mentioning the limited quarters in the caboose and further that he and his ostriches would have to occupy the same berth. So without his ostriches, Mr. Marshall made the trip, sharing his berth with two railroad detectives.



GEORGE CREEL'S recent reminiscence of his 1917 job as boss of information in Washington has persuaded additional thousands that the United States cannot get through another world war without their services in any new Inflammation Bureau which might be set up. If Americans would voluntarily leap to arms in the numbers they are volunteering for jobs as war shills, there would have to be no need for conscription. We've been getting dozens of letters from ladies and gentlemen frothingly eager to whip up the patriotism of their neighbors. A gentleman in Bristol, Tennessee, informs us that he's so persuasive that his friends say that if he had a half-hour with Hitler the Germans would be fighting on the side of democracy. We have forwarded his letter to Mr. Hull. A lady, desiring to be a censor, says that somehow she has a way with editors. In Iowa, she adds, "many editors already consult me about what they should print about the war. They never fail to thank me profusely as I leave their sanctum sanctorums or private offices." A high-school girl wants to know how she can get the job censoring intermediate school publications. And from Carmel, California, a fellow advises us that he'd like to get in on "the torch end of this new Inflammation Bureau" because "everything I write starts a riot somewhere." . . . W. D.

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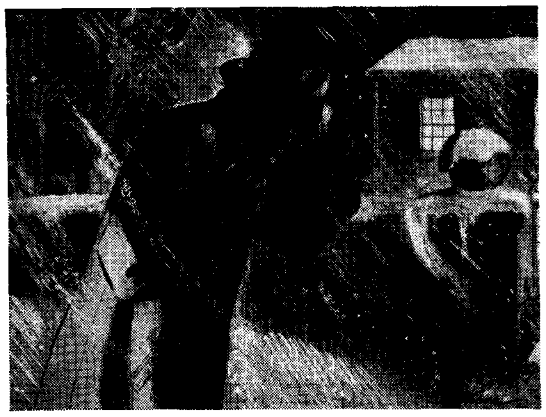
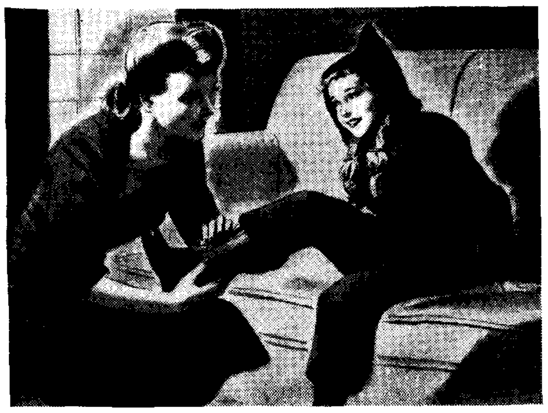
A defense program against

Pneumonia



Avoid exposure to chilling and fatigue

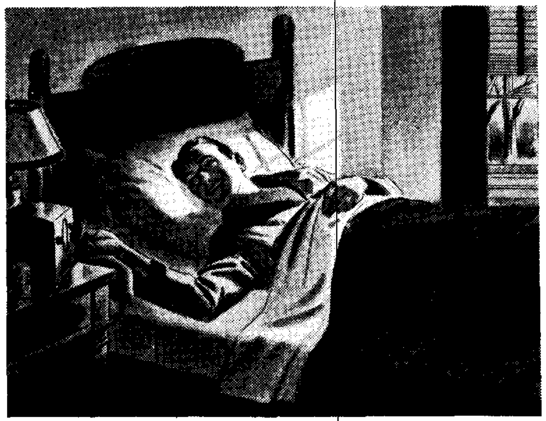
PNEUMONIA often attacks without warning. Usually, however, it is preceded by a common cold, influenza, or other infection of the breathing passages. So, it is wise to take good care of yourself whenever you have a common cold. Catch these infections early, and do not let them drag along until they become serious.



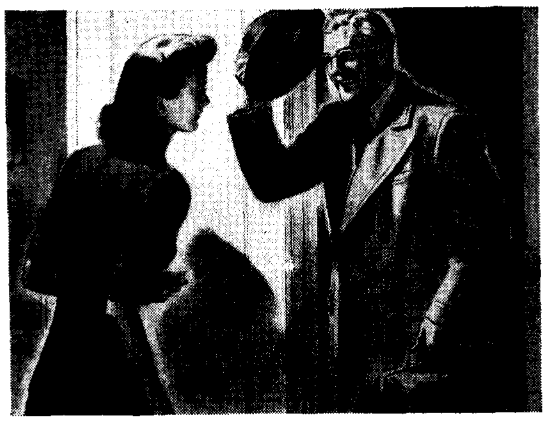
Dress the children warmly

When a cold hangs on, and you feel generally miserable and feverish, be especially cautious. Avoid exposure to chilling, and particularly fatigue, late hours, and overeating. The two safest and sanest steps to take are: 1. *Go to bed;* 2. *Call your doctor.*

The first sign of pneumonia is generally a severe chill followed by fever. Even more definite symptoms are coughing, pain in side, thick, rust-colored sputum, and heavy breathing. Usually these signs are not just forerunners. Generally they indicate actual pneumonia.



If a cold hangs on, go to bed!...



...And have the doctor call!

The pneumonia death rate has been reduced over fifty percent in the past three years. Nevertheless, the first essential for successful treatment still is early diagnosis. This permits the prompt use of the powerful new sulfa drugs when the physician (and only the physician) prescribes them; it makes possible early determination of the type of pneumonia, and use of serums if advisable.

The difference between a quick cure and a long, serious, perhaps fatal, illness depends upon getting a doctor—not tomorrow, but *immediately.* Given the chance to treat more pneumonia cases early, America's doctors and nurses can still further reduce pneumonia fatalities. By calling the doctor early and getting nursing care, you can help him to use more successfully the weapons of modern science.

Metropolitan's free booklet, "Respiratory Diseases," contains many valuable, practical suggestions to help you ward off trouble.

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 12-C, "Respiratory Diseases."

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Super Grain
KAYWOODIE
$5

This pipe is called a Shellcraft. It has an inner bowl of imported meerschaum, which makes the pipe uncommonly cool-smoking. The outer bowl is an example of the Thorn finish. $5.

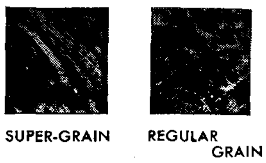
This is a Dublin, one of the most popular pipe-shape families. It has always been a favorite with Kaywoodie smokers. Add one of these Dublins to your Kaywoodie collection. $5.

This pipe belongs to the Billiard family of pipe shapes. It is agreeably proportioned, and produces a pipe with a fine "balance." This shape is one of the traditional pipe shapes. $5.

© 1941, KAYWOODIE CO.

Here are three Kaywoodie Super-Grain pipes that belong, by their own divine right, in your pipe collection. They are incredibly sweet-smoking, and the beauty of the grain proclaims their aristocratic briar heritage—the costlier rare *old* briar imported before the war, aged-in-the-wood-block according to Kaywoodie standards.* These Super-Grain pipes are, accordingly, of connoisseur quality.

*Kaywoodie briar is dug out of the ground years in advance; so the war has not interfered with our supply.



Observe the distinctive grain markings of the specimen briar from which Super-Grain pipes are made. Only the "prime cut" from the finest *old* briar burls yields briar of this exceptional beauty of marking. This is the clue to the sweet-smoking quality of Super-Grain pipes.

Yours for the asking: *The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac which tells exactly how to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
New York [In New York 630 Fifth Ave.] London

Wing Talk

BLACK STAR

Because of scarcity of new parts, German-operated planes in Brazil are easily the world's most carefully coddled ships

PRIVATE reports from Latin America indicate that commercial planes still operated there by Germany and Italy are being coddled like babes in a crib. Lack of spare parts is the reason. A couple of German boats have sneaked through the British blockade into South American ports with new engines and the necessary airplane spares, and there is a strong belief that the Italian airline connection with Europe is also a carrier of the vital spares. The very highest grade lubricants are used in the planes to minimize wear, and the most scientific care is being applied to their operation. Hitler and Mussolini intend to hold on to those airline franchises down to the last cotter pin.

IT'S not shameful to get lost in the air; pilots both great and small have done it. Once there was a time when the favorite method of orienting yourself was to "shoot a railroad station"—fly right down the tracks and read the name on the building. That is now prohibited. Many airmen regard it as a reflection on their ability as cross-country pilots to admit they don't know where they are at all times. But every so often a real hot pilot will come out and admit he was lost. That is why the following little item will be of great cheer to the thousands of new pilots who have qualified as cross-country navigators but suffer terribly when they do become lost, and will do most anything to change the subject.

Down in the Carolinas during the maneuvers were several British airmen of great renown. One of them, Wing Commander Roland Tuck, twenty-five years old and with more than thirty German scalps on his belt, was invited to make a flight from Charlotte, N. C., to Spartanburg, S. C., in a Republic P-43 Lancer single-seater fighter. Wing Commander Tuck, who thinks nothing of taking off from a fighter base in England in a Spitfire or Hurricane landplane, flying across the Channel and roaring down the main streets of German-held ports, trying to draw fire or combat, was to be accompanied by an Army pilot in another Lancer because the trip was arranged hurriedly and there was not enough time to study maps and landmarks.

The two fighters became separated during a spell of soupy weather and when the Army pilot landed at Spartanburg there was no Wing Commander Tuck. Here was one of Britain's greatest aces missing on a routine flight in safe South Carolina and the Army began to perspire. Just at the moment that headquarters estimated his fuel supply was expiring, the telephone rang. It was Wing Commander Tuck announcing in his gentle English voice that his "petrol had become exhausted" and he had landed this fast pursuit ship in a cornfield without incident. He frankly owned up that he was seventy-five miles below Spartanburg and had been lost. That's another reason why he is a great airman.

THE Army Air Force colonel, in an effort to get a few days respite from the grueling staff work in Washington, went to California to ferry back an Army airplane. He took the route via the deep Southwest on what developed to be the hottest day of the year, and by the time he got to El Paso he was sunburned lobster red. Into town he went and located a novelty store. He asked for a mask and all that could be produced at that season of the year was one emblematic of the devil, with horns and fierce eyebrows. He tried it on; it covered his face and nose perfectly and even fitted his head. Gradually he became conscious of a rising tide of curiosity among the clerks. As he was about to depart, one bold clerk asked if he might inquire why the colonel desired a devil's mask.

"For flying," was his response, and he disappeared.

In the air again, and in the blazing sun the colonel held the stick between his knees while he donned the mask. This was truly comfort and protection. Presently he was aware of another plane off his left wing doing a little practice flying. He turned and look straight into the eyes of the pilot of the other ship and waved a salute. The colonel cannot quite yet understand why the other pilot didn't return the greeting, but instead suddenly pulled up into a left wing-over and flew in the opposite direction with all speed.

BOWING to state's rights, years ago, the federal government did not require pilots and planes operating solely within their borders to be subject to federal regulations governing competency of airmen and airworthiness of aircraft.

That meant that your oldest boy could build an airplane, using a cast-off Model T automobile motor, and go out and kill himself and nothing could be done about it. Of course, if he chose to cross a state line and enter interstate commerce, a Department of

(Continued on page 43)

Keep Your Old Radios Working...
CALL YOUR SERVICE MAN TODAY
and Keep Them Working Well

"YES, MRS. SMITH, I'LL MAKE IT SOUND LIKE NEW

...the oscillator is off a few thousand beats a second"

...It's another of those cases of normal wear of sensitive radio parts which, although not sufficient to cause the set to stop operating, may result in tuning difficulties, noise, poor tonal quality, weak volume and other inefficiencies. Your radio service man can fix such things promptly—at a modest charge you will be well justified in paying.

For instance, the oscillator in an average radio oscillates almost two million times a second—perhaps ten times that often if it operates on short wave bands. Should this become even slightly out of adjustment, the result may be an inaccuracy of several thousand oscillations a second—a small percentage of error, to be sure, but still enough to cause the set to work far less efficiently than it should. Although conditions of this sort are beyond the comprehension of most radio owners, they are no mystery to the service man. He has both the knowledge and equipment to correct them accurately and well.

Such things clearly indicate the importance of a routine service check-up every year or 18 months—at a probable cost of no more than the service man's minimum charge of $1.50 or $2.00. This means the correction of minor troubles resulting from long hours of daily use. Equally important, it indicates whether additional repairs are advisable to assure the kind of reception to which you are entitled and, perhaps, even to avoid more extensive work later on.

Always a good investment, always important, competent radio service is even more so today when home radios form a valuable link in Defense; when the National Emergency means broadcast messages of vital importance; and when new radios, although finer, will be limited in number.

Call your service man today! Give your radios the attention that any such fine, well-made mechanisms deserve!

YOU CAN'T GET "LIKE-NEW" RADIO RECEPTION WITH OLD, WORN TUBES!

Tubes are literally the "heart" of any radio. Countless cases of noise, lack of volume, inferior tone, tuning difficulties and similar troubles in old radios can easily and economically be remedied simply by replacing worn tubes. That is why discriminating users have tubes checked at least once a year and, when making replacements, insist on RCA tubes. These tubes, backed by the best-known name in Radio—featured by leading dealers and service technicians—are easy to recognize in any of their three distinctive cartons.

RCA Victor
RADIO TUBE
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
Cunningham
Radio
RADIOTRON
RCA
RADIO TUBE
A QUALITY PRODUCT made by RCA

Made for each other
VICTOR RECORDS
AND
RCA VICTROLA

RCA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

CAMDEN, N. J.
IN CANADA: RCA VICTOR COMPANY, LTD., MONTREAL

She loves me, YES,
She loves me, NO.
It's "NO" because
of DOUBLE O

He wondered why girls went out with him a few times and then left him carrying a torch. But there was a good reason . . . they just didn't like going out with a fellow who was careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

What to Do About It

If *you've* been careless about this double offense, why not get after it with the delightful double precaution that so many wise and popular men and women use?

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of 8 years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste was created specially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many people say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

For a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

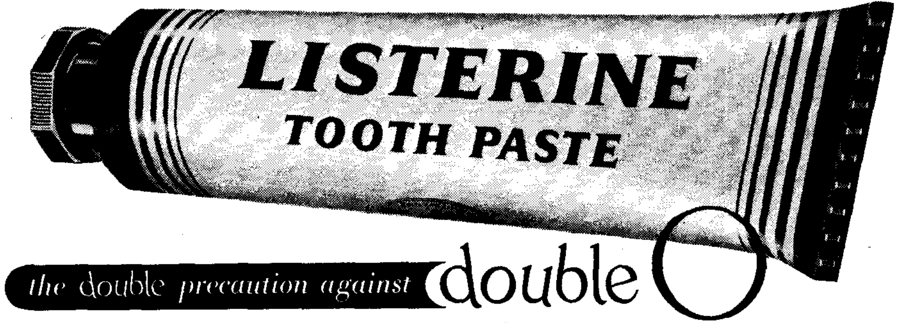
Delightful Daily Double

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

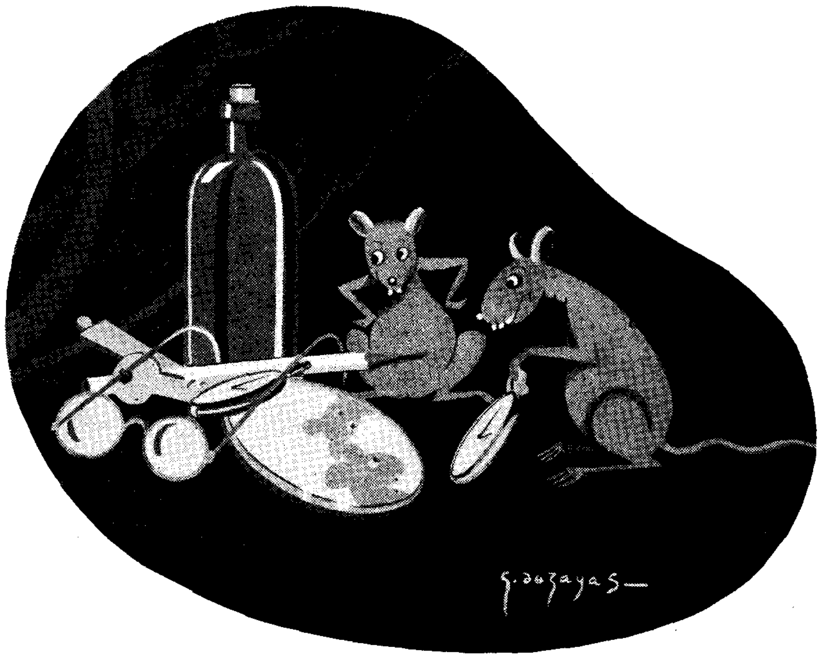
Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and


LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
the double precaution against double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The wood rat, *Neotoma fuscipes*, of California, also known as the trade or pack rat, is notorious for raiding camps and cabins and "trading" a twig or pebble for some article. A search through several of their nests recently disclosed such objects as watches, keys, pencils, eyeglasses, mirrors, bottles, can openers and door bolts.

Among the world's most celebrated paintings that have required so much retouching and restoration that no part of the original picture still remains is Leonardo da Vinci's famous Last Supper in the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Milan, Italy.—*By O. Philip Means, Los Angeles, California.*

When the number of coin slugs inserted in telephone boxes and other coin-operated devices in this country recently reached a total of 100,000,000 a year, an intensive search for their manufacturers disclosed that one firm in Dayton, Ohio, was making and selling more than 7,000,000 of these imitation nickels annually.—*By Mrs. Louis D. Rubin, Charleston, South Carolina.*

Anyone in New York City feeling in need of spiritual guidance can dial a certain telephone number and receive a two-minute "sermonette" spoken by a minister or one of his assistants. This service, which makes no demands on the caller, not even a request for his name, has given personal Scriptural messages to as many as three hundred persons in a single day. —*By Frank B. Murdock, Jersey City, New Jersey.*

Only three Americans have been honored by the British with a memorial in Westminster Abbey—James Russell Lowell with a stained-glass window, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow with a bust and Walter Hines Page with a marble tablet.

Cryostase is a solid when hot and a liquid when cold, and soluble vincetoxin is cloudy when hot and clear when cold.

About a century ago when Sylvester Graham, the food reformer, lectured on diets, he so emphasized the value of coarse wheat bread that such bread and its flour were named after him. In fact, he soon had so many followers that Grahamism became a cult and many hotels made a specialty of catering to traveling Grahamites.

After a palm tree reaches a height of only about eight feet, its trunk rarely increases in diameter, even when the tree grows to be more than a hundred feet tall.

Although the famed architecture of the Roman Empire produced an extensive contemporary literature, there exist only two books on the subject that were written by Romans—*De Architectura Libri Decem* by Vitruvius and *De Aquis Urbis Romae* by Frontinus.

For several decades before the advent of electric telegraphy, extensive semaphore systems for transmitting messages between cities were built, probably the largest running from the Prussian border to Leningrad via Warsaw. It employed 1,300 operators in its 200 towers, and a signal or single letter could be sent over its entire 1,200 miles in about thirty minutes.

Originally, Brazil was called the Land of the Holy Cross, San Francisco was known as Yerba Buena and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was named the Jolly Corks.

The assembled houses of Congress of the United States have been addressed by three foreigners —General Marie de La Fayette in 1824, Governor Lajos Kossuth of Hungary in 1852, and King David Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands in 1874.—*By Dr. Andor Sziklay, Cleveland, Ohio.*

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Greetings from

PHILIP MORRIS

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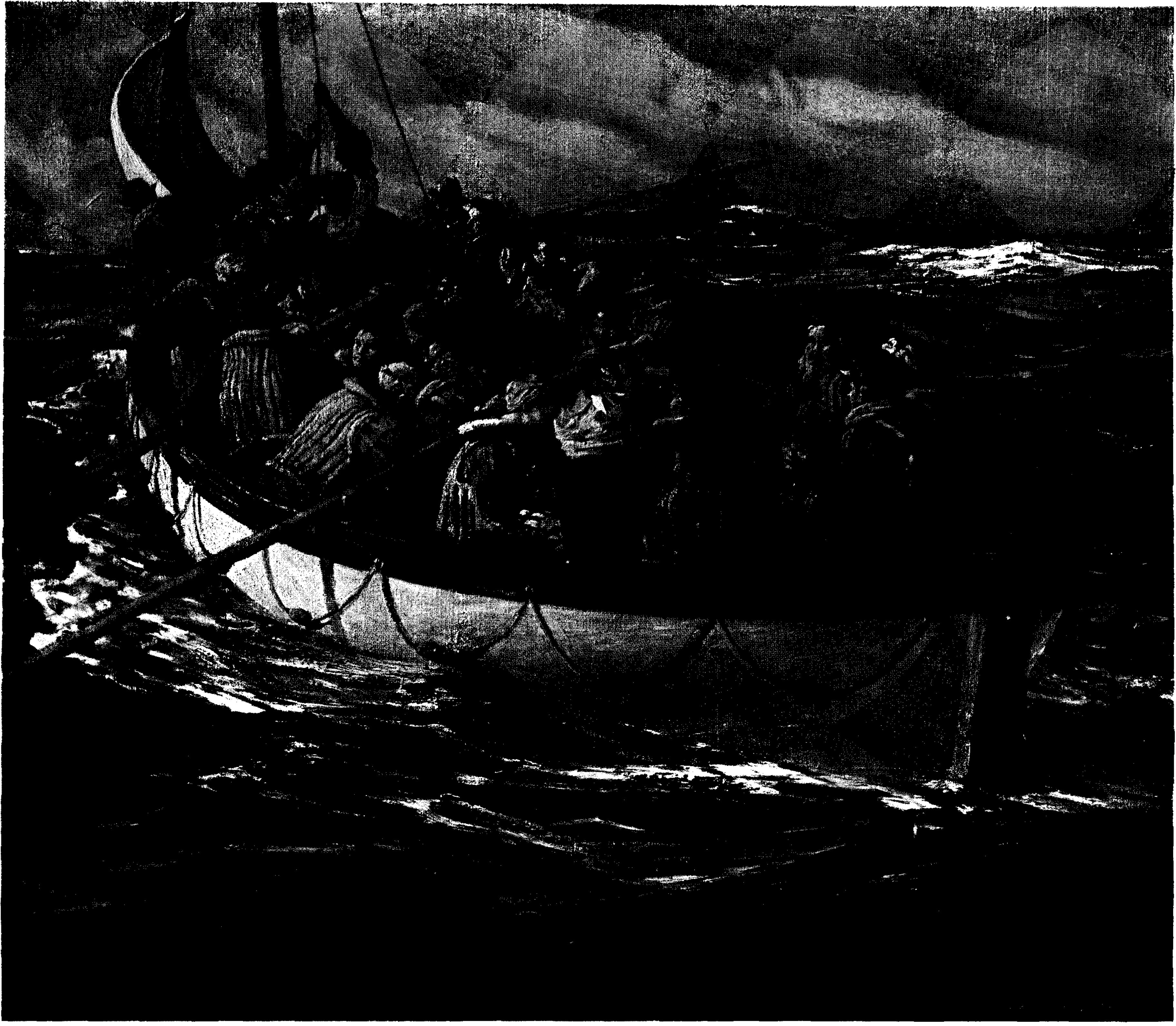

What's Inside a Lifeboat?

WHAT DOES A LIFEBOAT CONTAIN? When you know the answer to that question, you know why, time after time, these little boats are able to bring their passengers safely through weeks of hardship on the open sea.

You see, many years ago, seafarers recognized the need of some kind of small boat which they could take to in time of need. But these men soon discovered that simply having the lifeboats aboard was not enough.

To provide the greatest amount of protection, the boats had to be supplied with food and water, in case men were forced to spend many days at sea. They needed a sail, too, so that continuous rowing would not exhaust them.

Gradually, the hard lessons of experience taught seamen just what provisions should always be aboard, for the protection of those who someday might have to entrust their lives to those little boats.

Bailer, Boathook, Bucket, Compass, Ditty Bag, Flashlight, Hatchets, Life Line, Lanterns, Provisions, Water Breakers—these are but a few of the things with which every lifeboat is equipped today. And the presence of these items is not left to chance.

The experts in the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation, who carefully select each item, are responsible for seeing that no boat starts on a voyage without its lifeboats properly provisioned and equipped.

If you'll stop and think for a moment, you'll realize that there's a mighty close and interesting parallel between the lifeboats carried by steamships and the kind of protection you, yourself carry, insurance. For instance, few men are unwise enough to embark upon the voyage of life without the protection of insurance.

And, the things that make our insurance policies safe, dependable, and effective in time of need are the provisions with which they have been supplied. Just as it takes the experienced judgment of experts to decide what equipment a lifeboat should carry, so it takes the services of a qualified expert, an insurance agent, to determine just what provisions should be carried in our insurance policies.

It is not difficult to make sure that your insurance is well-provisioned to meet your needs. The hundreds of thousands of well-written policies in force in The Travelers is proof of it. In fact, many wise men make it a practice to have a Travelers agent or broker go over their insurance coverage yearly, at least. If you have not followed this practice, now is as good a time as any to inaugurate it. Any Travelers agent will be glad to check your present insurance against your present and prospective insurance needs.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 27, 1941

SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH US

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

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The day began with anxiety, misunderstanding, grief. It ended with the restoration of love and sympathy—the return of peace and good will—in the hearts of a reunited family

"WELL, you got your box from Ellen," Mrs. Wilson said interestedly, "and I s'pose there was jest about everything you wanted in it?"

"I haven't opened it," the other old woman said, smiling. "I know she's put in some little things for Em'ly and Joe and the children, and I thought I'd take it out to the farm tomorrow and we could all open it there."

Mrs. Wilson, forty years experienced in boardinghouse keeping and the varied manners and moods in which her boarders kept Christmas, looked up sharply from a supper plate of veal stew and canned tomato sauce.

"You goin' out to Joe's?" she asked, surprised. Mrs. Atkins smiled, a flush of pride and happiness on her fine old face.

"Yes, I'm havin' a real Christmas," she answered simply.

She and her landlady were alone; they could speak freely. There were only three other boarders in "The Buckingham Arms," and two of those, the elderly Clinton girls, worked late in the post office on Christmas Eve. Old Man Judson had been carried off by a granddaughter for a home Christmas; Mrs. Wilson's family had not yet arrived for the holiday.

"Well, I'm glad if Em'ly has finally come to her senses," approved Mrs. Wilson. "But this is the first I've heard of it."

"I didn't get the invitation until an hour ago," the other woman said, a quiet radiance of joy possessing words and manner. "Jim Burke was goin' by with the mail when I come back from church, and he says 'I've got a real love letter for you.' It was all pasted over with bells and wreaths and Santa Clauses and I don't know what all. Yes, Joe and Em'ly want me to come out tomorrow to spend the day, and I don't mind telling you, Alma," Mrs. Atkins went on, with her eyes watering, "that when I took that letter upstairs and read it I went down on my knees and I thanked my God. I've always liked Em'ly White; I used to see her when she was married to Frank Blake, and it's been a real heartscald to me that she got mad at me a year ago. But she's had an awful hard time, her mother dyin' and everything, and I don't know as I've ever blamed her much. Only—and here I am cryin' again!—only to think of seein' them all, and gettin' Baby Harry into my arms, and givin' my boy a Christmas kiss from his mother—" She stopped abruptly.

"Well, you ain't any gladder than I am," Mrs. Wilson said generously. "But if you're goin' off in the mornin' I'm going to fix my turkey dressin' tonight, for I want you to taste it and see that I get in enough salt."

"If boys knew what they could do for their mothers at Christmas," the other woman was saying musingly, "there isn't a woman in the world would feel like I felt only today, before that letter came! It seemed like I simply couldn't bear it, and now I feel so grateful and so happy that I don't believe I'll ever lose faith in God's wisdom and justice again!"

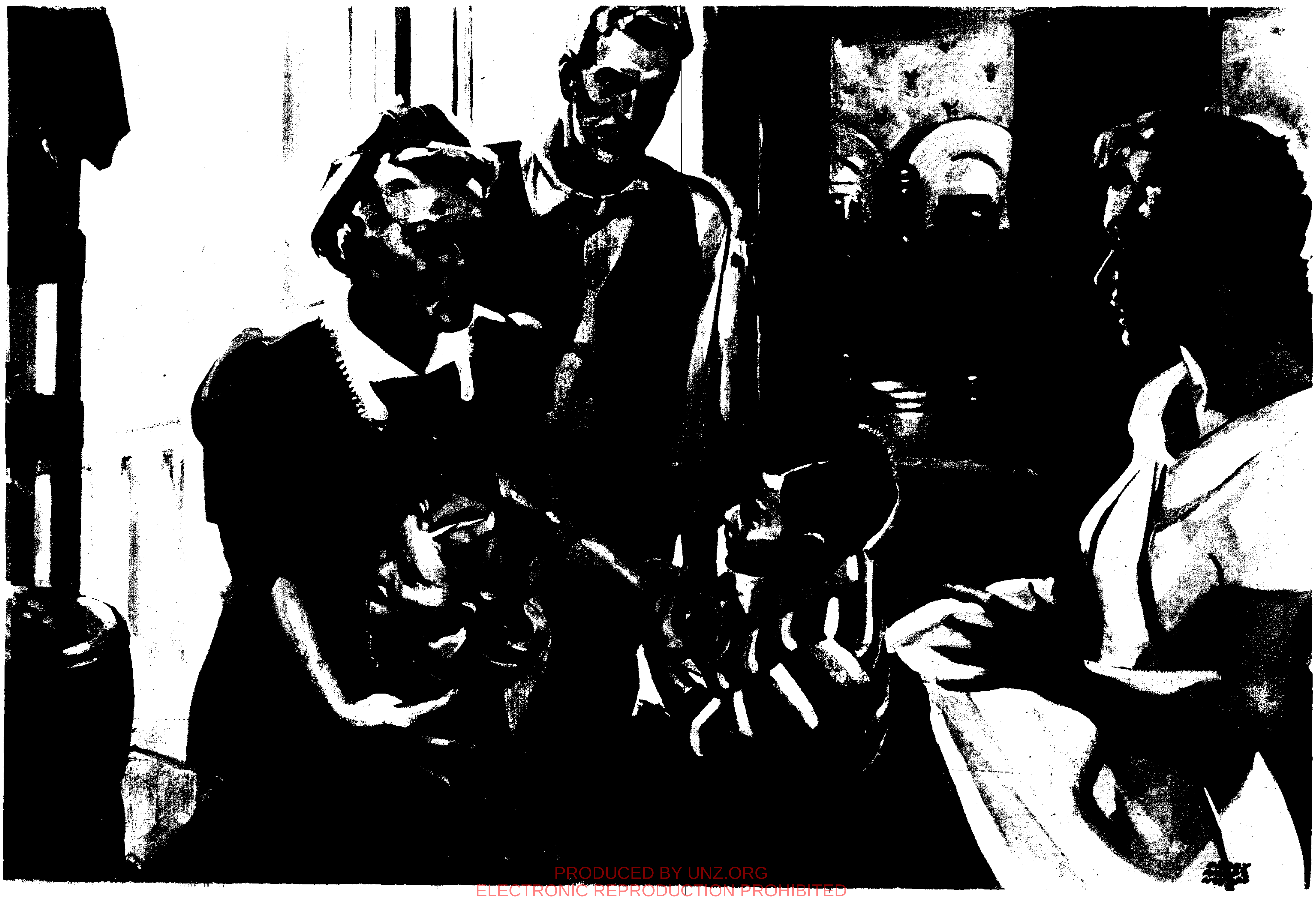
RAIN was falling so violently on Christmas afternoon that to the children looking out of the kitchen window the whole dooryard seemed to be dancing with mud. The children were Margy Blake, aged eight, and Willy Atkins, aged five; Margy's father was dead and Willy's mother, and their remaining parents had married each other, so that the ranch-house kitchen was now home for both. Margy was a scared little picked chicken at eight, with fine-spun pale gold hair; Willy was almost as large as she, dark and curly-headed.

The children looked out at a level of soaked earth pooled and grooved from rains, at bushes whipped by the wind, at straggling fences that shut off a region of shed, chicken house, wired chicken run, paddock and barns. All these were unpainted and leaning

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"Merry Christmas, Em'ly; how's the baby?" said Mrs. Atkins heartily. The women did not embrace



JAKE AND THE B INA

BY MARJORIE FISCHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

She always said, "You will tell me what to do." The trouble was that she forgot the rule just once

JAKE sat in the day coach staring glumly at the window, which the night outside had turned into a black shining mirror. He saw nothing, though. It wasn't the first time he'd been broke, but here they get him all the way to Pittsburgh, and he loses his fare out; he's working every night till dawn for a week, trying to fix up the ballet of a hopeless musical, and then all he gets is a ticket in a day coach back to New York. A fine thing.

The train whistle cried long and loud in the night, and then, like a small echo, he heard a sound beside him. He stared harder than ever at the window, but unfortunately it was a mirror as well, and there he saw Tatiana, lately first ballerina of the Pittsburgh flop, fumbling in her pocketbook and crying. Jake took a cautious look around; well, it was clear that he couldn't slide past her and get away to the platform. He turned firmly back to the window, in which he saw her large eyes looking piteously at him out of the night.

"Here," he said, and handed her a handkerchief.

Tatiana took the handkerchief and wept into it. "Thank you, Monsieur Krylin," she said. "I—" But she could not go on. She wept.

"Don't tell me, sweetheart, let me guess," said Jake. "You're fresh out of money."

She looked at him blankly.

"You're broke, what I mean," said Jake. "Well, I could stake you to a ten-cent sandwich. Does that say anything to you?"

"Monsieur Krylin," said Tatiana, "you are so sympat'etic! I do not know even where I shall sleep tonight. I have not one sou!"

"Well, you can't sleep on it," said Jake, "but I don't mind telling you you're one good little dancer."

TATIANA took a powder compact out of her pocketbook and looked at herself seriously in the mirror; then she smiled, also at herself.

"So sympat'etic," she murmured. She directed her large eyes at Jake. "You, Monsieur Krylin, I tell you, never have I known such a choregrapher as you. You will ask Alexei if you do not believing me." She looked about for Alexei, leading—and only—male ballet dancer of the Pittsburgh flop, and pointed to him where he slept uneasily beside a sleeping tenor.

"Do I have to look?" said Jake.

"Alexei, I say it to him," said Tatiana, "Jascha Krylin is a genius, simply."

"I'm good," said Jake. "Still in all, I'd like to get a meal out of it, from time to time. For instance, right now I could go for a thick sirloin with a baked potato at the Gala Club. Maybe a dozen blue points while I'm waiting, and a couple highballs to start."

Tatiana nodded, and tears came into her eyes again.

"Maybe even I would permit myself a baked potato, one little one. It is good, the steak at the Gala Club?"

"Sweetheart, it is good," said Jake. He rapped his fingers on the window ledge, thinking. "What night is this?"

"Naturally Monday," said Tatiana. "The night we should open in Baltimore." She put Jake's handkerchief to her eyes again.

"Well, we may go to jail," said Jake, "but I got an idea. It might work." He looked at Tatiana's bland little face between the wings of shining black hair. "Want to take a chance?"

"You will tell me what to do?" she asked.

"Every move," said Jake. "Either way you get steak and a place to sleep. The hitch is you may be sleeping in jail."

She laughed like a child.

"You got an evening dress with you?" asked Jake. She nodded. "Go on into the Ladies' and put it on."

BY THE time he came back in his dinner coat, she was in his seat by the window, wearing a pretty tulle dress like an elongated ballet costume, with a red shawl over her shoulders, and a *spangled red handkerchief over her hair.* Alexei was sitting beside her, and they were talking Russian rapidly. Jake h left Russia when he was five years and did not remember much m that language than yes and n annoyed him now, since he would liked to understand the conver he considered Alexei a heel, an fair, would have liked some justify instinct.

Alexei rose gracefully when he saw Jake.

"Tatiana tells me just now about this steak you will procure for her," said Alexei. "You have understood what we say?"

"*Niet*," said Jake. "Steak was a word we didn't have much use for twenty-five years ago."

The two Russians smiled politely if without comprehension. Jake, the native of Broadway, U.S.A., smiled back, and took his seat with no politeness. Alexei continued to stand in the aisle.

"Where you will have the steak?" he asked.

"I have forgotten the name," said Tatiana.

Good, thought Jake to himself, and leaned forward to look out of the window.

"We're getting in," he said, and stood up. "Well, so long, Alex. Lots of luck."

Alexei kissed Tatiana's hand, bowed to Jake, and departed sadly.

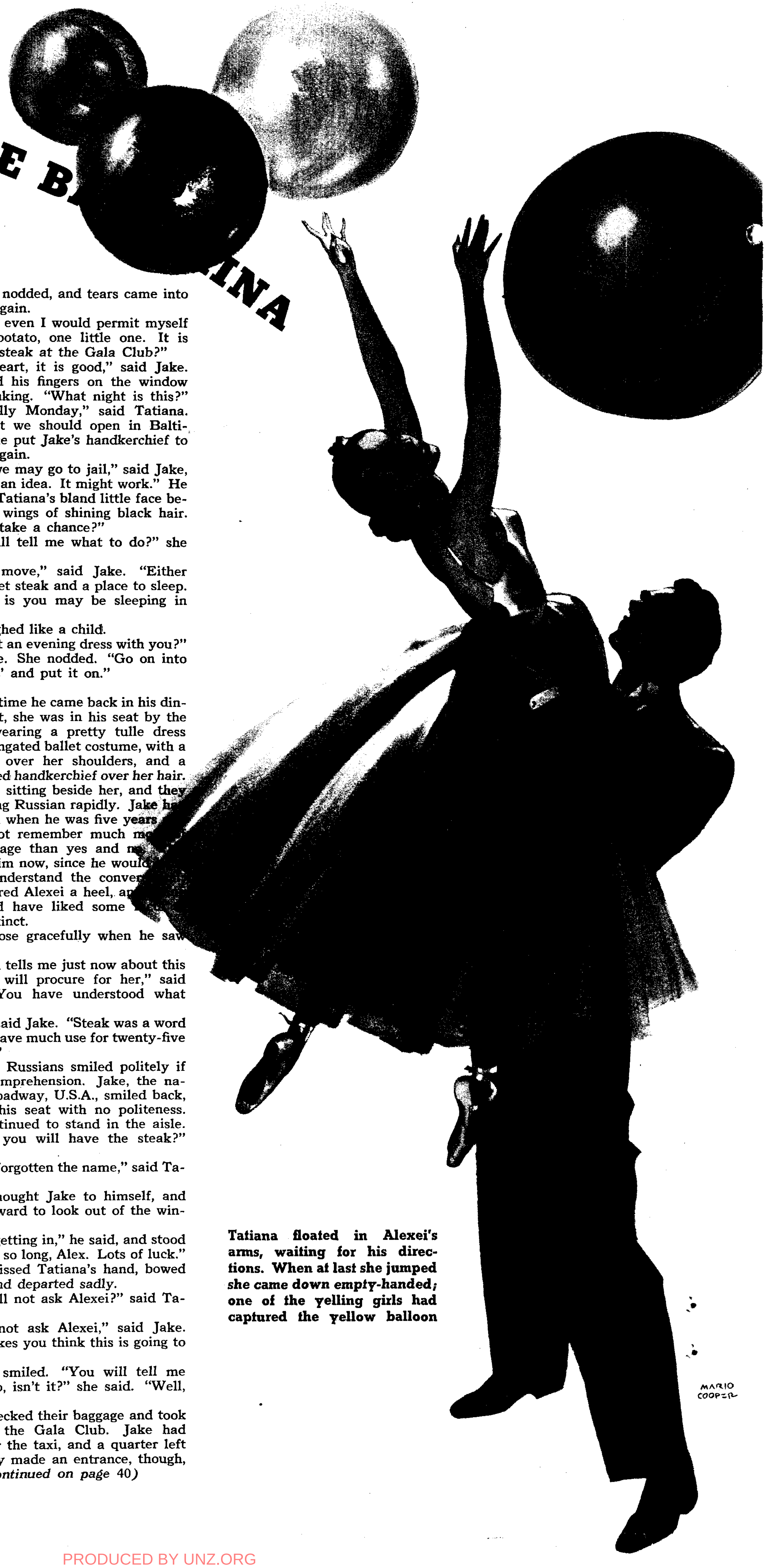
"You will not ask Alexei?" said Tatiana.

"I will not ask Alexei," said Jake. "What makes you think this is going to be easy?"

Tatiana smiled. "You will tell me what to do, isn't it?" she said. "Well, then."

They checked their baggage and took a taxi to the Gala Club. Jake had enough for the taxi, and a quarter left over. They made an entrance, though,

(*Continued on page* 40)



Tatiana floated in Alexei's arms, waiting for his directions. When at last she jumped *she came down empty-handed;* one of the yelling girls had captured the yellow balloon

[illegible]

By Robert McCormick

Here's first news of marvels our military scientists are preparing —more mobile, more powerful guns, better armor-piercing shells, tanks faster and harder-hitting than those of any other nation

ONE emotional Army officer wants to call the frightful creation "The Golem," on the theory that it has risen, like the great monster of Hebrew legend, to free the oppressed people of the world. That is probably an exaggeration. But, viewed conservatively, the machine is a ferocious contribution to warfare in this boiling world.

Basically, The Thing is a medium tank, well armored and speedy. But it has mounted on its rear a prodigious shootin' iron—a 155-millimeter gun. It rips along at 35 miles an hour, carrying a few rounds of ammunition and two or three men. Behind it comes another specially designed tank, loaded with seven or eight men and an arsenal of shells.

When it reaches a strategic spot, it drops a couple of shock-absorbing legs behind it, to prop itself against the blast of its guns, winds up and pitches a 95-pound shell ten miles—with hair-splitting and hair-raising accuracy.

It is probably the largest piece of self-propelled artillery the world has ever seen, and certainly the most devastating. It is now almost completed at the Rock Island Arsenal and will shortly be tested at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds near Baltimore.

The big but nimble gun is designed to keep up with the new high-speed armored divisions the Army is training, and to give them something they have never had before—the protection of heavy artillery. If an armored column suddenly runs into a wall of shells laid down from heavy fortifications way off in the distance, beyond the range of its standard light artillery, the tank gun and its shadowing valet pull up to the side of the road, park, and let fly. A 155-mm. shell can soften up a substantial chunk of masonry.

Also, the powerful contraption can fire at short ranges without bothering to stop. If, for example, troops charging into a town are bothered with snipers, the tank rolls through the streets taking point-blank pot shots at buildings sheltering the sharpshooters. It will leave few buildings and fewer snipers.

Ordnance Gets Its Chance

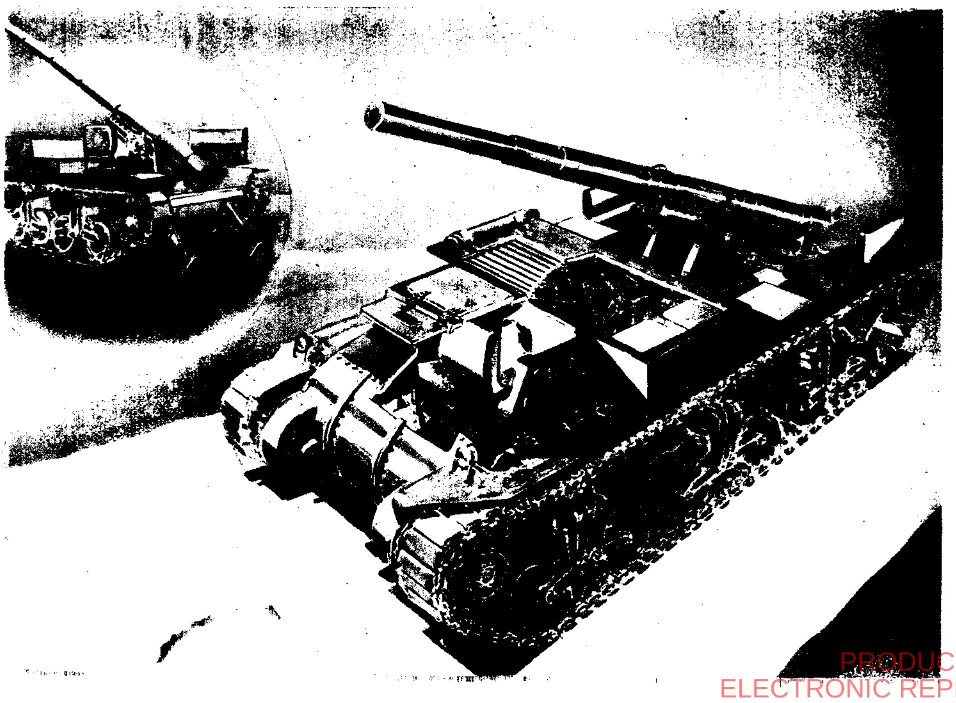
The monster may not work; it may, when tested, turn out to be unsound from a mechanical aspect, or it may have too little strategic value to bother about. But either is most unlikely. It looks too good on paper to be a military flop. But failure or not, it is indicative of the state of mind of our Army Ordnance experts. They are—and have been—thinking fast and well. They are turning out for America the greatest ordnance equipment in our history or anybody else's history. From the standpoint of quality, if not quantity, they have given us superb fighting tools. Most of them have so far been kept secret with such success that the Army itself didn't know it had them. A great many still are secret. But the black covers have been taken off some, and we will tell you all it's possible to tell.

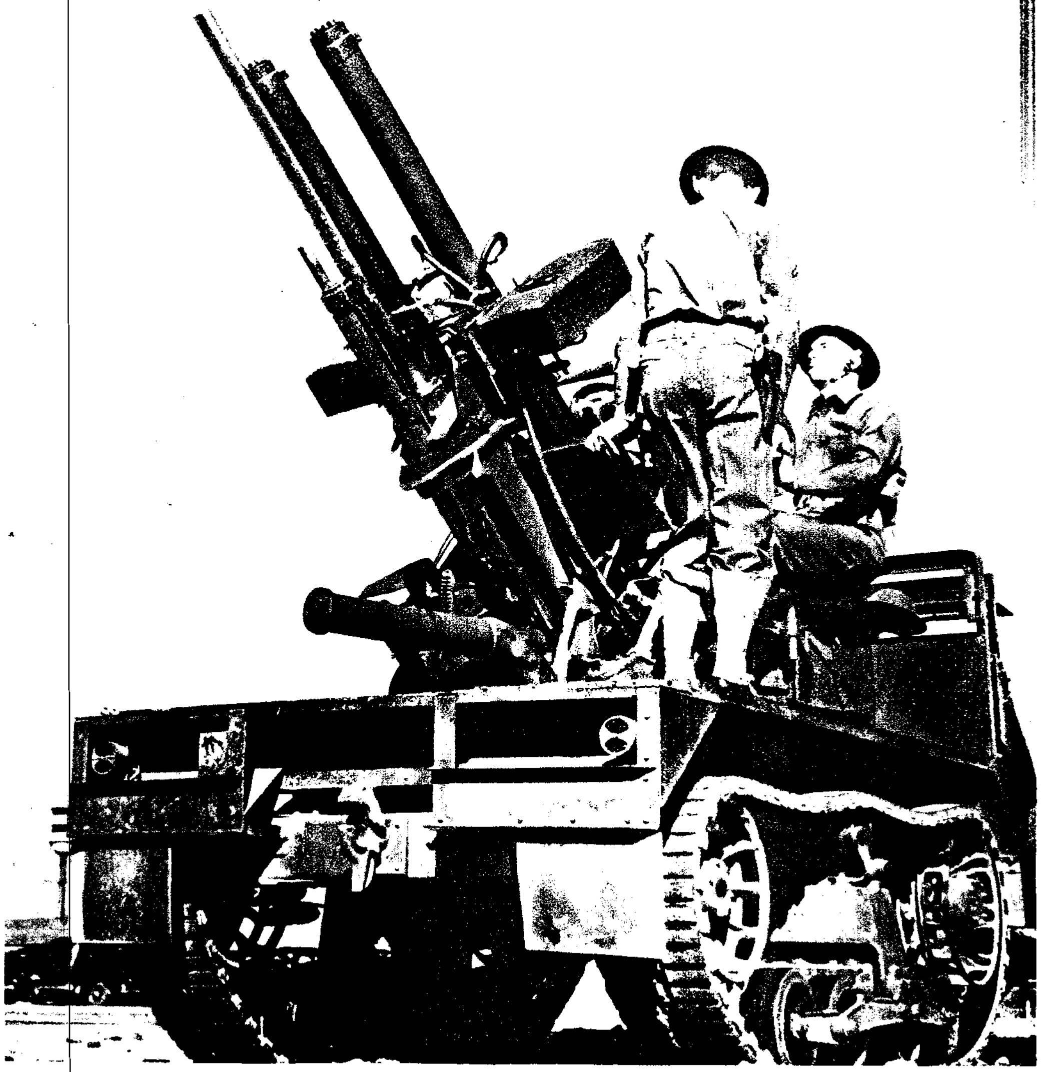
We hear so much of the inventive talent of the Germans, of their ingenious weapons and their elastic ability to try anything new, that we forget we have in our Army military scientists who have been tops since an itchy trigger finger let loose the shot heard round the world at Concord.

But we have been careful, as a nation, to give them the fewest possible breaks. During the peaceful 20's and 30's, when a gun barrel was considered a shameful relic of a period of barbarism we

(Continued on page 26)

Newest and by far the most formidable weapon of its kind in the world is this U. S. medium tank mounting a great 155-mm. gun. It moves at 35 miles per hour and is designed to give heavy artillery protection—something new in itself—to high-speed armored divisions. No other nation has such a devastating self-propelled artillery unit. Inset shows shock-absorbing legs that take up the jolt of firing the 95-pound shell





PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

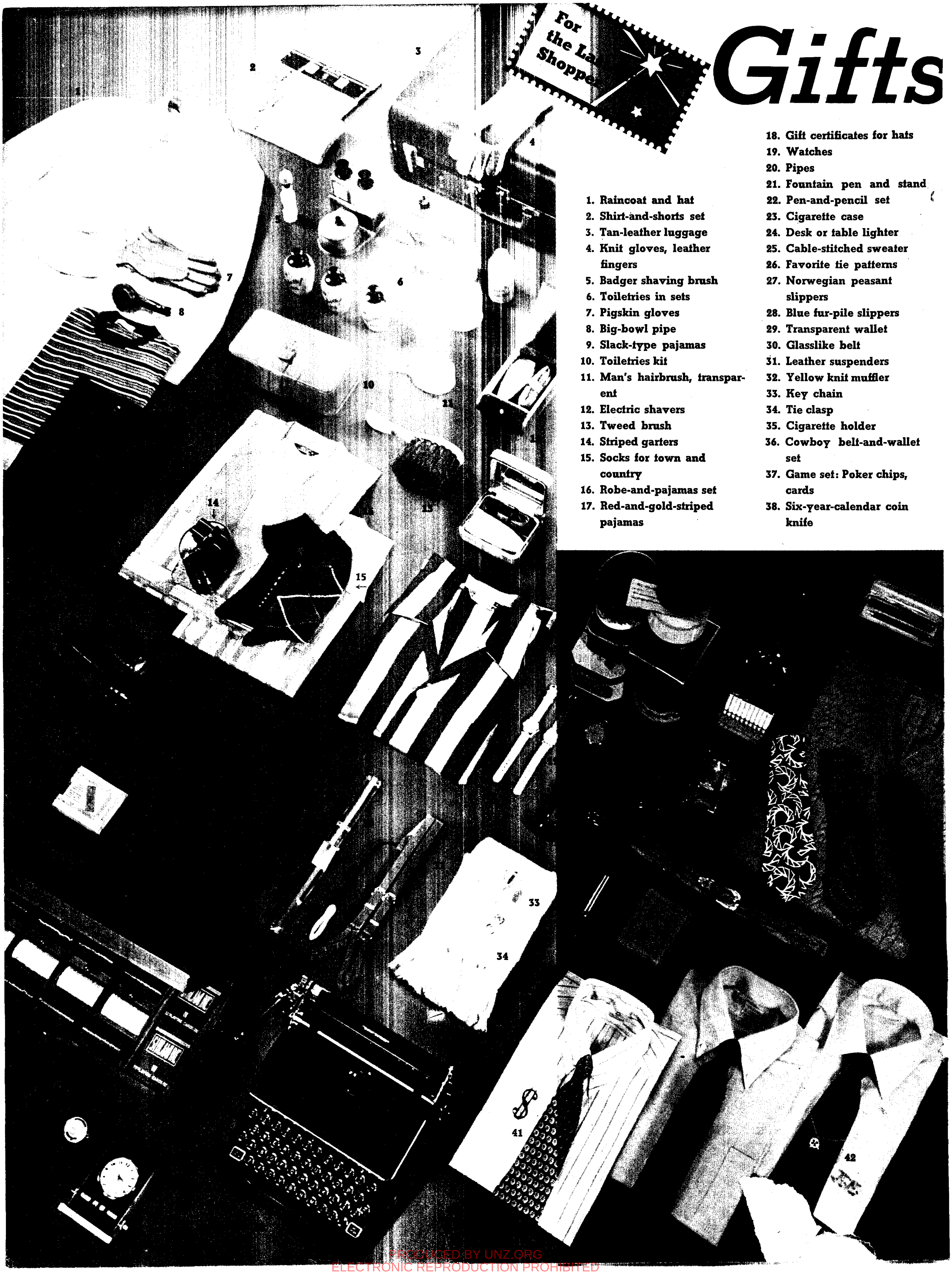
Potent protection for troops against dive-bombing is the 37-mm. antiaircraft gun, with two 50-cal. machine guns mounted on a half-tractor truck. It can go anywhere troops can, and usually gets there before they do

At least 30 per cent more efficient than any similar gun anywhere in the world, the huge 155-mm. rifle is as mobile as a truck. It is drawn by a tractor, can be put into position swiftly, and has a range of fourteen miles

For the La Shoppe

Gifts

1. Raincoat and hat
2. Shirt-and-shorts set
3. Tan-leather luggage
4. Knit gloves, leather fingers
5. Badger shaving brush
6. Toiletries in sets
7. Pigskin gloves
8. Big-bowl pipe
9. Slack-type pajamas
10. Toiletries kit
11. Man's hairbrush, transparent
12. Electric shavers
13. Tweed brush
14. Striped garters
15. Socks for town and country
16. Robe-and-pajamas set
17. Red-and-gold-striped pajamas
18. Gift certificates for hats
19. Watches
20. Pipes
21. Fountain pen and stand
22. Pen-and-pencil set
23. Cigarette case
24. Desk or table lighter
25. Cable-stitched sweater
26. Favorite tie patterns
27. Norwegian peasant slippers
28. Blue fur-pile slippers
29. Transparent wallet
30. Glasslike belt
31. Leather suspenders
32. Yellow knit muffler
33. Key chain
34. Tie clasp
35. Cigarette holder
36. Cowboy belt-and-wallet set
37. Game set: Poker chips, cards
38. Six-year-calendar coin knife



MEN WILL LIKE

39. Desk calendar and clock
40. Portable typewriter
41. Folding-money clasp
42. Matched tie chain and cuff buttons
43. Shirt-and-tie combinations for business, country and college

For the Sportsman

44. Fishing rod, reels and lures
45. Candid camera
46. Movie film
47. Photographic exposure meter
48. Movie camera
49. Photographic gadget bag
50. Barometer
51. Portable radio
52. Ski boots
53. Skis
54. Ice skates
55. Bowling ball
56. Norwegian-type ski sweater
57. Gasoline lantern
58. Electric lamp
59. Ski socks
60. Ski mittens
61. Parka and snow goggles
62. Woolen sports shirt
63. Long woolen underwear for sportsmen
64. Cowboy boots
65. Ten-gallon hat
66. Tennis racket and balls
67. Tennis shoes
68. Shotgun
69. Rifle
70. Golf bag and clubs in sets
71. Golf balls
72. Clock, marine design
73. Pipe
74. Windbreaker
75. Flameless lighter
76. Sportsman's knife
77. Ax

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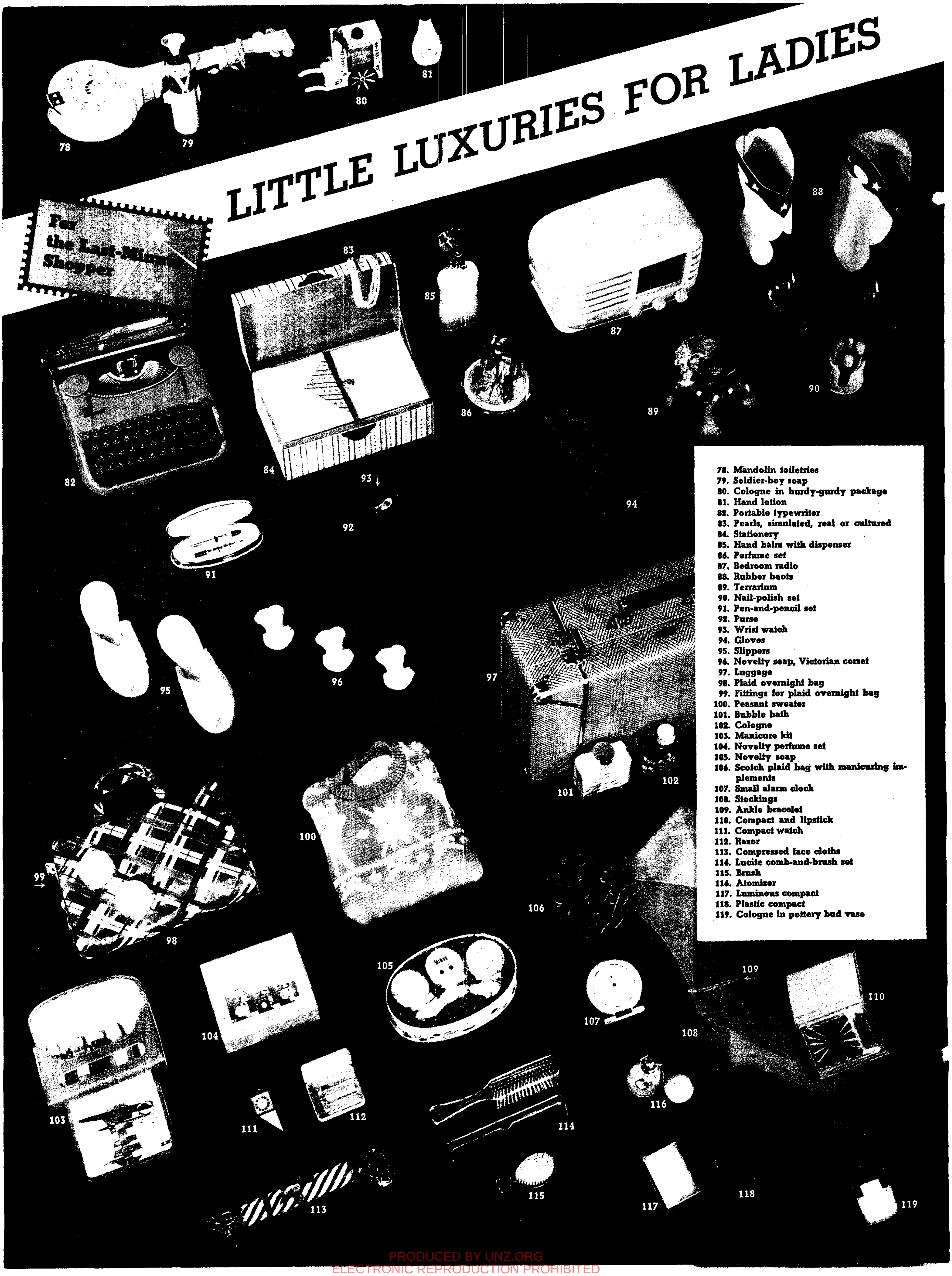
LITTLE LUXURIES FOR LADIES

For the Last-Minute Shopper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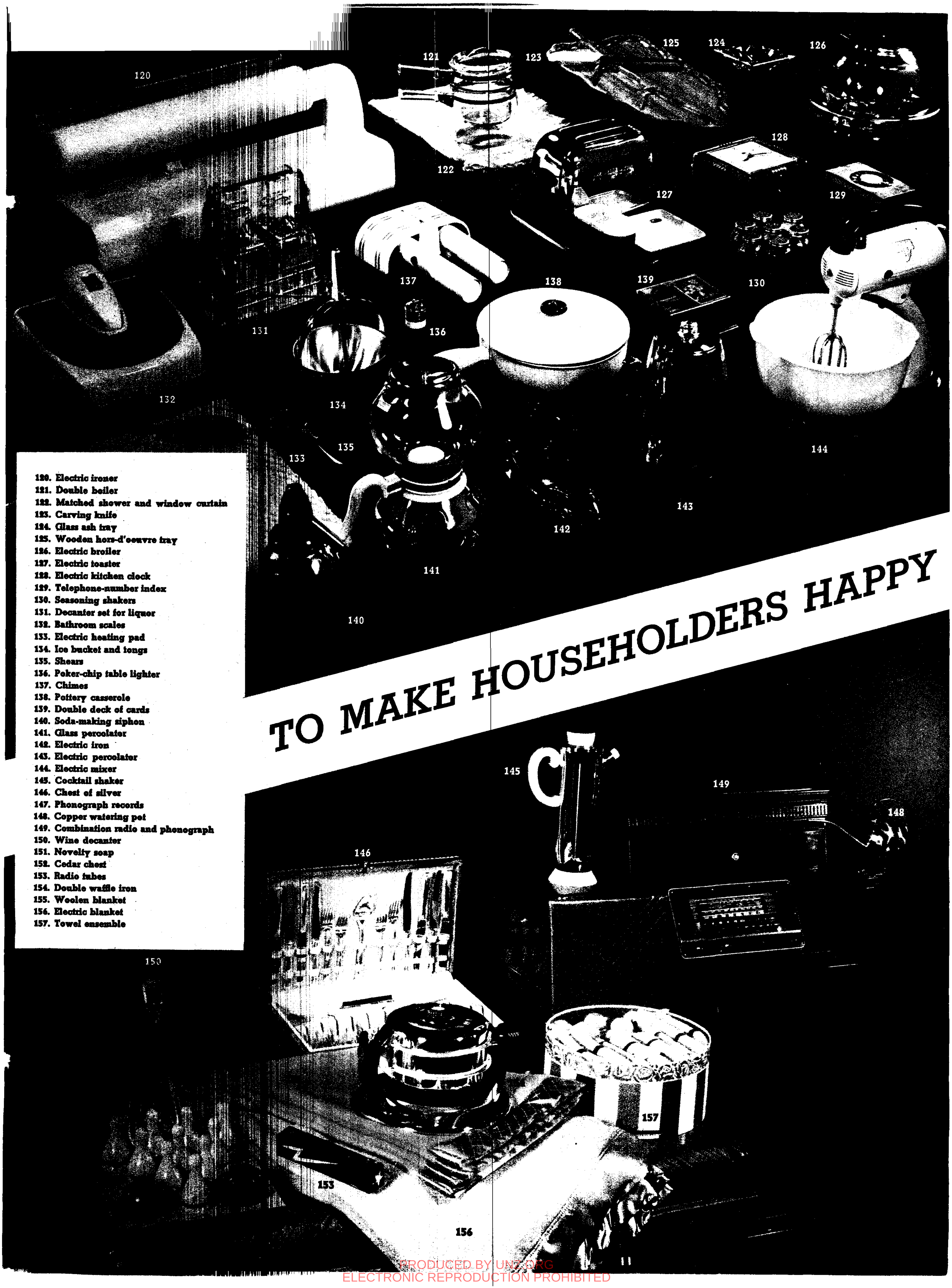
78. Mandolin toiletries
79. Soldier-boy soap
80. Cologne in hurdy-gurdy package
81. Hand lotion
82. Portable typewriter
83. Pearls, simulated, real or cultured
84. Stationery
85. Hand balm with dispenser
86. Perfume set
87. Bedroom radio
88. Rubber boots
89. Terrarium
90. Nail-polish set
91. Pen-and-pencil set
92. Purse
93. Wrist watch
94. Gloves
95. Slippers
96. Novelty soap, Victorian corset
97. Luggage
98. Plaid overnight bag
99. Fittings for plaid overnight bag
100. Peasant sweater
101. Bubble bath
102. Cologne
103. Manicure kit
104. Novelty perfume set
105. Novelty soap
106. Scotch plaid bag with manicuring implements
107. Small alarm clock
108. Stockings
109. Ankle bracelet
110. Compact and lipstick
111. Compact watch
112. Razor
113. Compressed face cloths
114. Lucite comb-and-brush set
115. Brush
116. Atomizer
117. Luminous compact
118. Plastic compact
119. Cologne in pottery bud vase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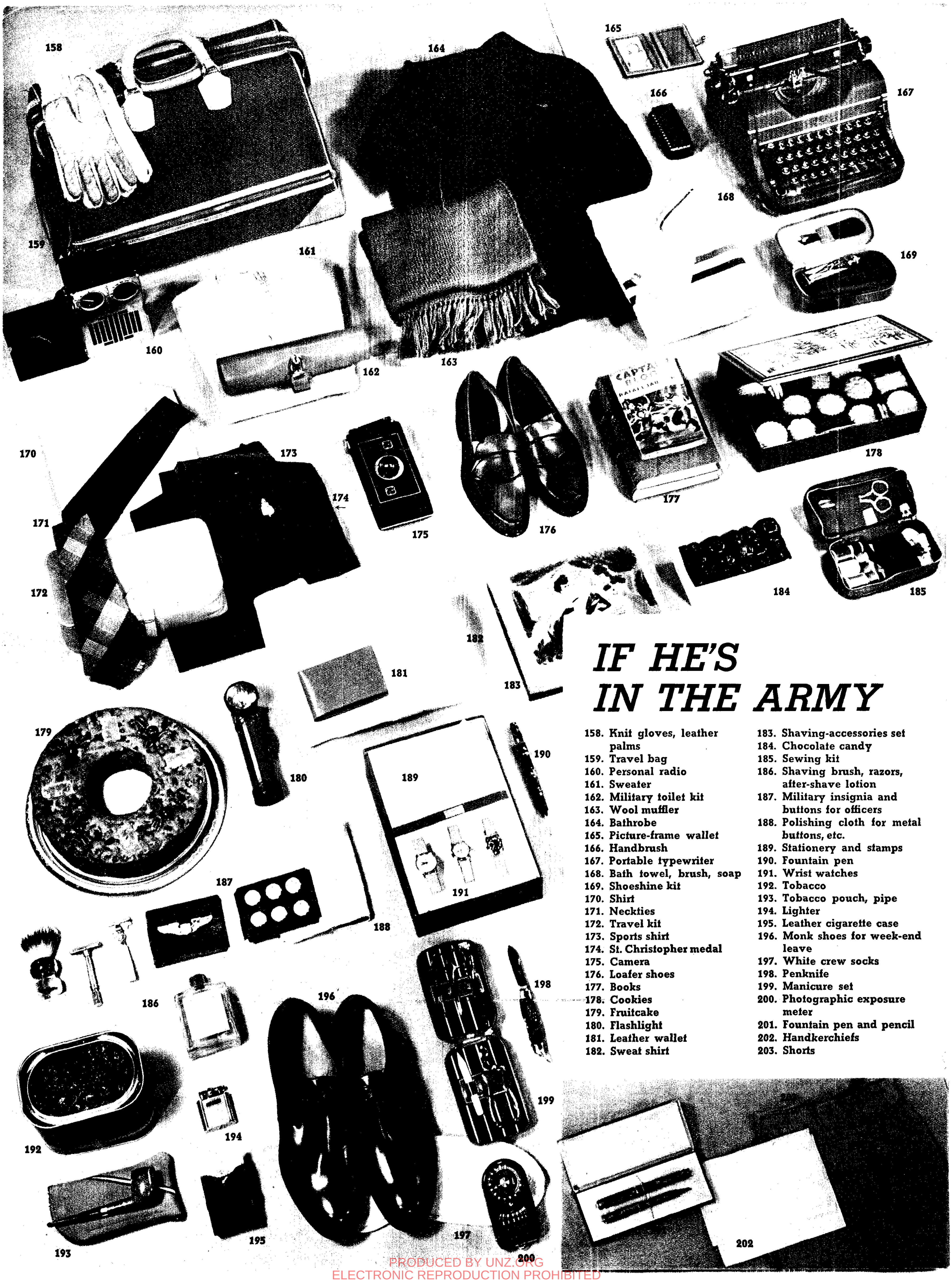
- **120.** Electric ironer
- **121.** Double boiler
- **122.** Matched shower and window curtain
- **123.** Carving knife
- **124.** Glass ash tray
- **125.** Wooden hors-d'oeuvre tray
- **126.** Electric broiler
- **127.** Electric toaster
- **128.** Electric kitchen clock
- **129.** Telephone-number index
- **130.** Seasoning shakers
- **131.** Decanter set for liquor
- **132.** Bathroom scales
- **133.** Electric heating pad
- **134.** Ice bucket and tongs
- **135.** Shears
- **136.** Poker-chip table lighter
- **137.** Chimes
- **138.** Pottery casserole
- **139.** Double deck of cards
- **140.** Soda-making siphon
- **141.** Glass percolator
- **142.** Electric iron
- **143.** Electric percolator
- **144.** Electric mixer
- **145.** Cocktail shaker
- **146.** Chest of silver
- **147.** Phonograph records
- **148.** Copper watering pot
- **149.** Combination radio and phonograph
- **150.** Wine decanter
- **151.** Novelty soap
- **152.** Cedar chest
- **153.** Radio tubes
- **154.** Double waffle iron
- **155.** Woolen blanket
- **156.** Electric blanket
- **157.** Towel ensemble

TO MAKE HOUSEHOLDERS HAPPY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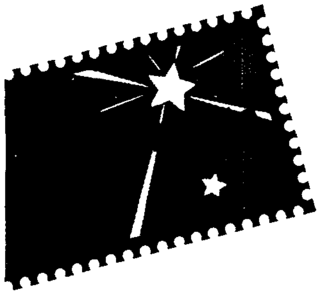
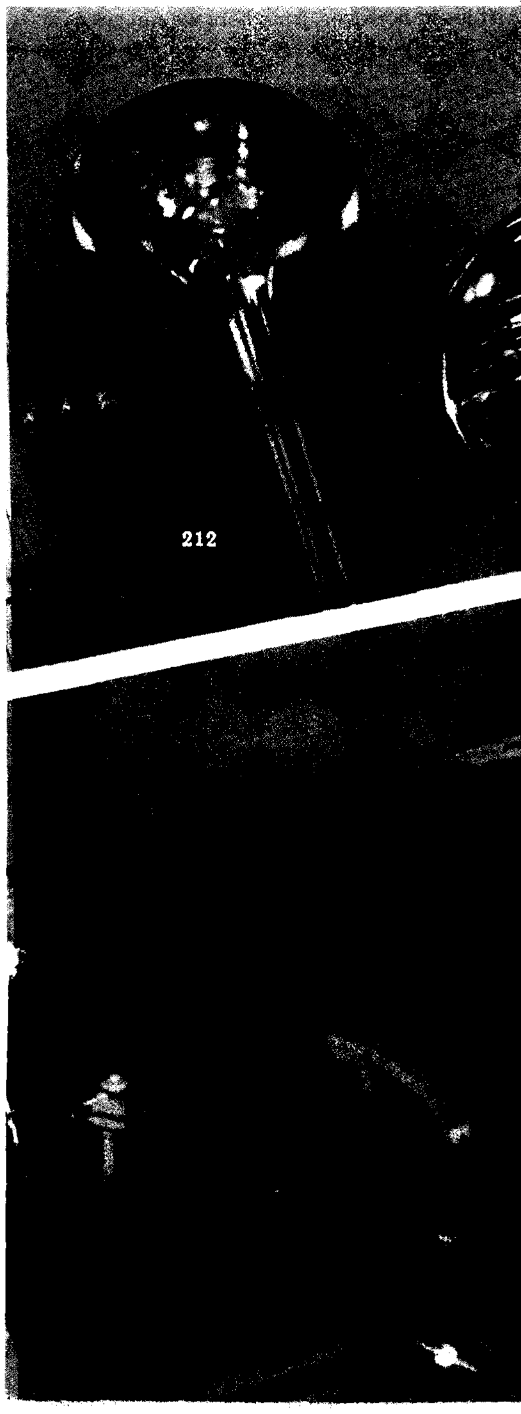
IF HE'S IN THE ARMY

158. Knit gloves, leather palms
159. Travel bag
160. Personal radio
161. Sweater
162. Military toilet kit
163. Wool muffler
164. Bathrobe
165. Picture-frame wallet
166. Handbrush
167. Portable typewriter
168. Bath towel, brush, soap
169. Shoeshine kit
170. Shirt
171. Neckties
172. Travel kit
173. Sports shirt
174. St. Christopher medal
175. Camera
176. Loafer shoes
177. Books
178. Cookies
179. Fruitcake
180. Flashlight
181. Leather wallet
182. Sweat shirt
183. Shaving-accessories set
184. Chocolate candy
185. Sewing kit
186. Shaving brush, razors, after-shave lotion
187. Military insignia and buttons for officers
188. Polishing cloth for metal buttons, etc.
189. Stationery and stamps
190. Fountain pen
191. Wrist watches
192. Tobacco
193. Tobacco pouch, pipe
194. Lighter
195. Leather cigarette case
196. Monk shoes for week-end leave
197. White crew socks
198. Penknife
199. Manicure set
200. Photographic exposure meter
201. Fountain pen and pencil
202. Handkerchiefs
203. Shorts



MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS

204. Game board
205. Stocking of candied chewing gum
206. Air rifle
207. Steel fishing rod
208. Power tool kit
209. Push drill
210. Glass water pitcher and tumblers
211. Vase
212. Photographers' supplies
213. Auto fog light
214. Vitamins
215. Combination radio-phonograph
216. Sled
217. Electric corn popper
218. Cedar chest
219. Automobile robe
220. Combination radio-phonograph and recorder
221. Automobile heater
222. Chest of tools
223. Personality wrapping can add a lot. Suggestions here cover wines and liquors, pipe tobacco, candy, cigarettes, dog food



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For Jane and Bill
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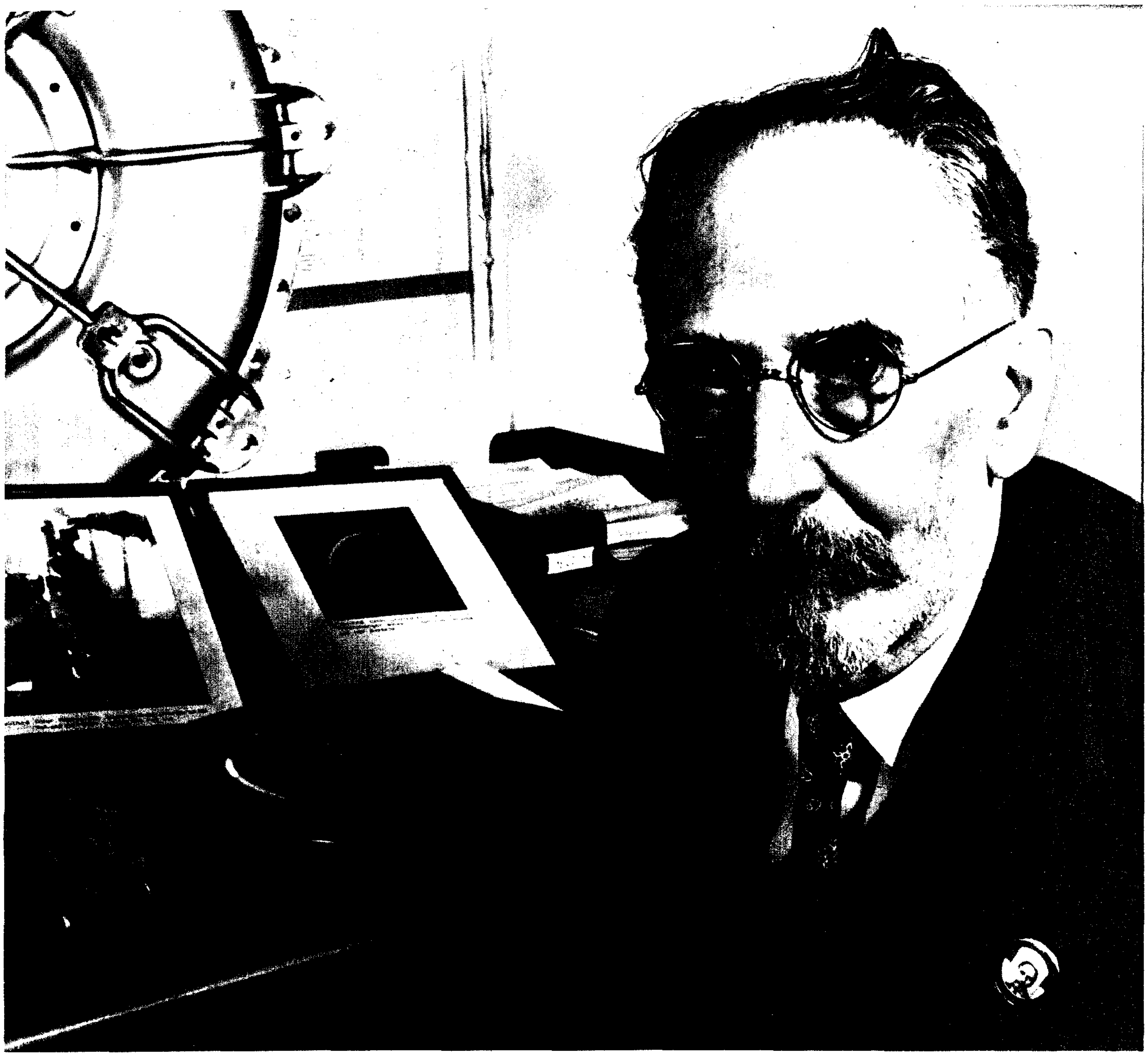

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Dr. Sanford A. Moss, whose turbo-supercharger for planes earned him the 1941 award of the Collier Trophy, jointly with the U. S. Army Air Corps, which tested it and proved its worth

THE HIGHER THE BETTER

By W. B. Courtney

Appropriately, aviation's highest award, the Collier Trophy, goes this year to the men who are making it possible for the planes of war and peace to reach deeper into the great ocean of air

ON DECEMBER 17TH, just a couple of days ago, there took place at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, as the postman knows the White House, an event of outstanding importance and significance with respect to the current war, and to the present and future of aviation, both commercial and military.

President Roosevelt, on behalf of the National Aeronautic Association, presented the Collier Trophy for the past year's greatest achievement in aeronautics.

It was a joint award. Two men, representing two great organizations, happily faced the President: Dr. Sanford A. Moss, scientist, of General Electric Company; and Major General George H. Brett, chief of the Air Corps.

The citation indicates that the trophy goes to Dr. Moss and the Air Corps for "outstanding success in high-altitude flying through the development of the turbo-supercharger."

You need only turn to daily war communiqués for evidence of the turbo-supercharger's eminent usefulness. It has made possible high-altitude bombing and fighting by some planes of the Royal Air Force. It has made the giant four-engine bombers of the United States Army Air Corps the greatest planes of their type.

Moreover, it is not only a felicitous coincidence but a rather emphatic suggestion of the hold that "altitude" has laid upon the imaginations of the men of *the air that last year the* National Aeronautic Association's distinguished trophy committee awarded the Collier Trophy to three doctors who developed the oxygen mask that enables pilots and crewmen to fly in the substratosphere.

This year the story behind the award has special elements of drama, human interest, mystery and significance. There is the mystery that surrounds the turbo-supercharger, one of the most hush-hush projects in American aviation. There is the personal vindication of Dr. Moss. There is fruition of the devotion, grit and drudgery of the somewhat lean roster of men within the Air Corps, who conducted the investigations that verified the turbo-supercharger. Among these, paced by Major Rudolph W. Schroeder, were the first of any men ever to penetrate up into the substratosphere, the makers of all first real altitude records, the pioneers who lifted aviation above its own primeval mists.

This year's award marks two anniversaries—the 38th birthday of powered, heavier-than-air flight, midwifed by the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in December, 1903; and the Silver Jubilee of the Collier Trophy.

When Robert J. Collier, amateur early bird, former editor of this magazine and son of its founder, inaugurated his trophy in 1911 no man had yet flown more than a few hundred feet above the ground. M. P. Prier held the world's nonstop flight record for the 250 miles from Paris to London; and in the United States LeBlanc had reached a speed of 66 miles per hour. There were 26 pilots in the United States; C. P. Rodgers made the first transcontinental flight across the United States, taking almost two months.

Bob Collier gave his beloved trophy into the keeping of the Aero Club of America, to hold and bestow. Later it came under the trusteeship of the National Aeronautic Association, a nonpartisan group that is a repository, in brief, of national airmindedness.

I do not know what persuaded the trophy committee. Undoubtedly the news from warring Europe had some effect. Altitude has always been considered "money in the bank" by fliers; just as deep water represents safety to the masters of great ocean ships. But a new philosophy had just recently come into military science—the possibilities of "vertical envelopment movements," as compared with horizontal flanking operations, traditional in ground warfare. The "vertical envelopment" is nothing more nor less than air power; and the "vertical flanking movement" is the aim to go *over* the other fellow's air force, and thus envelop him; that is, have the tactical chance to gain air superiority in another way than with fire power or numbers alone. Every pilot knows that since the day when airplanes first became a fighting weapon the fundamental advantage lay with the man who could get on top.

Yet I believe the very make-up of this year's trophy committee tokened meditations above and beyond present war clouds, toward the great years of peaceful construction inevitably ahead. The turbo-supercharger, at best, leads us only to the substratosphere.

This is the second layer of the earth's atmosphere. It begins, roughly, at 25,000 feet where the troposphere—your natural element—ends; and extends, again roughly, to about 35,000 feet, where the stratosphere is reached. Thus, even with the turbo-supercharger, conquest of the air is still only at its shore. At least, however, from here we can get a clearer look across the depths. From airport to airport, planes will go high enough to set a level flight above stormy weather and the hazards of mountain peaks.

The airplane, until the turbo-supercharger was devised, was still an earth machine. Now it becomes truly an air machine; gains potentialities, for war, of course, but more particularly for peaceful commerce around an earth made too small and neighborly for demagogues to flourish.

Here, I think, is the abiding significance of this year's Collier Trophy Award.

The Gadget

Internal-combustion engines derive their power from the explosion of a properly mixed weight of gasoline and air drawn into the cylinders and there ignited.

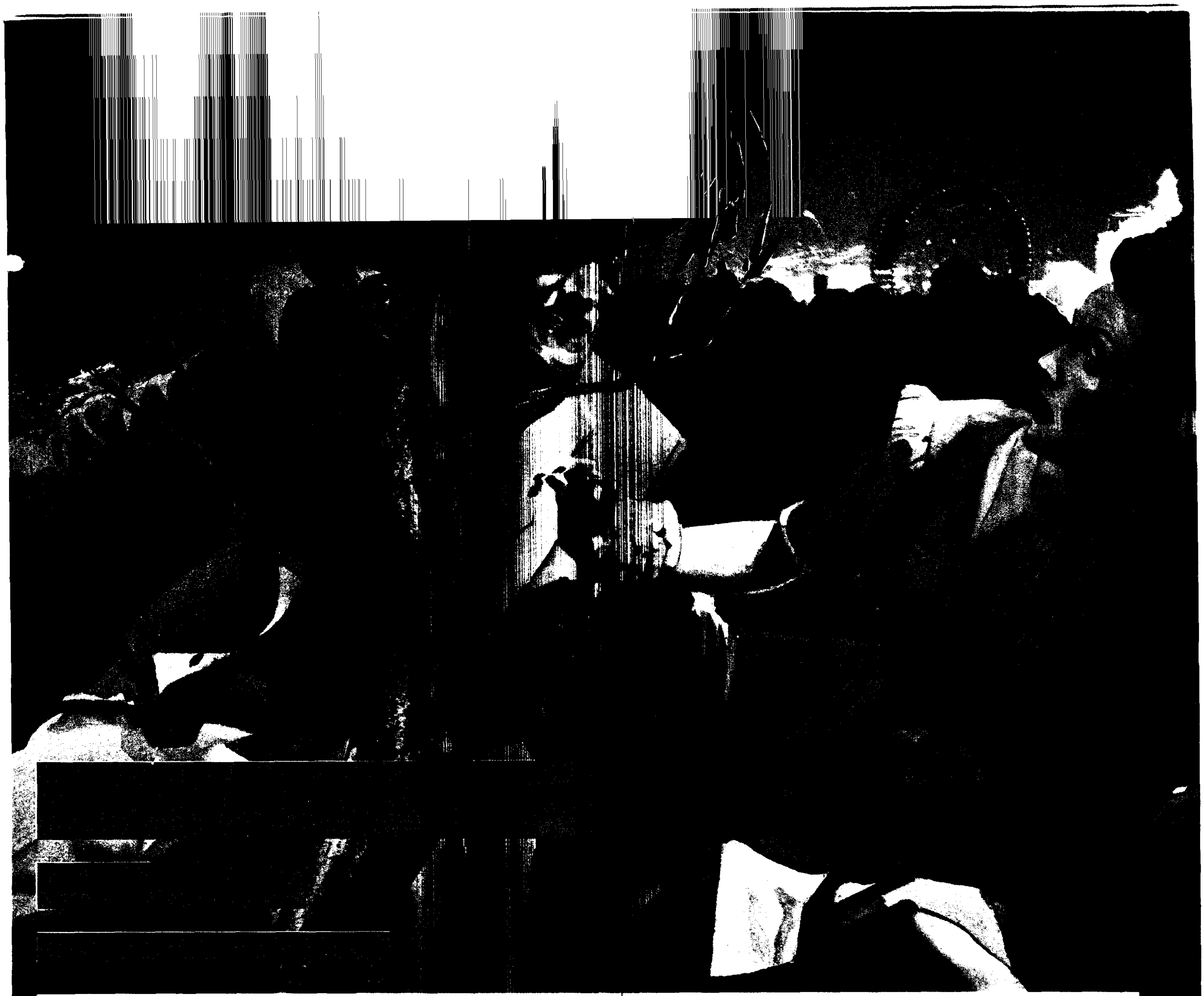
The weight, at sea level, is approximately 16 parts of air to 1 part of gasoline.

This proportion of air to gasoline is mixed in your carburetor. The air part is taken from the atmosphere which, at sea level, has a pressure of 14.7 pounds per square inch. As you go upward from sea level the carburetor, unaided, cannot maintain the proportion of 16 to 1 because the air pressure decreases. This is not too noticeable for the first several thousand feet.

At 20,000 feet the air "weighs" less than half as much as at sea level. Therefore, you have to get twice as much air into your cylinders to maintain the ratio of 16 weights of air to 1 weight of gasoline. In simple principle, the supercharger is a device for taking the outside atmosphere and compressing, or hurrying, it through the carburetor; for maintaining sea-level pressure at higher than sea levels.

Commercial and military planes of the last few years have been able to

(Continued on page 52)



"You'd better get away," she said. "If you're here when my friend comes back he'll punch your nose." "Will he?" the stranger asked softly. He had caught her wrist then

Detective O'Neill moved fast, but he couldn't move fast enough and so the murderer reached the girl just a moment too soon

THEY met for the first time, Mr. Carnes and O'Neill, around five-thirty on a breathless August afternoon, in a dingy bed-sitting room, third-floor rear, of the Grosvenor Furnished Apartments on East Madison Street. As soon as Mr. Carnes stepped in from the landing, his heart pumping from the stairs, and from something else, too, he felt the force of heat compacted in that square room under the roof explode against his flesh in savagely tiny shells of perspiration—felt it so intently, if only for a moment, that the walls and the two shaded windows wavered before him, while a weakness he could not control began to quiver in the hollows behind his knees.

He told himself what that weakness came from: only the heat. Still, he stopped a few steps in from the doorway to conceal it, nodding at O'Neill, smiling at him, speaking rather quickly but with no obvious effect of fright. His name, he said, was Roger Carnes, and he understood that he was wanted here. Even though he could not see why—

"Sit down," O'Neill said. His voice was cross. He had been in that room since four o'clock, a few minutes after the body of Rose Elizabeth Daly had been found there, and he sat behind a littered table now with his coat off, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow and his wilted collar gaping wide at his throat. He didn't look nearly so clever as Mr. Carnes had been afraid he would look; a stout man in middle age, bald-headed, with a solid, rocklike chin, he just appeared determined, irritable and very hot.

He wasted no time at all. He said, as Mr. Carnes seated himself, "We wanted to see you—that's right. We sent a squad car over after you because there was a woman strangled here last night—a woman named Rose Elizabeth Daly. She was found on this sofa in back of me at four o'clock this afternoon. What we want"—he paused and mopped his face, his voice flattening out a bit—"what we want now is to find out what you knew about her."

Mr. Carnes stared at him.

"Strangled?" he said, in a soft, shocked voice. He had a slight advantage then, as it began; he knew what he was fighting for, if he didn't know yet exactly how they had got his name. But the fear he had was not a fear that showed in his voice, his face or in anything about him; it shaped him instead, like an animal fear, an urgent impression of danger, to a state of sharp and desperate alertness. A tall, thin man in a well-cut gabardine suit, staring directly into O'Neill's face with pale blue eyes that were properly shocked, he said quietly, candidly and very gravely, that he had never heard of this Rose Elizabeth Daly in his life.

O'NEILL, his own eyes shaded by heavy dark brows, stared back at him for a matter of seconds. Then, bending forward, he reached out for a telephone book that lay on the corner of the table at his left. When he picked it up it fell open naturally part way in, where a packet of matches had been set between the pages. Halfway up the middle column, on the page nearest him, Mr. Carnes could see that a name had been underscored in pencil.

O'Neill moved his finger down till it rested on that mark.

"We found it like this," he said. "The matches and the pencil mark, understand, as if the number was one she'd looked up before and wanted to remember. Here's the listing: Roger Carnes, 54 Jellicoe Road, Tuxedo 8262. I think that's you?"

"Yes." Mr. Carnes did not hesitate at all. "Yes, it is." But he concealed a savage rush of anger behind the sallow mask of his face in the same way that he had concealed his fear before. Last night he had gone through everything; last night, being a careful man, he had not immediately hurried away. But the telephone book—no, he had not gone through that. Who would have imagined—

It seemed to him, suddenly, that he had taken too long to answer, that in O'Neill's dark eyes there was the glint of a new and more suspicious sharpness. He smiled stiffly. Deny it, he thought—deny it all. If they knew, they knew. But if they had only this—

Mr. Carnes did not lose his head. He simply frowned as if he were puzzled.

"That," he said, "that—I can't understand it. My name—" The frown deepened; he spoke more slowly. "Here,"

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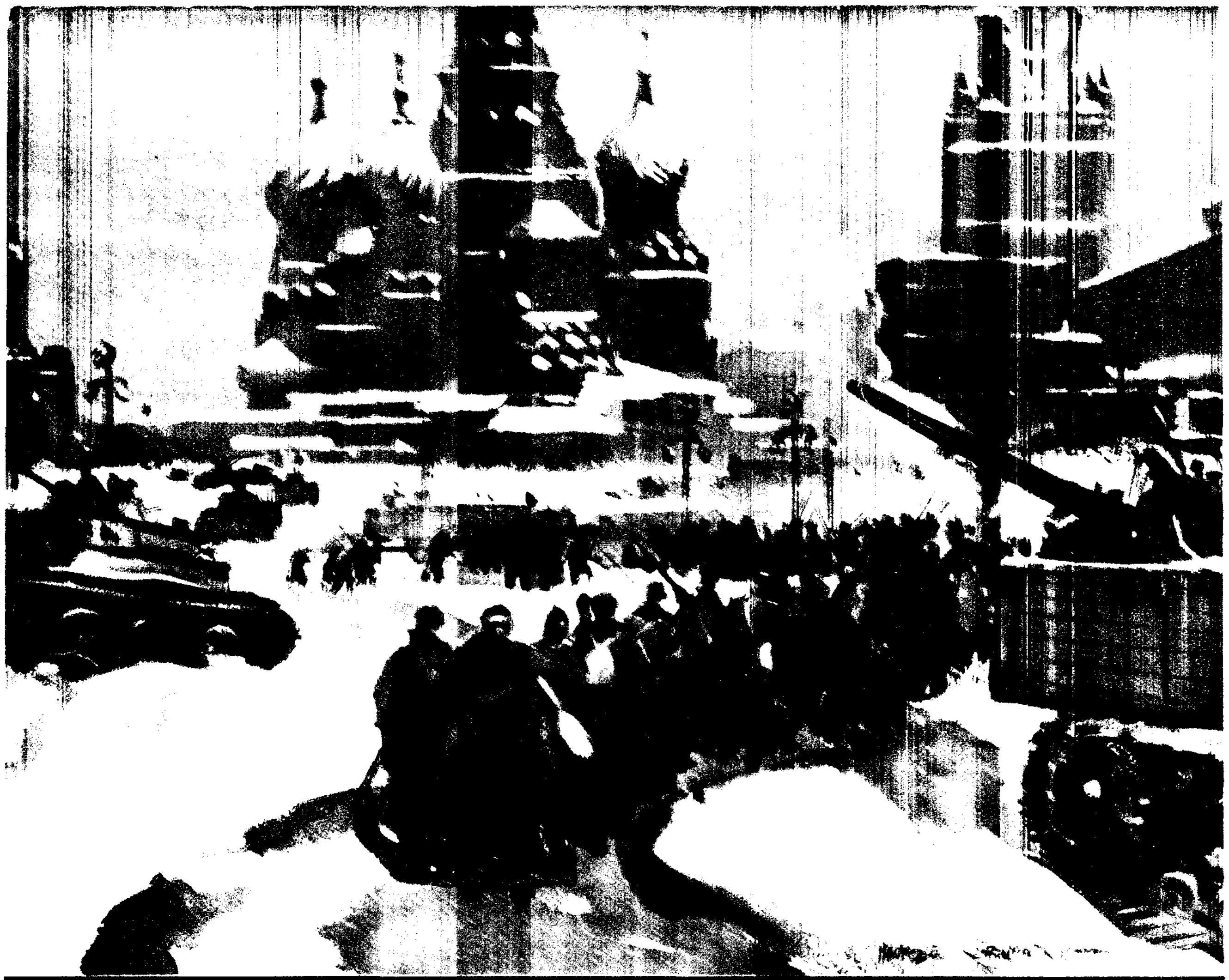


DRAWINGS BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

We had seen the wounded limp into Moscow, and tanks roaring on their way to the faltering Red army

Retreat from Moscow

By Quentin Reynolds

RADIOED FROM KUIBYSHEV

When diplomats and officials fled Moscow, Collier's correspondent went along, willy-nilly, to Kuibyshev. From there he made his way to the new fighting front in Libya. This is the story of the flight from Moscow and what he found in the new Russian capital

THE time had come to leave Moscow. For weeks we had considered the possibility, and yet when the moment came few of us were prepared. We had watched the red pins on the war maps move closer to the city. We had seen them reaching out gradually like claws encircling the capital. We had seen the wounded limp into Moscow, muddy and half-frozen, and we had seen the railroad stations crowded with refugees from the city waiting for trains to the east. We had seen tanks roaring through the city streets on their way to bolster the faltering Red army.

But Moscow was fairly comfortable. True, the vodka had run out and cigarettes were virtually unobtainable and the Nazi bombers came over every night, but this was routine to those of us who had been in London the past year.

Then one day there was a phone call: "All American correspondents report to the embassy immediately. Urgent."

Laurence Steinhardt, the American Ambassador, said bluntly to us, "The balloon has gone up. Cripps and I were summoned by Molotov this morning. He told us that a train would be waiting at the Kazan station at seven o'clock tonight for the diplomatic corps. He said that you could, in fact must, go along."

"Suppose we want to stay?" I asked Steinhardt.

"You have no discretion in the matter," the ambassador said.

"The government is going, the press bureau and the censors are going. Stay here and you won't be able to send anything. There will be no further communications out of Moscow. Report here at five-thirty with what baggage you can carry and if you have any food bring it along. I don't know where we're going but it will be a long trip."

The huge Kazan station was packed with refugees trying to leave what they thought to be a doomed city. More than 10,000 apathetic-looking women, grim-faced men and bewildered, sleepy-eyed children lay on the cement floors waiting for trains to take them east.

The various ambassadors and ministers trudged in out of the snow. A huge dining room was reserved for the diplomatic and journalistic corps. Haidar Atkar, the Turkish ambassador, came in. Anxious-eyed Vladimir Kot, once a college professor but now Polish ambassador, appeared. "*Bon soir,* Excellence," we murmured as these exquisitely polite diplomats shook hands quite formally with us. Genial Shao Li Tze, one of the best-liked men in the capital, came in, smiling, with his aides. Shriveled, apple-faced General Tatekawa, Japanese ambassador, brushed the snow from his uniform and took a seat at a table. Our train was not to leave for three hours. Meanwhile there was beer. We drank beer and none of us felt very good. We felt resentful because we were being forced to leave the best story of the year.

Here was the Greek Minister Pipinellis and Milan Gavrilovitch, the Yugoslav minister. Fierlinger, the Czech, came in, looking around with tired eyes. Evacuations were old stories to him. "*Bon soir,* Excellence." Roly-poly Mohammed Saed walked in smiling, for it is his nature to smile even though empires totter. Steinhardt and the most faithful aides that any ambassador ever had entered. Second Secretary Llewellyn Thompson, Third Secretary Charley Thayer, Counselor Walter Thurston and his huge brown German boxer "Sully" all kept anxious eyes on the crates of food they had brought. Only Steinhardt of all the ambassadors had foreseen the possibility of a quick getaway.

Sir Stafford Cripps, the British ambassador, brushed the snow from his black foreign-office hat and sat down alone. He looked suddenly old, tight-lipped and sad, occasionally stroking the head of his airedale Joe, best-known dog-about-town in Moscow.

The dining room was crowded with diplomats from a dozen countries and their innumerable aides. The British Economic Mission, headed by Sir Walter Citrine, sat together, frankly angry because their work had been interrupted.

Goodby to Moscow

Then came word that our train was standing at a siding waiting for us. We found our baggage in the pitch blackness of the night and slipped and slid through the heavy slush into the train. We said reluctant goodbyes to Thompson and to Freddie Reinhardt of the embassy staff, who were remaining in Moscow, and then looked at what was to be our home for the next five nights and four days. You travel either "soft" or "hard" on Russian trains. The "soft" coaches are every bit as good as the best luxury American trains. There is nothing in America as uncomfortable as the "hard" Russian coaches. With Si Sulzberger of the New York Times, Henry Cassidy and Robert Magidoff of the Associated Press, I shared a "hard" compartment.

There were four wooden bunks in it and no heat. The train pulled out of Moscow at 1:30 A. M. and we tried to sleep. Bitter cold is not an anesthetic. When we moved, our joints screamed in protest. Sleep was impossible.

The night passed. Dawn found us in a region of small villages. We passed one such, Lida, a mass of smoking ruins. The Germans had paid it a visit only a few hours before. There were interminable stops. Thayer had a few cans of beans and some tinned salmon, which we ate cold. Sometimes a station restaurant yielded black bread and sausage and, one morning at 5 A. M., we found a hot meal of cabbage soup, fried eggs and hot beef waiting for us. That meal lasted us for two days.

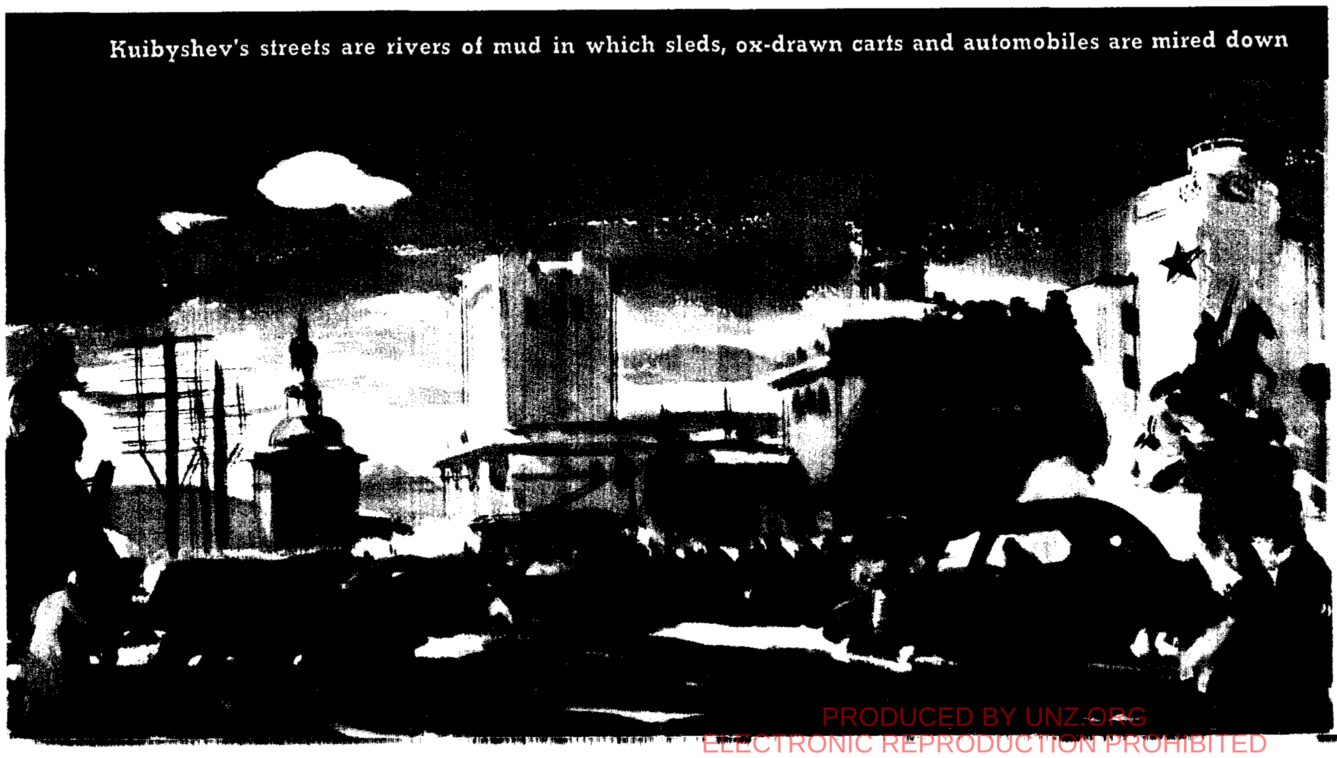
One day was like another. We played poker all day but there was no light at night, so we had to stop early. Once we persuaded Steinhardt to join us and were extremely happy to put him a thousand rubles in the red. But this changed to gloom when he came back to recoup his losses and win a little besides. We had forgotten that Steinhardt had once been a smart New York lawyer.

We slept in our clothes with our coats wrapped around us. By now our clothes seemed part of us and it was difficult to know where the clothes ended and we began.

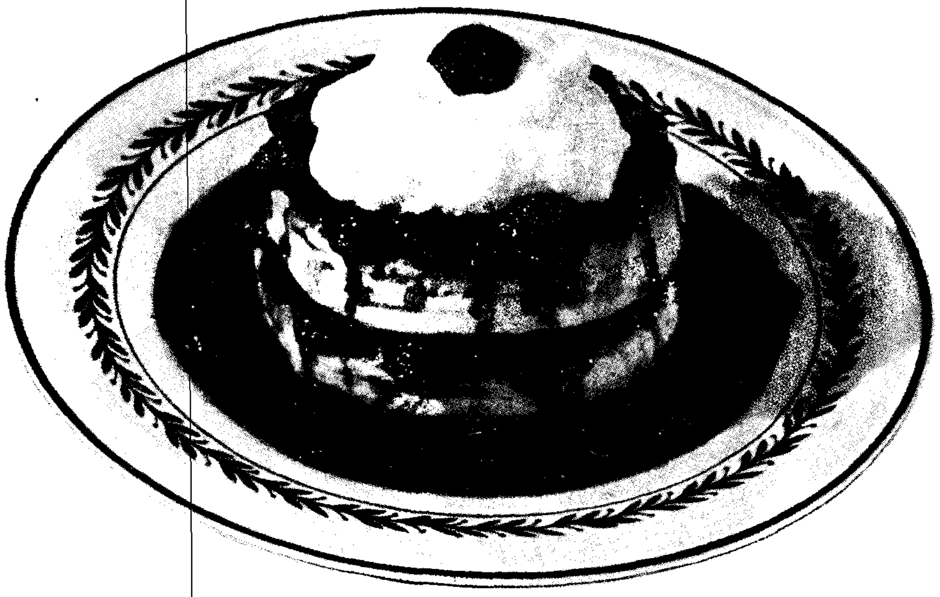
Early on the morning of the fifth day we looked out of the window into a thin dawn and, miraculously, a few miles ahead and to

(Continued on page 53)

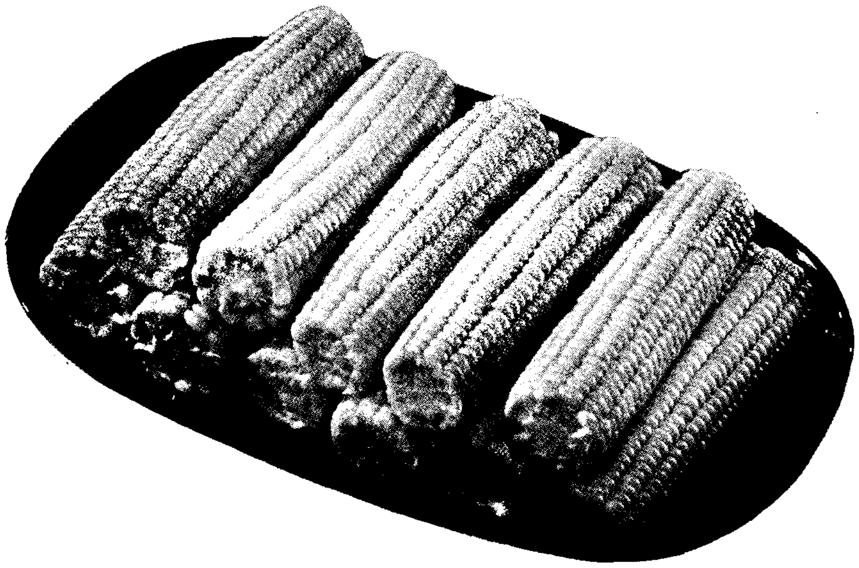
Kuibyshev's streets are rivers of mud in which sleds, ox-drawn carts and automobiles are mired down



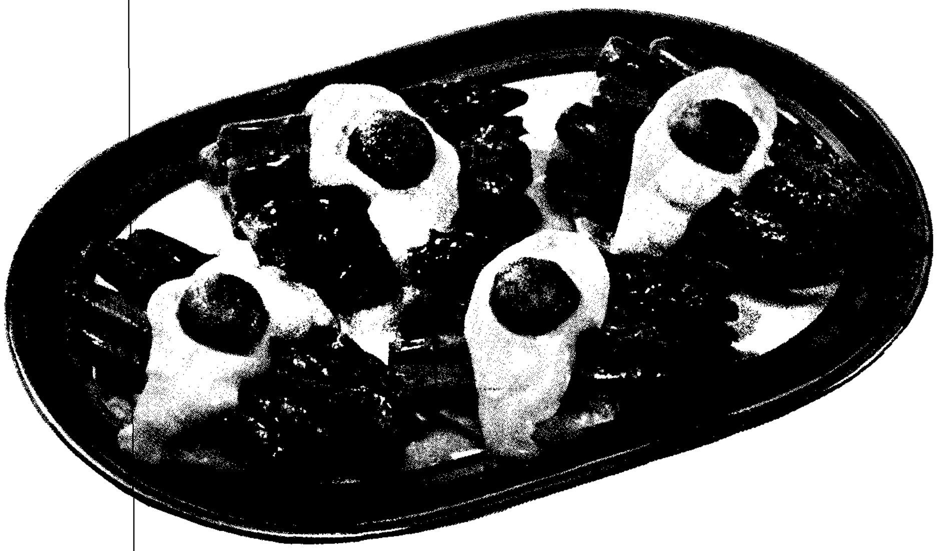
HOLIDAY SURPRISES—that don't come in a stocking!



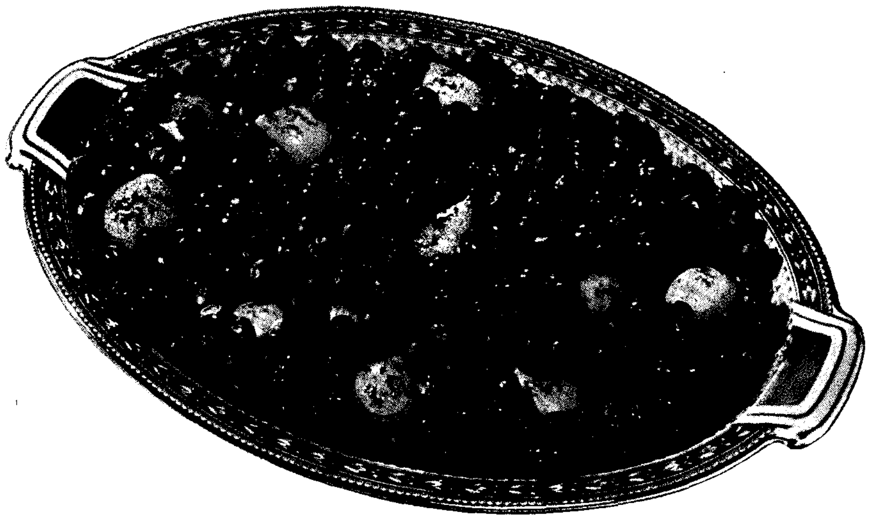
SURPRISE PACKAGE NO. 1. Birds Eye Strawberries! The miracle of Quick-Freezing makes it possible. Back on a balmy day last summer, we plucked these carefully grown berries, hulled, cleaned, and sliced them—and then, into the Quick Freezer they went, to have every bit of their garden-fresh flavor imprisoned till the moment you pick up the first spoonful!



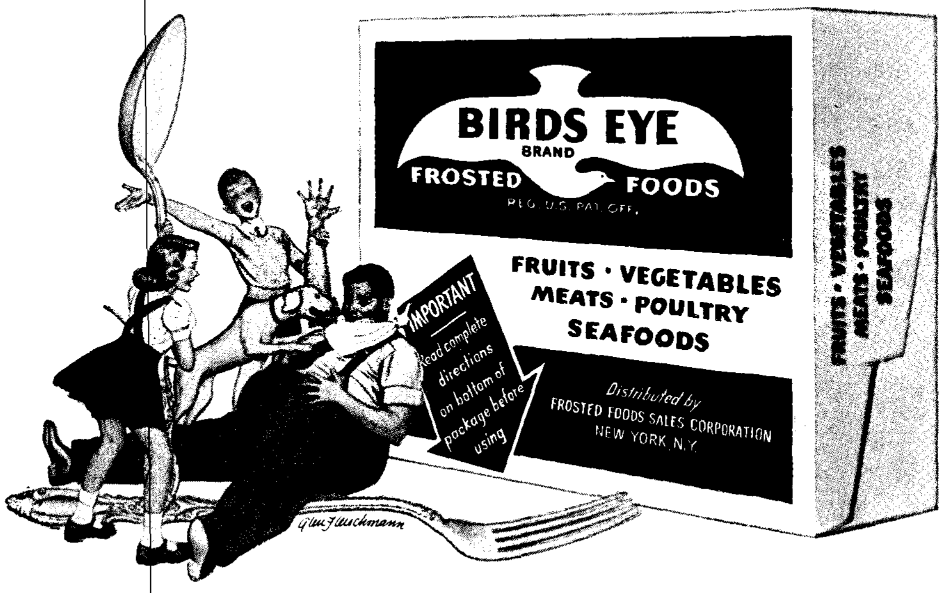
SURPRISE PACKAGE NO. 2. Mouth-watering Birds Eye Golden Sweet Corn-on-the-Cob! A beautiful, unusual dish for any holiday table! And this corn is as fresh and flavorful as though you'd just picked it off the stalk! That's because Birds Eye, last summer, preserved all that goodness for you by Quick-Freezing.



SURPRISE PACKAGE NO. 3. Tender, out-of-season green Asparagus Spears! You can enjoy the farm-fresh flavor of a dish that's rare in midsummer. We pack only five-inch, all green, tender Spears. (Also, green cuts for budget dishes.) Try asparagus on fried ham and toast, topped with Hollandaise Sauce and a mushroom cap, as illustrated. Melts in your mouth!



SURPRISE PACKAGE NO. 4. Birds Eye Green Peas! (*Special Dec. 22-Jan. 3.*) They come to you garden-fresh—shelled, washed, ready to cook! (No work, no waste!) Surprise *your* family with all these out-of-season, table-dressing dishes during the holidays. All of them will agree, it's a wonderful way to make every meal as exciting as the night before Christmas!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Read complete directions on bottom of package before using
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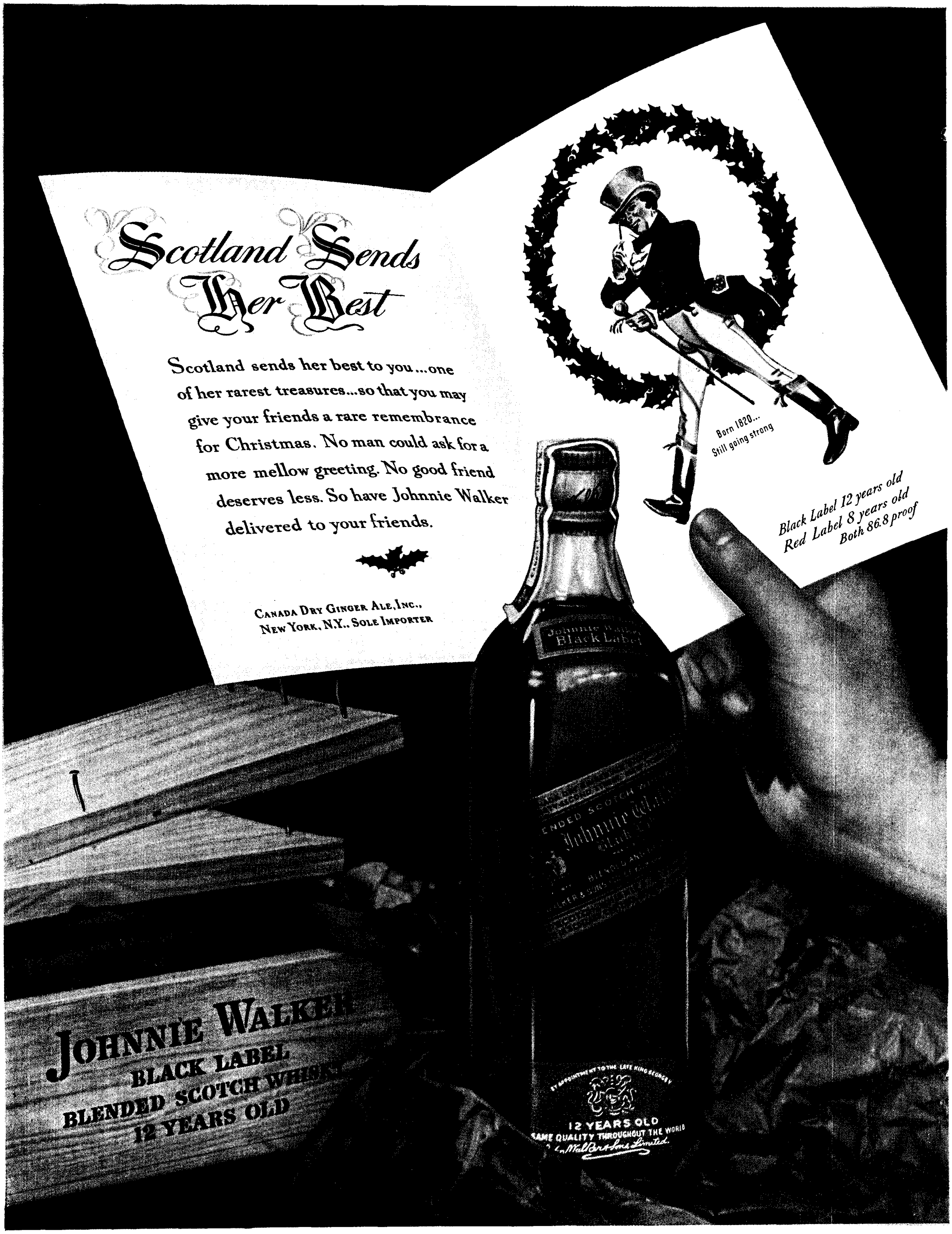
MAKE NO MISTAKE! Not all quick-frozen foods are Birds Eye! So look for the Birds Eye on the window and on the package. It *guarantees* you over 60 first-quality, waste-free Birds Eye Foods. They MUST SATISFY OR MONEY BACK!

ORDER YOUR BIRDS EYE HOLIDAY TURKEY NOW!



Scotland Sends Her Best

Scotland sends her best to you ... one of her rarest treasures ... so that you may give your friends a rare remembrance for Christmas. No man could ask for a more mellow greeting. No good friend deserves less. So have Johnnie Walker delivered to your friends.

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Black Label 12 years old
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Both 86.8 proof

Johnnie Walker Black Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
12 YEARS OLD
SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
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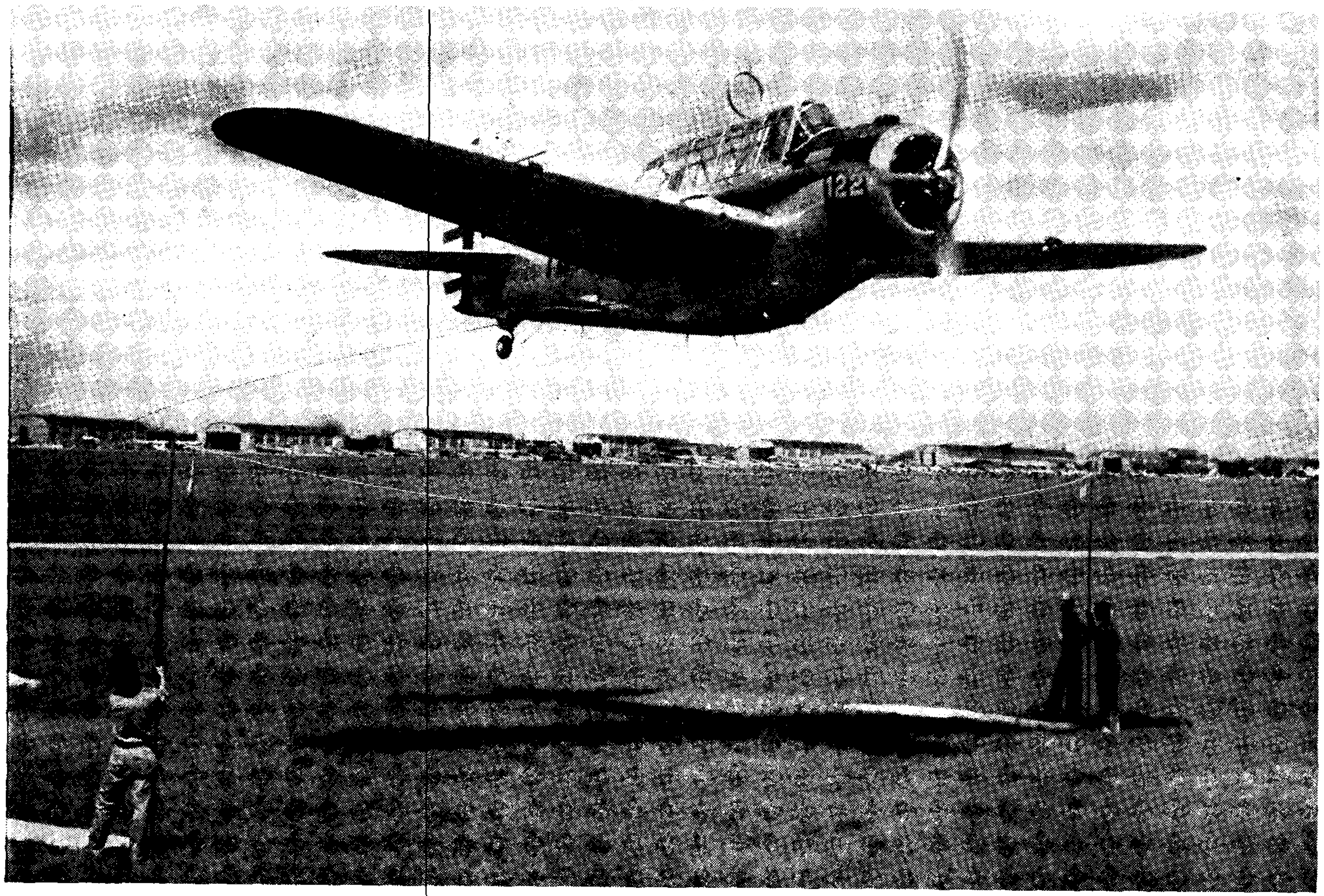
OUR NEW ARMY

EYES FOR THE ARMY. *No modern army can carry on a thorough ground war without the aid of its highly trained aerial observers. The only U. S. advanced observation school is located at Brooks Field, near San Antonio, where basic flying-school pilots and selected officers from various branches of the service study 10 weeks of ground and air courses to form observation combat teams. In 188 hours of ground work observers learn photography, navigation, radio procedure, map reading and allied subjects. Observation pilots add about 70 hours to their flying time. Brooks is now equipped to handle 200 men at one time*



Good fun for pilots is flying 18 feet from ground and picking up message strung between two poles. Small bob on rope trailing from plane wraps around message line

CALIFORNIA

9TH ARMY CORPS

CAMP HAAN, Riverside. One of the training duties foisted upon members of the 121st Coast Artillery (antiaircraft) Battalion when they mosey out to the Mojave Desert firing range is the digging of five-foot safety pits by the ack-ack (antiaircraft) gun emplacements. Instead of measuring or guessing the depth, the lads put shovel handles across the tops of the freshly dug pits and send Pvt. Frank Turso for a stroll through the excavations. Frank is exactly five feet tall, so if his dome whams into a shovel handle the boys just dig the pit a little deeper at that point. It's tough on Turso but speeds up national defense.

7TH DIV.

FORT ORD. Every time a new road is built in this vicinity the 68th Quartermaster Troop takes another detour. The 68th, made up of 66 men and 303 mules, is one of the few pack troops in the Army, its job being to transport material over and through terrain no other form of locomotion could navigate. Lieuts. T. C. Anderson and J. R. Kempston, first and second in command, know more places where there aren't any roads than any other officers in the vast Monterey area and they see to it that the troop tackles those places. On a recent ten-day trek over mountains and down canyons the 68th's mules, activated by the customary verbal encouragement, moved 40,000 pounds of Army stuff at an average rate of 2½ miles an hour, practically dive-bomber speed for a mule.

CAMP ROBERTS. Huge stone letters on the hillsides here spell Camp Roberts for the edification of passing motorists and train passengers. Lugging the stones and grunting them into place gave many a trainee a pain in the neck and shoulders. After the first two letters of the 475-foot sign had been planted, one of the laborers had a great idea. "Couldn't we," suggested he to a lieutenant, "conserve rocks by making it 'Camp Bob?'" The lieutenant conserved words. "No," he said.

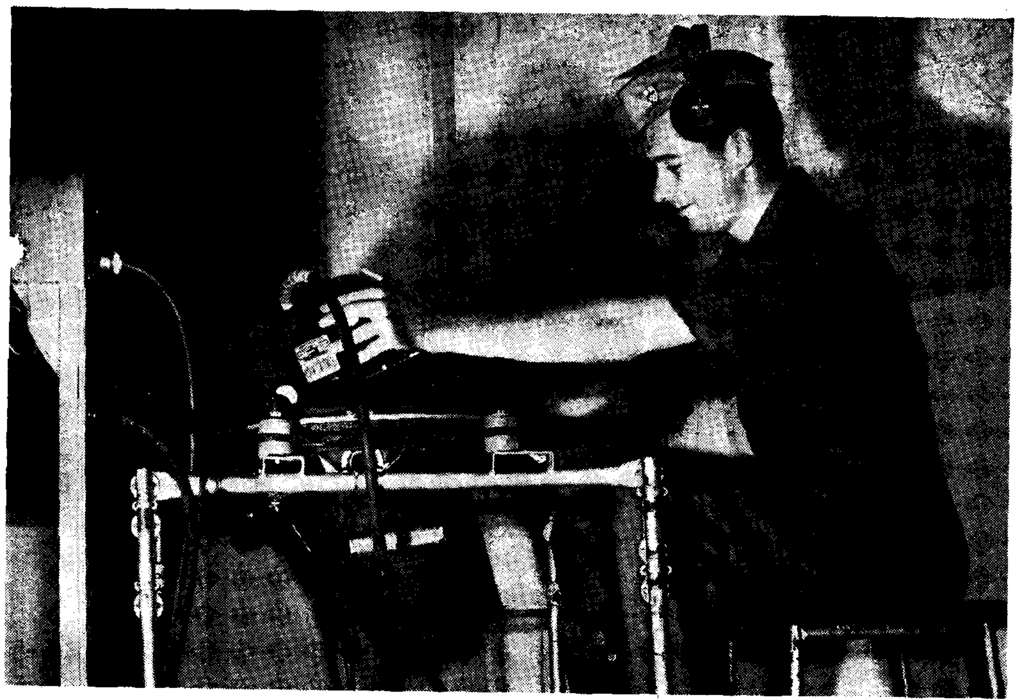
THE abandoned car problem at Roberts has the California Highway

(Continued on page 30)

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Lt. R. F. Todd, Air Corps, uses a stereoscopic viewer (above, left), giving depth to aerial pictures. At right, Infantry Reserve Lt. W. L. Koob overlaps reconnaissance photos, which are later rephotographed into one complete picture

Cavalry Reserve Officer Lt. D. C. Burton practices operation of a Fairchild aerial camera (below). This is a "mock up" (simulated) camera with which observers become familiar before starting an eighteen-hour course in the air



Five hours of training are spent in tuning radio transmitter mock up, operated below by Lt. G. G. Weston, 116th Inf., Fort Meade, Md. Equipment shown is similar to that carried in the O-47 plane. Men also learn to use Morse code

"On the Ball! A Winner!"

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50 Seconds to Rub—Just feel that stimulating "tingle" as circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing natural oils, your hair takes on a fresh, natural lustre.

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Look your best—win the approving looks and admiration that can help you in your social and business life. Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today and let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" help you to handsome hair—and win you greater popularity!

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

German Weapons Are Obsolete

Continued from page 13

hoped was gone for good, Army Ordnance got just enough money from Congress to keep itself together. When we finally blew the whistle a year or so ago, and in a state of horrified jitters demanded that the Army produce forthwith an unlimited collection of mean and modern military weapons, Ordnance was an undernourished, underexercised arm of national defense.

Grinding out a new weapon is a painful job. It involves months of planning, months of constructing pilot models, months of testing the pilot models, and still more months of opening up production. With the skinny appropriations Congress gave it, Army Ordnance could only plan; in many cases the building of one pilot model of a new device would have soaked up an entire annual budget. Which is why the weapons we wanted are only now dropping off the production lines in soothing numbers.

A large percentage were conceived on paper years ago; yet they are today the most advanced in the world. More are being thought up even now—Ordnance is conducting research on more than 600 experimental items, running from fantastic and frightening ideas that would shame the imaginations of comic-strip artists down to such everyday martial materials as shell cases made of steel.

Here, for the first time, is a comprehensive summary of what we have to fight with, including more facts and figures than have ever before been given out:

There is a new 37-mm. antitank gun that spits a tricky armor-piercing shell through more inches of armor plate than I am allowed to mention, even to myself. But I saw it breeze through a chunk of tempered steel plate that would have discouraged an acetylene torch and come out on the other side so hard it ricocheted.

A Streamlined Killer

The shell is a work of art. The part of an armor-piercing shell that actually does the business is a coating of incredibly hard steel adhered to the metal nose of the bullet. In old-type shells, the bullet had to be surrounded with great gobs of softer metal in order to streamline the shell properly. As an added improvement our Ordnance experts conceived the idea of shaping the shell with lighter, still softer metal—an aluminum windshield—so these shells would have better ballistic properties and have a trajectory similar to other ammunition for this gun. When the shell strikes, the aluminum shatters into dust, leaving the steel coating to break down the face-hardened armor plate and let the bullet travel unhampered, which it does with such abandon that it will wreck any foreign tank ever made. Yet the 37-mm. gun weighs only a *thousand pounds,* and can be toted around with infantry.

The French 75 has been converted by our Ordnance into a blaster perhaps twice as efficient as it was in the first World War. It is considered by ballistics experts a natural size for a gun; it gets a maximum of power for a minimum of weight and cost. It can be used against tanks or infantry. We have put it on a modern carriage, so it can be hauled as fast as our trucks and tractors will go. And by putting it on a split trail, on which it rests when it is fired, its lateral traverse—the distance it can be swung from side to side—has been increased from a stiff seven degrees to 85 degrees, and its vertical movement from 15 degrees to 45 degrees. It no longer has blind sides. It can roar out sideways or up and down with effortless dexterity.

Pride of Army Ordnance, however, is a brand-new three-inch gun now being tested secretly at Aberdeen. At 2,000 yards, which is more than a mile, it can make a sponge of the best European tanks. It uses the shell with the aluminum windshield, handles a heavier charge of better powder than was ever before possible in a gun its size, and the gun itself has a few modern wrinkles in design, all of which makes it undisputed world champ in its class.

Outdoing the Famed 75

In the last war, the French 75 was the standard man-killing divisional gun, and was on the whole delightfully destructive. But Ordnance has a new weapon that will do more than twice the fighting of the 75. It is a 105-mm. howitzer. It weighs 4,300 pounds, just 500 more than the 75, an inconsequential increase in these days when machines do the heavy hauling. The 75 heaved a 15-pound projectile 7,000 yards, but the 105-mm. howitzer throws a 23-pound projectile 13,000 yards—a little less than eight miles. And since it is a howitzer, the shell goes high and drops perpendicularly like a bomb, giving it far greater authority when it blows up. It has a big brother, a 155-mm. howitzer, which plops a 95-pound shell 12,000 yards. The two are the sweetest things of their kind in existence.

Our 155-mm. gun—its shell has a flatter trajectory than that of a howitzer—is rated at least 30 per cent more efficient, all things considered, than the next best similar gun. It is as mobile as a big truck, traveling on its own tractor-drawn carriage. It can be put into firing position in minutes, rather than in the hours it usually takes to set up so big a weapon. It has a range of over 14 miles, almost 50 per cent more than its World War predecessor.

Our eight-inch howitzer uses the same carriage as the 155, and can be shoved around just as easily. If once this baby can be wheeled within ten miles of a target, it can sit back on its haunches and chew up the heaviest fortifications with 240-pound shells, which it can deposit with far more accuracy than any plane can drop a bomb.

A freshly designed 240-mm. howitzer is more of the same. It also is ready for testing at Aberdeen. Although when all decked out to go somewhere it weighs approximately 44 tons, it gets about very rapidly on a special carriage. With a little effort, it can hoist a gigantic shell 15 miles through the air.

All of these mobile guns have one tremendous advantage over Europe's finest—they are actually mobile. They can be hauled as fast as our powerhouse tractors can take them. Foreign gun carriages have a habit of disintegrating if they go more than ten or fifteen miles an hour, or if they meet up with a sizable bump; but ours can careen across Uncle Moe's pasture at twice or thrice the speed without straining a bolt.

Our antiaircraft guns are reaching a point where a bomber's only hope is to stay home. So far in Europe the most effective antiaircraft firing has been at no greater heights than 12,000 feet. But we have a three-inch model that will do considerably better than that; and we have a 90-mm. job that recently shot down six out of seven towed targets 21,000 feet up—comforting accuracy at almost twice Europe's best height. And coming up soon is a highly secret 4.7-

inch AA gun that is just as exact at altitudes few of today's planes can reach. It will sweep the stratosphere with the cool deadliness of a mountaineer shooting tin cans.

All the bigger antiaircraft batteries use the wizardly automatic fire control developed by Army Ordnance. Everything is done by machines that move quicker and faster than any soldier, even a general. A crew of men stands at the guns, putting the shells first into a gadget which sets the time fuses automatically, then laying them on racks that push them into the guns. Electricity and gears make all the elaborate computations at a central control box some distance away.

Our smaller antiaircraft, used to protect troops from dive-bombing and machine-gun strafing, have turned out extremely well, and Ordnance has devised several new methods of getting the most from them. It has, for example, mounted a 37-mm. antiaircraft gun and two .50-caliber machine guns on a truck which has tank tracks on the rear instead of wheels. The truck can go almost anywhere troops can, and faster.

The layout is planned to go with rapid-moving units and to be ready at any given instant to start ripping away at low-flying planes. And if a gun emplacement over on the far side of a battlefield is caught by a surprise air attack, the truck high-tails over to protect it.

Stories about the amazing performances of our light tanks operated by the British in Libya made the front pages of the newspapers, but it was no news to the Army Ordnance officers. They knew all the time that ours were so much the best.

They go twice as fast as any other country's tanks. Their armor is 30 per cent stronger, even their guns are more deadly. The tracks on European tanks wear out every two hundred or three hundred miles; that's why you find German advances suddenly pulling up short for a day or two—the boys are changing tracks. Ours, helped by a rubber tread which no other country can have because none other has the rubber industry, last from 2,000 to 3,000 miles. And European tanks have to be overhauled every 500 miles. Ours come into the shops for general refurbishings about once every 4,000 miles.

We are the only country to have a radial-cooled Diesel engine which can be used in tanks, and it is a honey. It was developed in case we run short of the radial air-cooled motors we consider standard. As another possible substitute, Ordnance also adapted Cadillac automobile motors to tanks, two to a tank.

By way of making life in a tank more pleasant, Ordnance also is experimenting with liquid-coupling drives, the automatic transmissions used in modern cars. They eliminate a surprising lot of the noise which inevitably follows a tank.

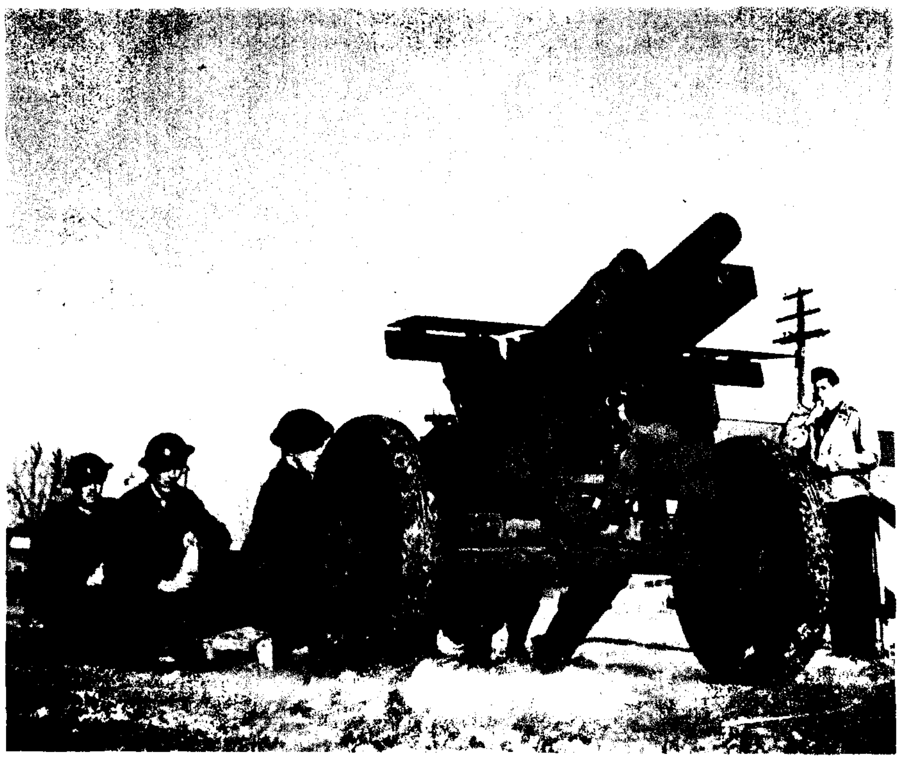
The Ordnance Department's 60-ton Goliath just built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works has a supersecret device that makes the gunners' accuracy more than five times better than is possible in any tanks of foreign design. And our tanks, incidentally, will frustrate almost any antitank gun in the world except our own.

Some of the mightiest achievements of Ordnance have been on items lacking the drama necessary to get public appreciation. Our soldiers, for example, no longer have to keep their powder dry—Ordnance long since evolved a waterproof powder. While they were about it, they also made it burn with less heat, so our guns last longer than those in Europe, and took the flash out of it so it won't give away the positions of guns at night.

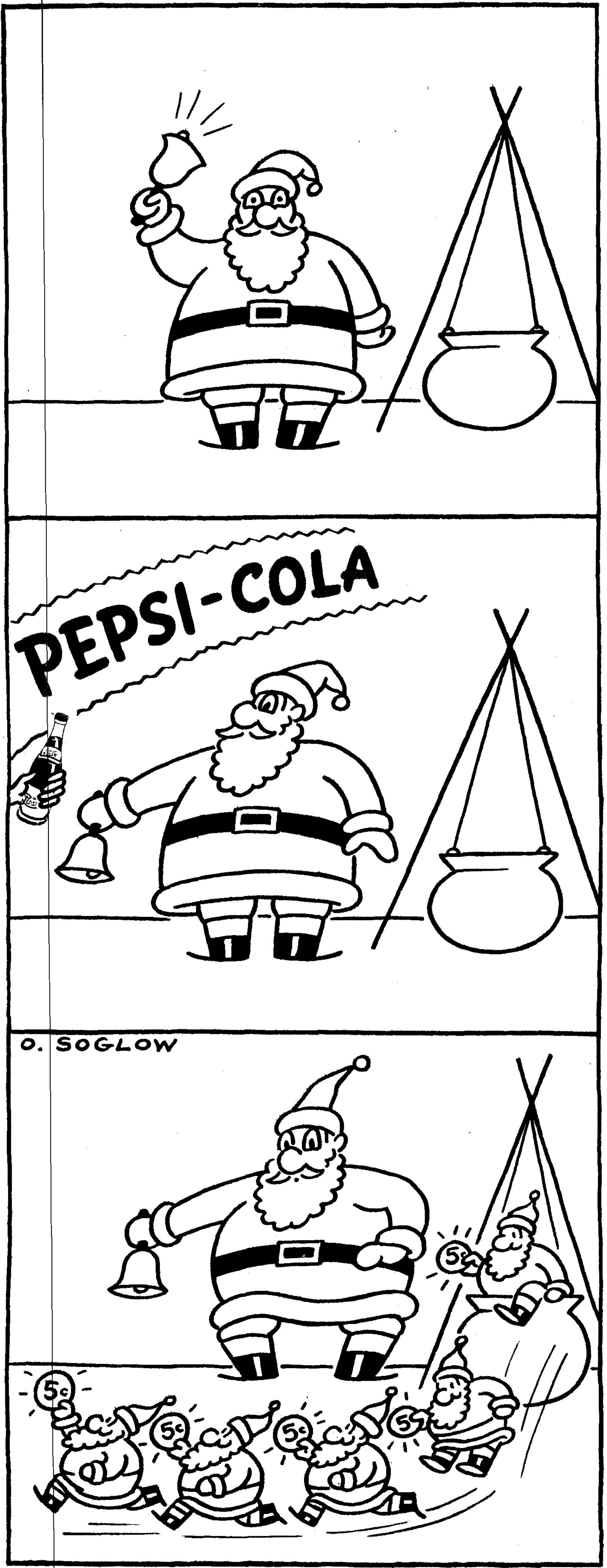
A big jump in artillery efficiency came when Ordnance worked out a universal fuse system. Instead of having a dozen or so different sizes of fuses for different kinds of shells, each size requiring a different range table, Ordnance has made all types in the same general mold, so they can be substituted for one another without changing the elaborate range figures.

Out of the 600 experimental items now on the active research list will come more and better war materials. Already Ordnance has perfected a steel cartridge case, in case we run out of brass; and if it's plastics you are thinking of they've got those under control, too. We are making some types of fuses out of plastics, and we may make more. They are among the 600.

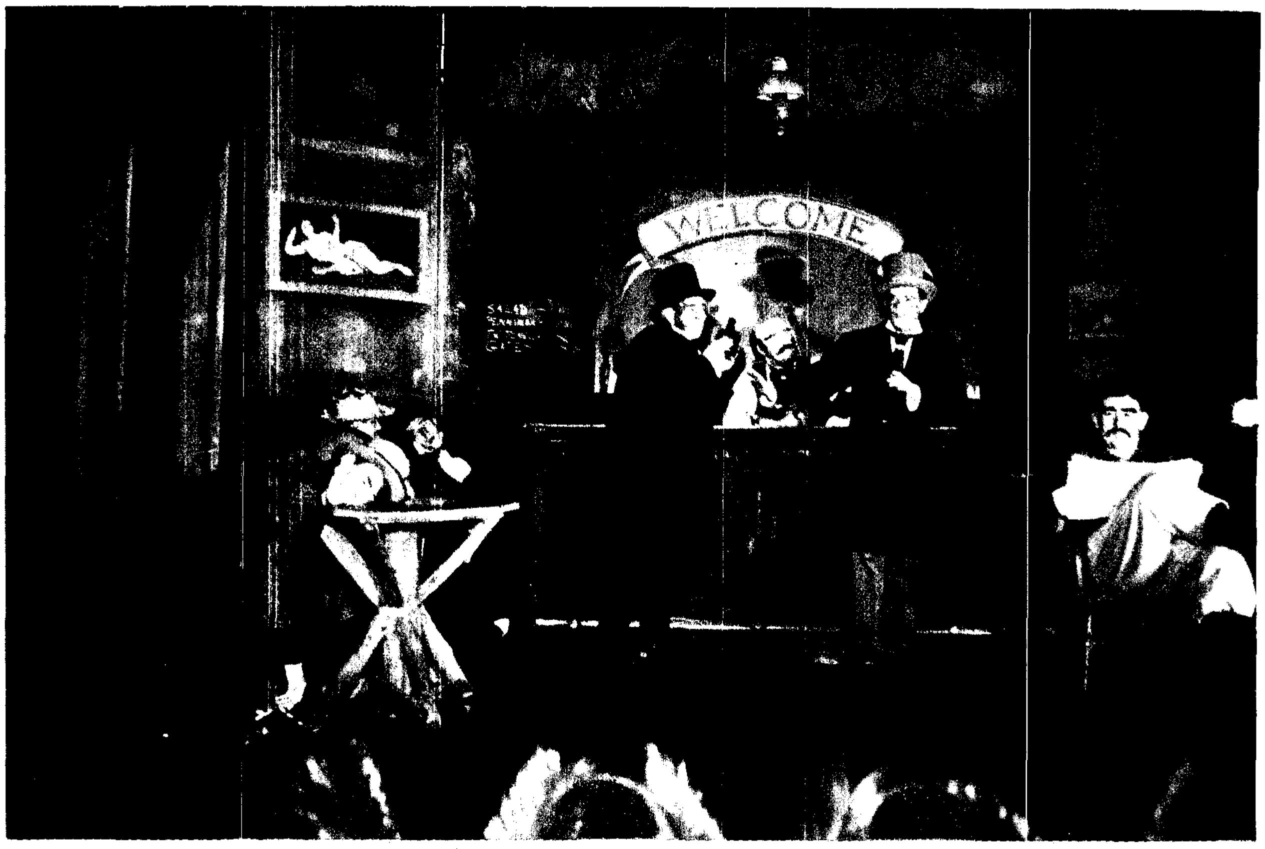
If you must have brass knuckles to get along in this world, we will have the hardest, heaviest and sharpest. Of that much you can be quite sure.



The new 105-mm. howitzer is twice as deadly a weapon as the famed French 75. It throws a 23-pound shell a distance just under eight miles and weighs 4,300 pounds, only 500 pounds more than the 75



Historical remnant of the early theater is the olio, or afterpiece, in which players do specialties. Above, Woodie Wilson and Kark Thomas sing and dance in The Oceana Roll



In the great barroom scene the wicked squire starts the hero's downfall with his first drink of strong liquor, saying, "Good, good brandy!" Nestor Paiva is the villain, Samuel Ethridge plays the hero

"Goodby, forever," the hero cries to his long-suffering wife, while a true friend witnesses the stark tragedy. Players: Lois Hunt, George Stuart, Samuel Ethridge

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The villainous squire, fast approaching his undoing, has sunk so low as to strike a lady as he cries: "She knows too much for my happiness." Players: Ada Lilly, Nestor Paiva, George Stuart

Nonstop Show

By Jim Marshall

Come look at a stage play that has broken all records by running continuously more than eight years —and looks good for eight more

WHEN they hear about the long-run records of Abie's Irish Rose, Tobacco Road, Chu Chin Chow or Charley's Aunt, fourteen actors and actresses in Los Angeles just smile wanly. They are playing in a show that started its ninth continuous year July 7, 1941, and it begins to look as if they had lifetime jobs. The show sells out every night, seven nights a week.

The play is a highly moral piece titled The Drunkard, or The Fallen Saved. It is played in five acts and thirteen scenes and how old it is no one knows. Miss Zan Joyce, who sings in the afterpiece, or olio, and has done a lot of research, says it probably goes back to an old English morality play. It was adapted for American audiences about a hundred years ago by a man named Smith, and was made famous by P. T. Barnum.

Mr. Barnum was operating his American Museum in Boston in 1843 and wanted to put on a play. Plays in those days were sinful and play actors outcasts. So Mr. Barnum called his theater a Moral Lecture Hall, and The Drunkard an elevating and mortal-saving exhibit, and packed them in. The show ran one hundred and forty-four performances and legend has it that it made a teetotaler out of the World's Greatest Humbug, which was P.T.B.'s pet description of himself.

Anyway, there was a supply of total abstinence pledges at the door as the customers came out and many a bleary-eyed reformee signed. Early in the run, discovering that some unsaved souls were sneaking across the street to a barroom during intermissions, Barnum refused them readmission, according to Miss Joyce's findings.

The plot is familiar: The wicked squire who is scheming to steal the little vine-clad cottage in which live the lovely heroine and her widowed mother; the stolen will; the handsome hero who weds the lovely heroine and is then tempted to drink himself to disgrace in the village grogshop so that the villain may get the girl; the hero's descent into a life of drunkenness while his wife and chee-ild almost starve in a New York garret . . . and so on. Of course, the hero finds redemption and somebody else finds the missing will; everybody cheers like mad and the cops march off the villain to the gallows. Or worse.

In Barnum's day, this sort of thing ran for nearly four hours, and had subplots and "comic interludes." Now it has been reduced to essentials and runs from seventy to eighty minutes. It plays so fast that in one scene the hero and heroine are just married, and in the next, a minute later, they turn up with a fourteen-year-old child, which sometimes bewilders unsophisticated people in the audience—especially as the beautiful young mother doesn't look a day older.

The script has been in the public domain for years and anyone may use it. Versions of it have been played by scores of professional and amateur companies—but these usually gagged it and so spoiled it. The Los Angeles players, directed by Galt Bell, play the piece straight, even to the gestures. Mr. Bell studied a lot of old lithographs and the drawings of George Cruikshank, who illustrated many Dickens books, and insists on copying them faithfully.

"Curiously enough," he says, "the companies that played The Drunkard in the '20's and early '30's and gagged it never could get laughs. We had to take out all the original 'comedy' and play it absolutely straight to make it funny."

The Los Angeles phenomenon got its start in the Depression—remember the Depression?—just as Repeal came in. A group of actors and artists in Carmel, the famous California colony near Monterey, staged the piece as a joke. Among the actors was Bell, who had had experience on both legitimate and vaudeville stages. He wondered if the piece might not make a few dollars and got together a group of stage people in a sort of co-operative setup, to try. Anything was better than waiting for the clouds to roll by. After a rehearsal or two the play went into the Palace Hotel in San Francisco for a week—and stayed eight months.

Then Bell took it to Los Angeles. He couldn't get a theater and in desperation finally rented a huge abandoned studio, far out of town and almost impossible for anyone to get to. Taxi drivers got lost trying to find the place and filling-station attendants for blocks around were subsidized to tip off prospective customers how to get there. *(Continued on page 69)*

Give the gift with the "Happy Blending"

1.

Rex Reindeer's mighty busy
At this season of the year,
Loading up his good plane "North Star"
To deliver Yuletide cheer.

2.

While his loving helpmate, Rosie,
Is charting out their flight.
What is their precious cargo?
Yep, it's CALVERT—you guessed right!

3.

In fact, this famous whiskey
Is quite like these happy mates—
Like Rex and Rosie Reindeer
It's a "marriage" of swell traits.

Yes, every drop of CALVERT
Is a blend of all that's best,
To give your Yuletide Spirits
Extra mellowness and zest.

4.

So think of Rex and Rosie when you make your Christmas list—
Write "CALVERT" after every name; be sure no one is missed.
Your friends will sing your praises when they taste its mellow flavor,
For among luxurious whiskies, CALVERT'S *first** in public favor!

Calvert SPECIAL Blended Whiskey
Calvert RESERVE Blended Whiskey
Calvert SPECIAL
Calvert RESERVE Blended Whiskey

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

The gift with the "Happy Blending"

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . *Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

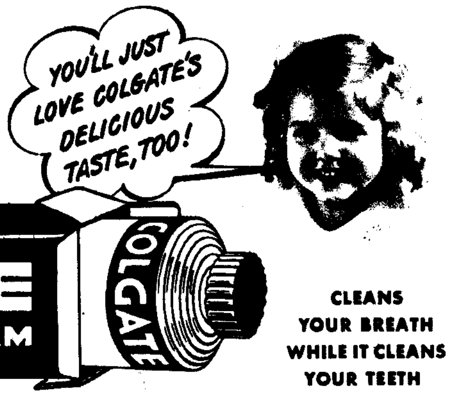
If It's Kissin' You're Missin'

Use Colgate's—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth

Yes, scientific tests prove conclusively that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops oral bad breath

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, you see, has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that are the *cause* of much bad breath.

And Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! So next time you buy toothpaste, buy Colgate's—the toothpaste that does *two* jobs for the price of one!


YOU'LL JUST LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS TASTE, TOO!
COLGATE

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Our New Army

Continued from page 25

Patrol up to its ears in headaches. After their thirteen weeks of basic training a lot of soldiers figure it's cheaper to ditch their cars and travel at government expense to new posts, the result being that jalopies of assorted types, left standing by various roadsides, have to be identified by the coppers and towed to the nearest garage or junkyard.

MICHIGAN

5TH DIV.

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. Speaking of jallopies, a hearse has been cruising the streets and service drives of this fort for some weeks now, stopping here and there to make a pick up. Sounds grim but isn't. The ominous buggy is operated by the Post Exchange office and what it picks up is the dough the canteens take in. The P-X office needed a vehicle with a rear compartment big enough to handle a safe and a force of armed M.P.'s, and the 1933 hearse, purchased for $250, does the job. Capt. Robert H. Tavis, detailed from Post Headquarters to do the collecting, says it's like this:

"I don't mind driving down these streets and seeing soldiers hop about a foot in the air and come down saluting, and I don't mind the dogs that come howling and sniffing around. What gets me is the rumor that I'm collecting guys who have been rendered extinct by P-X groceries. Let's get it straight. I am not collecting stiffs. And it's not my fault that Post Exchange Officer Major T. H. Tulley has a tombstone paperweight on his desk. Why don't you move on to something pleasant?"

ALL right, Captain. History is running around in circles at Custer, and succeeded, the other day, in catching up with itself. Twenty-one years ago a Battle Creek gal, employed in the Fort Custer offices, fell for a technical sergeant named John A. McIntyre. They were married Nov. 15, 1920, and had a daughter. McIntyre died three years ago, and when his widow returned to Custer last year to take over a civilian job, daughter Betty went along to work in the P-X office. Six months ago Betty met Staff Sgt. Lee R. English, of the 215th General Hospital Unit and—that's right—they're married now. Betty, of course, followed her mother's footsteps by returning to her job.

THE best we can do for an address is Somewhere In Iceland for Corp. Clyde C. Nelson, erstwhile Custer soldier. Anyway, some of the feminine readers of this department might want to write to him inasmuch as Clyde has notified some of his buddies back home that "silver fox pelts sell for $6 a pelt."

RHODE ISLAND

NARRAGANSETT BAY HARBOR DEFENSES. From a skeleton crew of 100, these Harbor Defenses have pyramided to a New Army high of 3,800 Regulars, Federalized National Guardsmen and selectees, comprising Rhode Island's 243d and the Regular Army's 10th Coast Artillery Regiments. Five garrisons are working on the job at present: Fort Adams, Harbor Defense headquarters (on Aquidneck Island, original name for the island of Rhode Island); Forts Wetherill and Getty (243d's headquarters), on Jamestown island; Fort Greble, Dutch Island, and Fort Kearny, on the mainland near Providence. Fort Greene, at Point Judith, and Fort Church, at Sakonnet, on opposite extremities of the mainland and covering the ocean approaches to the bay, will, when completed, be armed with 16-inch guns to make belligerent approach of Narragansett Bay a very discouraging affair. All of the forts have their share of 12-, 10-, 6- and 3-inch weapons. Directing this sizable defense job is Brig. Gen. Ralph E. Haines, who seems to have pretty good soldier morale to make his task a little less difficult. Anyway, the boys realize the magnitude of their task, according to Pfc. Edward M. Lacy, 243d's regimental headquarters battery, who writes:

"This regiment has its work cut out for it, if the time comes, to defend the city of Newport, with its Naval Torpedo Station, Naval Training Station and the base of the Atlantic Fleet; the defense of the newly commissioned Quonsett Air Base, largest in the country, and also the entrance to Narragansett Bay and the city of Providence, the southern gateway to industrial New England."

Apparently, the gentle folk of Newport are anxious to get all of the protection they can, for they all dropped over for the rededication exercises of Fort Adams' service club, and one matron chucked in two grand to make the party a success. Incidentally, the club is one of the niftiest, with green-potted palms, waxed oak floors, candelabra, silver service, Venetian blinds, leather and tubular-metal furniture, fluorescent lighting, rugs from Newport's finest homes, and so on. In fact, life gets more pleasant by the day at the Narragansett forts. Little by little, the Army is replacing with civilian workers all of the soldiers who have been assigned to switchboard, clerical, hospital orderly, manual and warehouse jobs.

Which brings us to Ex-Master Sergt. Charlie B. Sides, a native of Concord, N. C., who finds things very much to his taste, indeed. Seems Charlie, after 30 years in the Army (26 of them at Fort Adams), retired the other day. But he reported back to his supply clerk's desk the very next morning as a civilian worker—and at a raise in pay of $76.87 a month. Charlie did the same work for a total of $192 when he was in uniform, and now gets, adding pension and salary, $268.87.

MARYLAND

29TH DIV.

FORT GEO. G. MEADE. Here's one for the book. Having qualified as a skilled truck driver because of his civil job at the wheel of a five-ton quarry truck, Pvt. Marshall Kelly drives the mobile mess kitchen for Headquarters Co., Special Troops. But the quarry truck, driven on private property, never required a state license, so Pvt. Kelly never bothered to get a driving permit. Moreover, he has never driven a passenger car. That's specialization for you.

MISSISSIPPI

37TH DIV.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. Mess Sgt. William Pappas, of headquarters company, had some trouble getting the boys in his outfit to eat their full quota of fruit, but it's all over now. First he tried putting apples, oranges, bananas and grapes at their places in the mess hall. No go. Next he arranged a tempting display of fruit at the mess hall door. No soap, the boys regarding it with a high degree of indifference. So finally the sergeant hit the idea jack pot by merely leaving a half-opened crate of fruit near the mess hall exit, just sort of as though it had been left there by mistake. Every day now, the headquarters boys get a big kick out of "swiping" fruit by the crateful, probably because they think they're putting something over on the mess sergeant. What they've been getting, though, is a balanced diet.

WHEN he was informed that his wife had given birth to a seven-pound daughter, Pfc. Richard A. Thayer, of the 37th Division M.P. Co., got a cigar box, but no cigars, and scribbled on its side: "It's a Girl and I'm a Private." Every guy in the outfit contributed.

LOUISIANA

3D ARMORED DIV.

CAMP POLK. They're beginning to call the 40th Armored Regiment's Reconnaissance Company the Frantic Fortieth because of its screwball antics. Latest caper occurred during a recent problem when a scouting party, led by Capt. Albert L. Stegner and Lt. Truman Alford, moving in jeeps along a lonely road near Cravens, spied a fox. Somebody yelled "Tallyho!" and things broke loose. The startled fox took a look at the roaring jeeps and got going, straight and fast. Straighter and faster bounced the jeeps, their crews yelling, with Tommy guns poised. When the fox doubled back the men swung at him polo style—but missed. It took a well-aimed burst of blanks to finish the critter, which now stands, neatly stuffed, in the Reconnaissance Company's orderly room, a challenge to the ingenuity of the rest of the regiment.

NORTH CAROLINA

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG. Charley Skinner's a private in the streamlined, hard-fighting 9th Division, but he came across an old-time, old-world custom recently that bowled him over. Invited for a dinner back in Brooklyn while on furlough, Charley sat down at the table of a good, solid German family and was surprised when the beaming *hausfrau* deposited a large roasted chicken in front of him. Charley was in the midst of carving the bird and placing selected slices on various plates when he was told that the whole thing was his. Bewildered but game, he began to eat and "every time I showed signs of slowing down," he relates, "the whole family looked sad." It stuffed him something fierce but he finished the chicken. Afterward, Papa told him that it was a custom in old Germany for a family to serve a whole chicken to a soldier on furlough. Pass the ersatz.

GENERAL

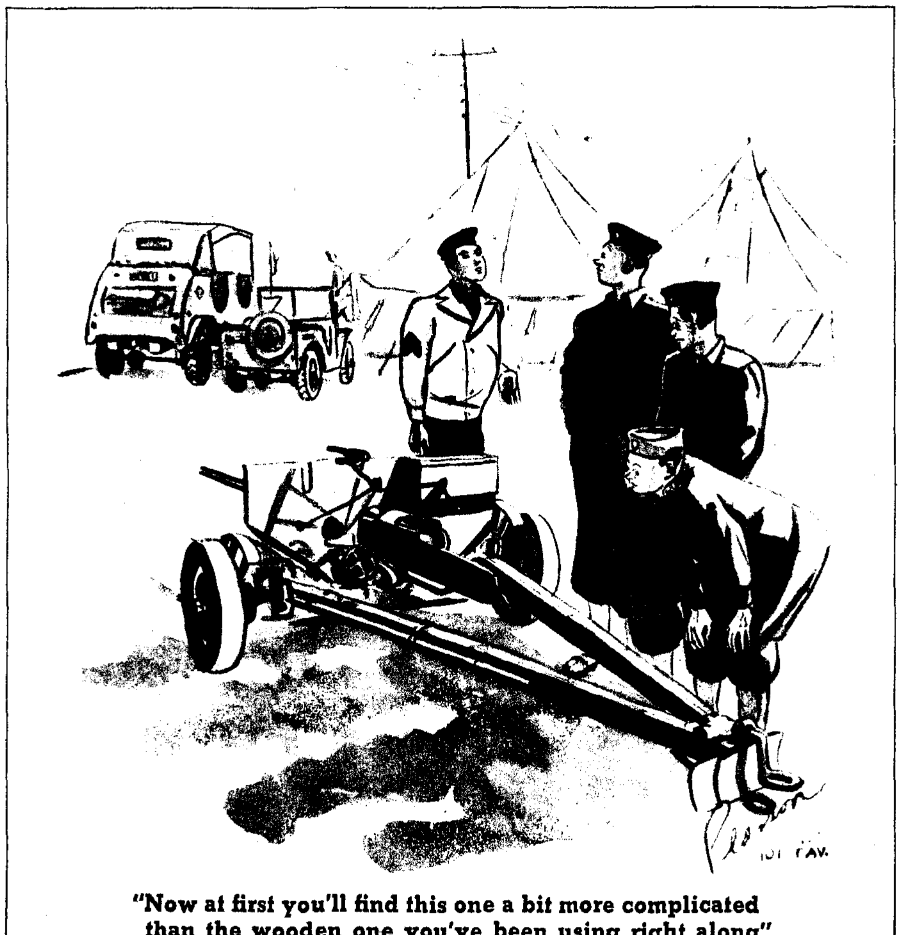
ALL men on Christmas furlough must return to duty by January 11th, at which time all will have had a sixteen-day vacation. Ten days are taken from their supposed thirty-days-off-per-year, and six days are a bonus from the Army. Every post in the country should be at full strength by January 12th.

A FRIEND of ours, bound for Camp Lee to defend us, paused for a night in a Virginia town widely proclaimed by its own Mr. Peavey for its beauty, gallantry, banjo music, honeysuckle, magolias and so forth. After a few hours our friend began to doubt. He spoke to a bellboy. "Ain't there any beautiful girls in this town?" he demanded. "Yassuh, plenty," said the boy. "But they all moved to Washington on a national emergency."

SOLDIERS who attended a dance in Sumter, N. C., during last month's maneuvers claim that when a whistle was blown signifying the start of a Paul Jones, ten members of the special troops swarmed out on the dance floor to see what needed policing up. Reminds us of the day, three weeks ago, when we pulled up alongside a 75-mm. gun guarding a South Carolina road against tanks and asked the boys if they would fire off a shot for our movie camera. They complied so resoundingly that a minor engagement forthwith ensued in the vicinity and the field umpires had a fine time trying to find out what was cooking.

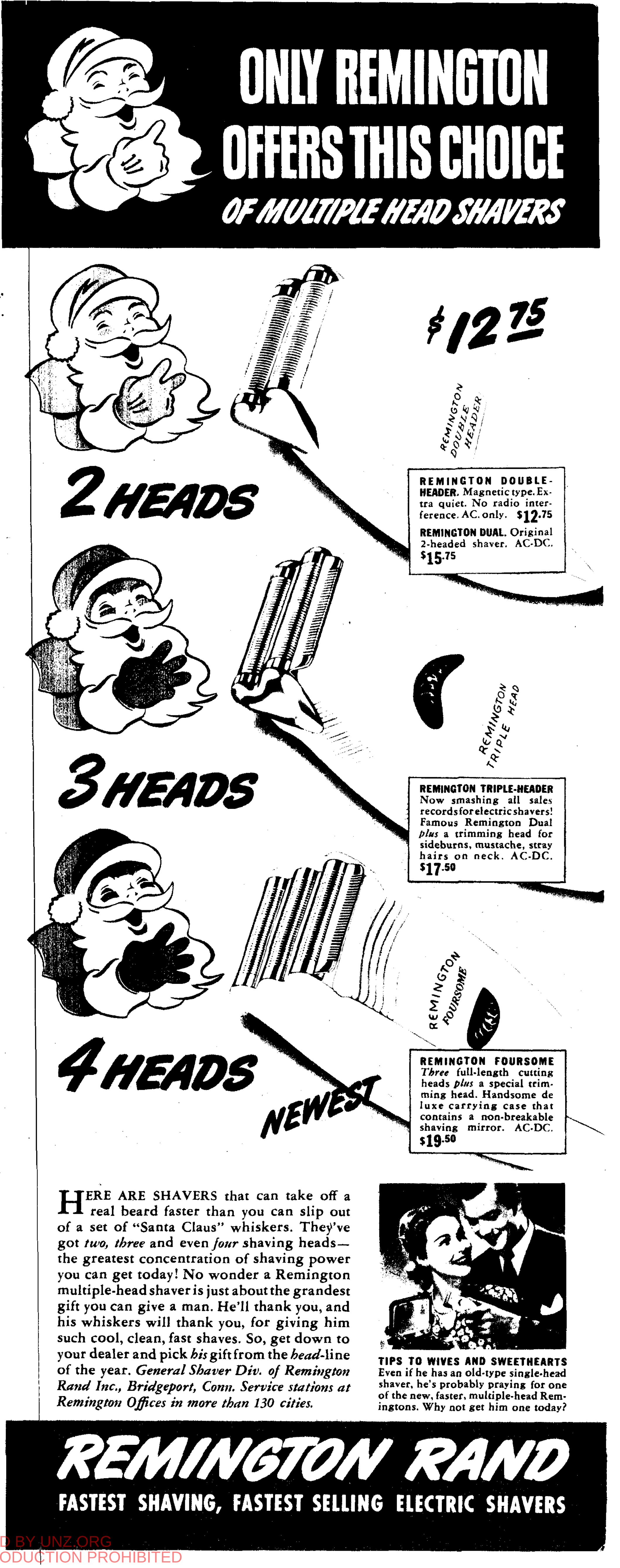
THE movies turned out swell.

G. W.



"Now at first you'll find this one a bit more complicated than the wooden one you've been using right along"

CHARLES PEARSON



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REMINGTON DOUBLE-HEADER. Magnetic type. Extra quiet. No radio interference. AC. only. $12.75

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REMINGTON TRIPLE-HEADER Now smashing all sales records for electric shavers! Famous Remington Dual *plus* a trimming head for sideburns, mustache, stray hairs on neck. AC-DC. $17.50

REMINGTON FOURSOME *Three* full-length cutting heads *plus* a special trimming head. Handsome de luxe carrying case that contains a non-breakable shaving mirror. AC-DC. $19.50

HERE ARE SHAVERS that can take off a real beard faster than you can slip out of a set of "Santa Claus" whiskers. They've got *two, three* and even *four* shaving heads—the greatest concentration of shaving power you can get today! No wonder a Remington multiple-head shaver is just about the grandest gift you can give a man. He'll thank you, and his whiskers will thank you, for giving him such cool, clean, fast shaves. So, get down to your dealer and pick *his* gift from the *head*-line of the year. *General Shaver Div. of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. Service stations at Remington Offices in more than 130 cities.*

TIPS TO WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS Even if he has an old-type single-head shaver, he's probably praying for one of the new, faster, multiple-head Remingtons. Why not get him one today?

REMINGTON RAND

FASTEST SHAVING, FASTEST SELLING ELECTRIC SHAVERS

I.W. HARPER
SINCE 1872
BOTTLED IN BO
UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVI
GRAND PRIZE ST. LOUIS
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KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURB
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Present it Proudly

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The Gold Medal Whiskey   Bottled in Bond · 100 Proof

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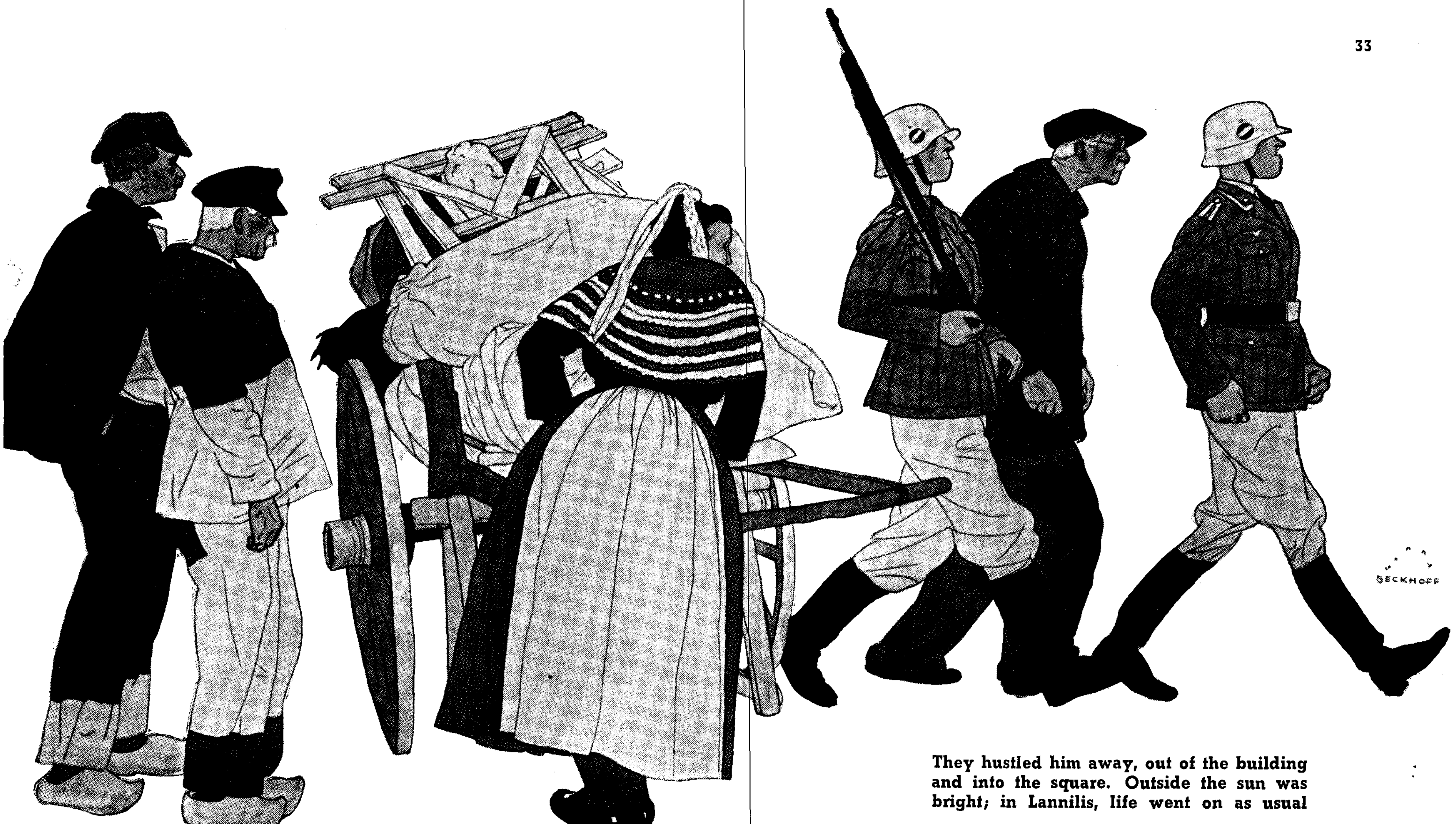

They hustled him away, out of the building and into the square. Outside the sun was bright; in Lannilis, life went on as usual

The Pied Piper

By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of his son, killed while flying with the Royal Air Force, John Sidney Howard, a retired barrister, leaves England and goes to the French village of Cidoton. There he tries to find peace.

The Germans surge into France. Feeling that, old though he is (he is nearly seventy), he may be of some use at home, Howard decides to return to England. When he leaves Cidoton, he takes with him two English children—Ronald and Sheila Cavanagh—entrusted to his care by their parents. Later, while working his way slowly toward the Channel, he picks up four other young people: a little French girl—"*la petite* Rose," whose father is awaiting her in London; and three others whom he plans to send to his daughter, in America: Pierre, a French lad; Willem Eybe, a Dutch boy; and ten-year-old Marjan Estreicher, a Polish Jew.

By train, by bus and on foot, the old man and his small friends find their way, at last, to Chartres. There he has friends—the Rougerons (Colonel Rougeron, of the French army, his wife and his daughter, Nicole), whom he had met while vacationing with John, his son, at Cidoton. He calls on the Rougerons. The colonel is at the front. But Madame Rougeron and Nicole (a charming girl) give him a warm welcome; and presently he learns something that astounds him: unknown to him, John and Nicole had fallen in love, in Cidoton! . . .

Realizing that Howard, an Englishman, is in in peril (the Germans are everywhere), Nicole insists on accompanying the little party to the Channel. Working through various anti-Vichy Frenchmen, all of whom co-operate, she succeeds in engaging a boat, which will take Howard and his charges from the port of l'Abervrach to England. She has never met the man who is to furnish the boat: Simon Focquet. So it is arranged that, on a certain evening at nine o'clock, he will go to a well-known tavern in l'Abervrach and, pretending to be intoxicated, order "*Pernod des Anges.*"

The little party finally arrives at the tavern. At 9:10 Focquet stumbles in and drunkenly orders "*Pernod des Anges.*" Howard invites him to join his party—which he promptly does. Then comes a surprise: Two Germans (a soldier and an engineer) come in. The engineer says, in English: "We'll all just get along to the guardroom and have a little talk with the *Feldwebel.*"

IX

THERE was a torrent of words from Focquet, rather cleverly poured out with well-simulated alcoholic indignation. He knew nothing, he said, of these others; he was just taking a glass of wine with them—there was no harm in that.

The sentry prodded him roughly in the back with the butt of his rifle, and Focquet became suddenly silent.

Two more Germans, a private and a *Gefreiter,* came hurrying in; the party were hustled to their feet and herded out of the door. Resistance was obviously useless. The man in dungarees went out ahead of them, but he reappeared in a few minutes, bringing with him Ronnie and Sheila. Both were very much alarmed. Sheila was in tears.

"Say," he said to Howard, "I guess these belong to you. They talk English pretty fine, finer'n anyone could learn it."

Howard took one of them hand in hand with him on each side, but said nothing. The man in dungarees stared oddly at him for a minute, and remained standing staring after them as they were shepherded toward the guardroom, in the gathering dusk.

Ronnie said, frightened, "Where are we going to now, Mr. Howard? Have the Germans got us?"

Howard said, "We're just going with them for a little business. Don't be afraid; they won't do anything to hurt us."

A couple of hundred yards up the road to Lannilis they were wheeled to the right, and marched into the house that was the guardroom. In a bare room the *Feldwebel* was hastily buttoning his tunic as they came in. He sat down behind a bare trestle table; their guards ranged them in front of him.

He glanced them up and down scornfully. "So," he said at last. "*Legitimationspapiere.*"

Howard could understand only a few words of German; the others, nothing at all. They stared at him uncertainly. "*Cartes d'identité!*" he said sharply.

Focquet and Nicole produced their French identity cards; the man studied them in silence. Then he looked up. Howard put down his British passport on the bare table, in the manner of a man who plays the last card of a losing hand.

The *Feldwebel* smiled faintly, took it up, and studied it with interest. "So!" he said. "*Engländer,* Winston Churchill."

He raised his eyes and studied the children. In difficult French he asked if they had any papers, and appeared satisfied when told that they had not.

Then he gave a few orders in German. The party were searched for weapons, and all they had was taken from them and placed on the table—papers, money, watches and personal articles of every sort, even their handkerchiefs. Then they were taken to another room with a few mattresses laid out upon the floor, given a blanket each, and left. The window was barred over roughly with wooden beams; outside it in the road a sentry stood on guard.

Howard turned to Focquet. "I am very sorry this has happened," he said. He felt that the Frenchman had not even had a run for his money.

The young man shrugged his shoulders philosophically. "It was a chance to travel and to see the world, with De Gaulle," he said. "Another chance will come." He threw himself down on one of the mattresses, pulled the blanket around him, and composed himself to sleep.

Howard and Nicole arranged the mattresses in two pairs to make a bed for the little boys and the little girls, and got them settled down to sleep. There remained one mattress over.

"You take that," he said. "I shall not sleep tonight."

She shook her head. "Nor I either."

HALF an hour later they were sitting side by side leaning against the wall, staring out of the barred window ahead of them. It was practically dark within the room; outside the harbor showed faintly in the starlight and the last glow of evening. It was still quite warm.

She said, "They will examine us in the morning. What shall we say?"

"There's only one thing we can say. Tell them the exact truth."

She considered this for a moment. "We must not bring in Arvers, nor Loudeac or Quintin if we can avoid it."

He agreed. "They will ask where I got these clothes. Can you say that you gave them to me?"

She nodded. "That will do. Also, I will say that I knew Focquet and arranged with him, myself."

She crossed to the young man, now half asleep, and spoke earnestly to him for a few moments. He grunted in agreement; the girl came back to Howard and sat down again.

"One more thing," he said. "There is Marjan. Shall I say that I picked him up upon the road?"

She nodded. "On the road, before you came to Chartres. I will see that he understands that."

He said doubtfully, "That should be all right so long as they don't cross-examine the children."

They sat in silence for a long time after that. Presently he turned to her in the darkness. "I am so very sorry to have brought you into all this trouble," he said quietly. "I did want to avoid that, and I thought that we were going to."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It does not matter." She hesitated. "I have been thinking about different things to that."

"What things?" he asked.

"When you introduced Focquet—you said I was your daughter-in-law."

"I had to say something," he remarked. "And that's very nearly true."

In the dim light he looked into her eyes, smiling a little. "Isn't it?"

"Is that how you think of me?"

"Yes," he said simply.

THERE was a long silence in the prison. One of the children, probably Willem, stirred and whimpered uneasily in his sleep; outside the guard paced on the dusty road.

At last she said, "What we did was wrong—very wrong." She turned toward him. "Truly, I did not mean to do wrong when I went to Paris, neither did John. We did not go with that in mind at all. I do not want that you should think it was his fault. It was nobody's fault, neither of us. Also, it did not seem wrong at the time."

His mind drifted back fifty years. "I know," he said. "That's how these things happen. But you aren't sorry, are you?"

She did not answer that, but she went on more easily: "He was very, very naughty, monsieur. The understanding was that I was to show him Paris, and it was for that that I went to Paris to meet him. But when the time came, he was not interested in the churches or in the museums, or the picture galleries at all." There was a touch of laughter in her voice. "He was only interested in me."

"Very natural," he said. It seemed the only thing to say.

"It was very embarrassing, I assure you; I did not know what I should do."

He laughed. "Well, you made your mind up in the end."

She said reproachfully, "Monsieur—it is not a matter to laugh over. You are just like John. He also used to laugh at things like that."

He said, "Tell me one thing, Nicole. Did he ask you if you would marry him?"

She said, "He wanted that we should marry in Paris, before he went back to England. He said that under English law that would be possible."

"Why didn't you?" he asked curiously.

She was silent for a minute. Then she said, "I was afraid of you, monsieur."

"Of me?"

She nodded. "I was terrified. It now sounds very silly, but—it was so."

He struggled to understand. "What were you frightened of?" he asked.

She said, "Figure it to yourself. Your son would have brought home a foreign girl, whom he had married very suddenly in Paris. You would have thought that he had been foolish in a foreign city, as young men sometimes are. That he had been trapped by a bad woman into an unhappy marriage. I do not see how you could have thought otherwise."

"If I had thought that at first," he said, "I shouldn't have thought it for long."

They sat there for a long time, practically in silence. The air grew colder as the night went on. Presently the old man heard the girl's breathing grow more regular and knew she was asleep, still sitting up upon the bare wooden floor.

After a time she stirred, and fell half over. He got up stiffly and led her, still practically asleep, to the mattress, made her lie down, and put a blanket over her. In a short time she was asleep again.

The old man moved back to the wall and, wrapped in a blanket, sat down in a corner. Presently he fell into an uneasy sleep.

At six o'clock the clumping of the soldiers' boots in the corridor outside woke him from a doze. He stirred and sat upright; Nicole was awake and sitting up, running her fingers through her hair in an endeavor to put it into order without a comb. A German *Oberschütze* came in and made signs to them to get up, indicating the way to the toilet.

Presently a private brought them china bowls, some hunks of bread, and a large jug of bitter coffee. They breakfasted, and waited for something to happen. They were silent and depressed; even the children caught the atmosphere and sat about in gloomy inactivity.

Presently the door was flung open, and the *Feldwebel* was there with a couple of privates. "*Marchez,*" he said. "*Allez, vite.*"

They were herded out and into a gray, camouflaged motor lorry with a closed, vanlike body. The two German privates got into this with them and the doors were shut and locked upon them. The *Feldwebel* got into the seat beside the driver, turned and inspected them through a little hatchway to the driver's compartment. The lorry started.

They were taken to Lannilis and unloaded at a big house opposite the church, from the window of which floated the swastika flag. Here they were herded into a corridor between their guards. The *Feldwebel* went into a door and closed it behind him.

They waited thus for over half an hour. Then the door opened and the sentries sprang to attention, clicking their heels. Nicole glanced upward and then stood up, holding Sheila in one hand. From the office the *Feldwebel* cried "*Achtung!*" and a young officer, a *Rittmeister* of the tank corps, came out. He was dressed in a black uniform not unlike the British battle dress; on his head he wore a black beret garnished with the eagle and swastika, and a wreathlike badge. On his shoulder straps an aluminum skull and crossbones gleamed dull upon the black cloth.

He had a notebook and a pencil in his hand. He spoke to Howard first. "*Wie heissen Sie?*" he asked. "*Ihr Familienname und Taufname? Ihr Beruf?*"

Somebody translated into indifferent French, and the particulars of all the party were written down. As regards nationality, Howard declared himself, Sheila and Ronnie to be English; there was no use denying it. He said that Willem and Marjan were of nationality unknown.

THE young officer in black went back into the office. In a few minutes the door was flung open again and the party were called to attention. The *Feldwebel* came to the door.

"*Folgen sie mir! Halt! Rührt Euch!*"

They found themselves in the office, facing a long table. Behind this sat the officer who had interrogated them in the passage. By his side was an older man with a square, close-cropped head and a keen, truculent expression. He held himself very straight and stiff as if he were in a straight waistcoat, and he also wore a black uniform, but more smartly cut, and with a shoulder belt in black leather resembling the Sam Browne. This man, as Howard subsequently learned, was Major Diessen of the Gestapo.

He stared at Howard, looking him up and down, noting the clothes he wore, the Breton casque upon his head, the stained, rust-colored poncho jacket, the dirty blue overall trousers.

"So," he said harshly, but in quite

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good English, "we still have English gentlemen traveling in France."

The old man was silent.

The officer turned to Nicole. "You are French," he said, fiercely and vehemently. "You have been helping this man in his secret work against your country. You are a traitor to the armistice. I think you will be shot for this."

The girl stared at him, dumfounded. Howard said, "There is no need to frighten her. We are quite ready to tell you the truth."

"I know your English truth," the Gestapo officer replied. "I will find my own, even if I have to whip every inch of skin from her body and pull out every fingernail."

Howard said quietly, "What do you want to know?"

"I want to know what means you used to make her help you in your work."

Howard said, "I will answer your question so far as I can. I have no work in France, but I was trying to get back to England with these children. As for this young lady, she was a great friend of my son, who is now dead. We have known each other for some time."

Nicole said, "That is true. Monsieur Howard came to us in Chartres when all traveling to England had been stopped. I have known Focquet here since I was a little girl. We were trying to induce him to take Monsieur and the children back to England in his boat, but he was unwilling on account of the regulations."

The old man stood silent, in admiration of the girl. If she got away with that one it let Focquet out completely.

The officer's lips curled. "I have no doubt that Mister Howard wanted to return to England," he said dryly. "It is getting quite too hot here for fellows of his sort."

He said suddenly and sharply, "We captured Charenton. He is to be executed tomorrow, by shooting."

There was a momentary silence. The German eyed the party narrowly, his keen eyes running from one to the other. The girl wrinkled her brows in perplexity. The young *Rittmeister* of the tank corps sat with an impassive face, drawing a pattern on his blotting pad.

Howard said at last, "I am afraid I don't quite understand what you mean. I don't know anybody called Charenton."

"No," said the German. "And you do not know your Major Cochrane, nor Room 212 on the second floor of your War Office in Whitehall."

THE old man could feel the scrutiny of everybody in the room upon him. "I have never been in the War Office," he said, "and I know nothing about the rooms. I used to know a Major Cochrane who had a house near Totnes, but he died in 1924. That is the only Cochrane that I ever knew."

The Gestapo officer smiled without mirth. "You expect me to believe that?"

"Yes, I do," the old man said, "because it is the truth."

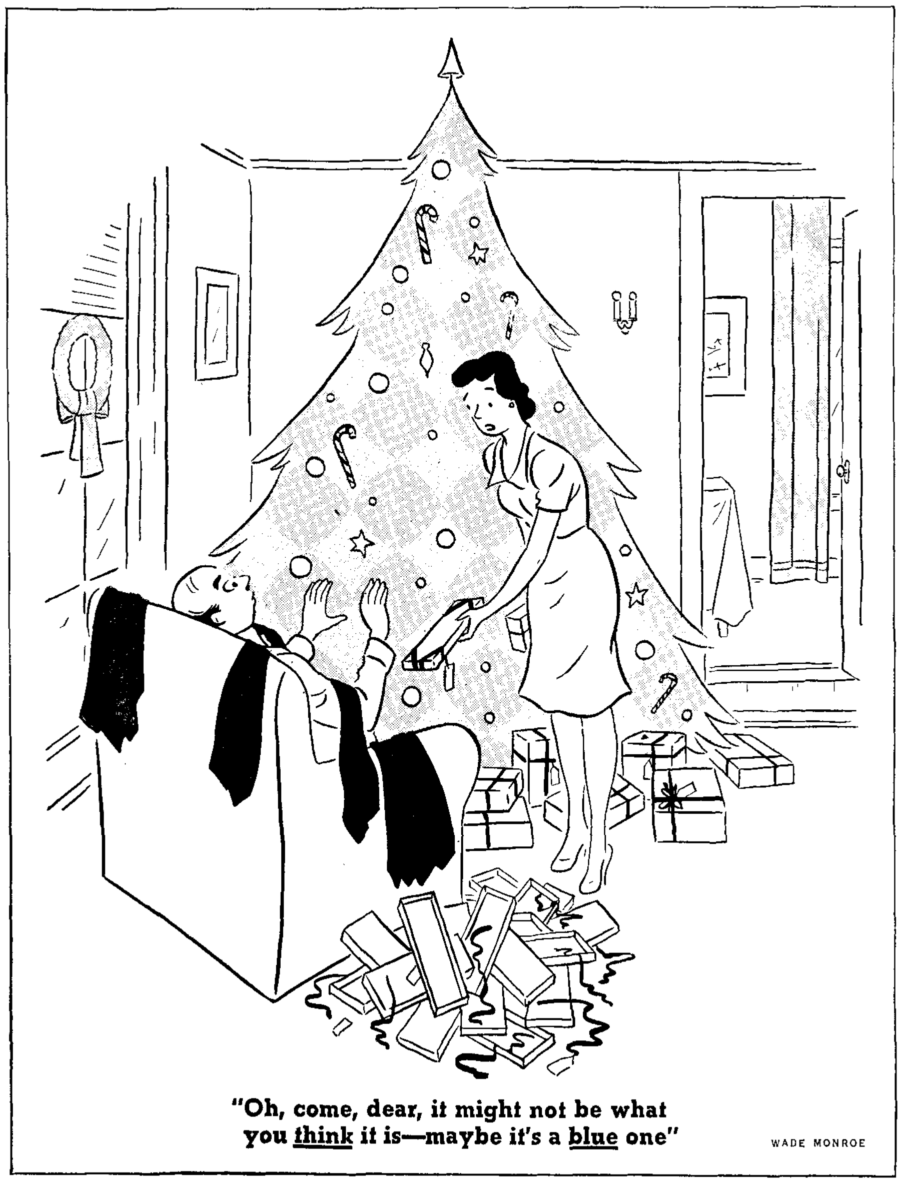
Nicole interposed, speaking in French: "May I say a word? There is a misunderstanding here, truly there is. Monsieur Howard has come here directly from the Jura, stopping only with us in Chartres. He will tell you himself."

Howard said, "That is so. Would you like to hear how I came to be here?"

The German officer looked ostentatiously at his wrist watch and leaned back in his chair, insolently bored. "If you must," he said indifferently. "I will give you three minutes."

Nicole plucked his arm. "Tell also who the children are, and where they came from," she said urgently.

The old man paused to collect his



"Oh, come, dear, it might not be what you think it is—maybe it's a blue one"

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thoughts. It was impossible for him, at his age, to compress his story into three minutes; his mind moved too slowly. "I came to France from England in the middle of April," he said. "I stopped in Paris, and then I went on and stayed a night in Dijon. You see, I had arranged to go to a place called Cidoton in the Jura, for a little fishing holiday."

The Gestapo officer sat up suddenly, galvanized into life. "What sort of fish?" he barked. "Answer me—quick!"

Howard stared at him. "Blue trout," he said. "Sometimes you get a grayling, but they aren't very common."

"And what tackle to catch them with—quickly!"

The old man stared at him, nonplused, not knowing where to start. "Well," he said, "you need a nine-foot cast, but the stream is usually very strong so 3X is fine enough. Of course, it's all fishing wet, you understand."

The German relaxed. "And what flies do you use?"

A faint pleasure came to the old man. "Well," he said with relish, "a Dark Olive gets them as well as anything, or a large Blue Dun. I got one or two on a thing called a Jungle Cock, but—"

The German interrupted him. "Go on with your story," he said rudely. "I have no time to listen to your fishing exploits."

HOWARD plunged into his tale, compressing it as much as seemed possible to him. The two German officers listened with growing attention and with growing incredulity. In ten minutes or so the old man had reached the end.

The Gestapo officer, Major Diessen, looked at him scornfully. "And now," he said, "if you had been able to return to England, what would you have done with all these children?"

Howard said, "I meant to send them to America."

"Why?"

"Because it is safe over there. Because this war is bad for children to see. It would be better for them to be out of it."

The German stared at him. "Very fine words. But who was going to pay to send them to America, may I ask?"

The old man said, "Oh, I should have done that."

The other smiled, scornfully amused. "And what would they do in America? Starve?"

"Oh, no. I have a married daughter over there. She would have made a home for them until the war was over."

There was a pause. The young tank officer leaned across and whispered a word or two to the Gestapo officer. Diessen nodded.

"By the dates," he said to the old man, "you could have returned to England if you had traveled straight through Dijon. But you did not do so. That is the weak point of your story. That is where your lies begin in earnest."

He said sharply, "Why did you stay in France? Tell me now quickly, and with no more nonsense. I promise you that you will talk before tonight, in any case. It will be better for you to talk now."

Howard was puzzled and distressed. "The little girl," he turned and indicated Sheila, "fell ill in Dijon. I told you so just now. She was too ill to travel."

The German leaned across the table to him, white with anger. "Listen," he said, "I warn you once again, and this for the last time. I am not to be trifled with. That sort of lie would not deceive a child. If you had wanted to return to England you would have gone."

"These children were in my care," the old man said. "I could not have done that."

The Gestapo officer said, "Lies . . . lies . . . lies." He was about to say something more, but checked himself. The young man by his side leaned forward and whispered deferentially to him again.

Major Diessen leaned back in his chair. "So," he said, "you refuse our kindness, and you will not talk. As you wish. Before the evening you will be talking freely, Mister Englishman, but by then you will be blind, and in horrible pain. It will be quite amusing for my men. Mademoiselle, too, shall be there to see, and the little children also."

There was a silence in the office.

"Now you will be taken away," the German said. "I shall send for you when my men are ready to begin." He leaned forward. "I will tell you what we want to know, so that you may know what to say even though you be blind and deaf. We know you are a spy, wandering through the country in disguise and with this woman and these children as a cover. We know you have been operating with Charenton—you need not tell us about that. We know that either you or Charenton sent information to the English of the Fuehrer's visit to the ships in Brest, and that you caused the raid."

He paused. "But what we do not know, and what this afternoon you shall tell us, is how the message was passed through to England, to that Major Cochrane"—his lips sneered—"that died in 1924, according to your story. That is what you are going to tell, Mister Englishman. And as soon as it is told, the pain will stop. Remember that."

He motioned to the *Feldwebel.* "Take them away."

They were thrust out of the room. Howard moved in a daze. It was incredible that this thing should be happening to him. It was what he had read of, and had found some difficulty in crediting. It was what they were supposed to do to Jews in concentration camps. It could not be—true.

Focquet was taken from them and hustled off on his own. Howard and Nicole were bundled into a downstairs prison room with a heavily barred window; the door was slammed on them, and they were left alone.

Pierre said in French, "Are we going to have our dinner here, mademoiselle?"

Nicole said dully, "I expect so, Pierre."

Ronnie said, "What are we going to have for dinner?"

She put an arm around his shoulder. "I don't know," she said mechanically. "We'll see when we get it. Now, you run off and play with Rose. I want to talk to Monsieur Howard."

She turned to Howard. "This is very bad," she said. "We are involved in something terrible."

He nodded. "It seems to be that air raid that they had on Brest. The one that you were in."

She said, "In the shops that day they were saying that Adolf Hitler was in Brest, but one did not pay attention. There is so much rumor, so much idle talk."

THERE was a silence. Howard stood looking out of the window at the little weeded, overgrown garden outside.

Presently he said, "I cannot tell them what I do not know, and so things may go badly with me. If I should be killed, you will do your best for the children, Nicole?"

She said, "I will do that. But you are not going to be killed, or even hurt. Something must be possible." She made a little gesture of distress.

Pursuing his thought, he said, "I shall have to try and get them to let me make a new will. Then when the war is over and you could get money from England, you would be able to keep the children and to educate them, those of them that had no homes. But in the meantime you'll just have to do the best you can."

The long hours dragged past. At noon an orderly brought them an open metal pan with a meal of meat and vegetables piled on it, and several bowls. They set the children down to that; they went at it with gusto. Nicole ate a little, but the old man practically nothing.

The orderly removed the tray, and they waited again. At three o'clock the door was flung open, and the *Feldwebel* was there with a guard.

"Le vieux," he said. *"Marchez."* Howard stepped forward and Nicole followed him. The guard pushed her back.

The old man stopped. "One moment," he said. He took her hand and kissed her on the forehead. "There, my dear," he said. "Don't worry about me."

They hustled him away, out of that building and out into the square. Outside the sun was bright; a car or two passed by and the peasants went about their business. In Lannilis, life went on as usual; from the great church the low drone of a chant broke the warm summer air. The women looked curiously at him as he passed by under guard.

He was taken into another house, and thrust into a room on the ground floor. The door was shut and locked behind him. He looked around.

He was in a sitting room, a middle-class room furnished in the French style with uncomfortable, gilded chairs and rococo ornaments. A few poor oil paintings hung upon the walls in heavy, gilded frames; there was a potted palm, and framed ancient photographs upon the side tables, with a few ornaments. There was a table in the middle of the room, covered over with a cloth.

At this table a young man was sitting, a dark-haired, pale-faced young man in civilian clothes, well under thirty. He glanced up as Howard came into the room.

"Who are you?" he asked in French. He spoke almost idly, as if the matter was of no great moment.

The old man stood by the door, inwardly beating down his fears. This was something strange and dangerous.

"I am an Englishman," he said at last. There was no point any longer in concealment. "I was arrested yesterday."

The young man smiled without mirth. This time he spoke in English, without any trace of accent. "Well," he said, "you'd better come on and sit down. There's a pair of us. I'm English, too."

Howard recoiled a step. "You're *English?*"

"Naturalized," the other said carelessly. "My mother came from Woking, and I spent most of my life in England. My father was a Frenchman, so I started off as French. But he was killed in the last war."

"But what are you doing here?"

The young man motioned to the table. "Come on and sit down."

The old man drew a chair up to the table, and repeated his question. "I did not know there was another Englishman in Lannilis," he said. "Whatever are you doing here?"

The young man said, "I'm waiting to be shot."

There was a stunned, horrible pause. At last Howard said, "Is your name Charenton?"

The young man nodded. "Yes," he said, "I'm Charenton. I see they told you about me."

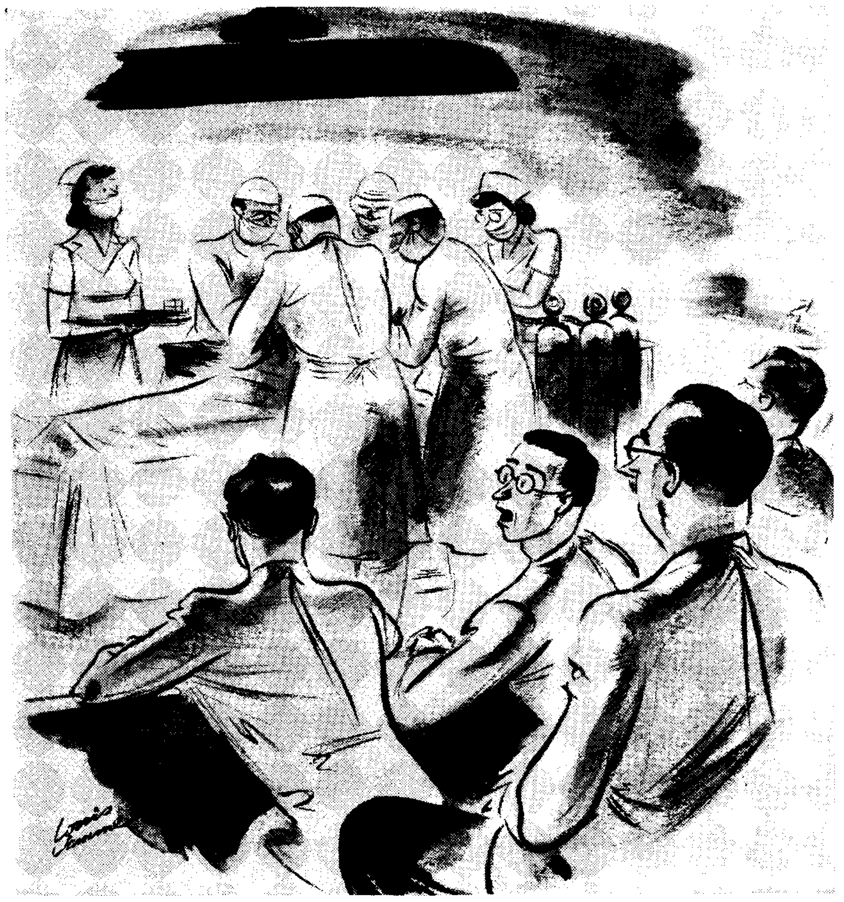
THERE was a long silence in the little room. Howard sat dumb, not knowing what to say. In his embarrassment his eyes fell upon the table, upon the young man's hands. Sitting with his hands before him on the table, Charenton had formed his fingers in a peculiar grip, the fingers interlaced, the left-hand palm up and the right-hand palm down. The thumbs were crossed. As soon as he observed the old man's scrutiny he glanced at him sharply, then undid the grasp.

He sighed a little.

"How did you come to be here?" he asked.

Howard said, "I was trying to get back to England, with a few children." He rambled into his story. The young man listened to him quietly, appraising him with keen, curious eyes.

In the end he said, "I don't believe



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that you've got much to worry about. They'll probably let you live at liberty in some French town."

Howard said, "I'm afraid they won't do that. You see, they think that I'm mixed up with you."

The young man nodded. "I thought that must be it. That is why they've put us together. They're looking for a few more scapegoats, are they?"

Howard said, "I am afraid they are."

The young man got up and walked over to the window. "You'll be all right," he said at last. "They've got no evidence against you—they can't have. Sooner or later you'll get back to England."

There was a tinge of sadness in his voice.

Howard said, "What about you?"

Charenton said, "Me? I'm for the high jump. They got the goods on me all right."

IT SEEMED incredible to Howard. It was as if he had been listening to a play.

"We both seem to be in difficulties," he said at last. "Yours may be more serious than mine; I don't know. But you can do one thing for me." He looked around. "If I could get hold of a piece of paper and a pencil, I would redraft my will. Would you witness it for me?"

The other shook his head. "You must write nothing here without permission from the Germans; they will only take it from you. And no document that had my signature upon it would get back to England. You must find some other witness, Mr. Howard."

The old man sighed. "I suppose that is so," he said. And presently he said, "If I should get out of this and you should not, is there anything I can do? Any message you would like me to take?"

Charenton smiled ironically. "No messages," he said definitely.

"There is nothing I can do?"

The young man glanced at him. "Do you know Oxford?"

"I know Oxford very well," the old man said. "Were you up there?"

Charenton nodded. "I was up at Oriel. There's a place up the river that we used to walk to—a pub by a weir pool, a very old gray stone house beside a little bridge. There is the sound of running water all the time, and fish swimming in the clear pool, and flowers, flowers everywhere."

"You mean the Trout Inn at Godstow?"

"Yes—the Trout. You know it?"

"I know it very well indeed. At least, I used to, forty years ago."

"Go there and drink a pint for me," the young man said, "sitting on the wall and looking at the fish in the pool, on a hot summer day."

Howard said, "If I get back to England, I will do that." He glanced around the shabby, garishly furnished room. "But is there no message I can take to anyone?"

Charenton shook his head. "No messages," he said. "If there were, I would not give them to you. There is almost certainly a microphone in this room, and Diessen listening to every word we say. That is why they have put us here together." He glanced around. "It's probably behind one of those oil paintings."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as I'm sitting here."

He raised his voice and said, speaking in German, "You are wasting your time, Major Diessen. This man knows nothing about my affairs." He paused, and then continued, "But I will tell you this. One day the English and Americans will come, and you will be in their power. They will not be gentle as they were after the last war. If you kill this old man you will be hanged in public on a gallows, and your body will stay there rotting as a warning to all other murderers."

He turned to Howard. "That ought to fetch him," he said placidly, speaking in English.

The old man was troubled. "I am sorry that you spoke like that," he said. "It will not do you any good with him."

"Nor will anything else," the young man said. "I'm very nearly through."

Behind them the door opened. They swung round; there was a German *Gefreiter* there with a private. The private marched into the room and stood by Howard. The *Gefreiter* said roughly, "*Kommen Sie!*"

Charenton smiled as Howard got up. "I told you so," he said. "Goodby. All the best of luck."

"Goodby," said the old man. He was hustled out of the room before he had time to say more. As he passed down the corridor to the street he saw through an open door the black-uniformed Gestapo officer, his face dark with anger. With a sick heart Howard walked out into the sunlit square between his guards.

They took him back to Nicole and the children; Ronnie rushed up to him. "Marjan has been showing us how to stand on our heads," he said excitedly. "I can do it and so can Pierre. Willem can't, and none of the girls. Look, Mr. Howard. Just look!"

In a welter of children standing on their heads Nicole looked anxiously at him. "They did nothing?" she inquired.

The old man shook his head. "They used me to try to make a young man called Charenton talk," he said. He told her briefly what had happened.

"That is their way," she said. "I have heard of that in Chartres. To gain their end through pain they do not work upon the body. They work upon the mind."

The long afternoon dragged into evening.

At last the German orderly brought them another meal, a supper of bitter coffee and long lengths of bread. When he came back for the supper things, they asked for beds.

He brought them straw-filled mattresses, with a rough pillow and one blanket each. They spent some time arranging these; by that time the children were tired and willing to lie down.

HOWARD slept fairly well that night, the girl not so well. Very early in the morning, in the half-light before dawn, the door of their prison opened with a clatter. The *Gefreiter* was there, fully dressed and equipped with bayonet at his belt and steel helmet on his head.

He shook Howard by the shoulder. "*Auf!*" he said. He indicated to him that he was to get up and dress himself.

Nicole raised herself on one arm, a little frightened. "Do they want me?" she asked in French. The man shook his head.

Howard, putting on his coat, turned to her in the dim light. "This will be another of their inquiries," he said. "Don't worry, I shall be back before long."

She was deeply troubled. "I shall be waiting for you, with the children," she said simply. "They will be safe with me."

"I know they will," he said. "*Au revoir.*"

In the cold dawn they took him out into the square, and along to the big house with the swastika flag, opposite the church, where they had first been interrogated. He was not taken to the same room, but to an upstairs room at the back.

The black-uniformed Gestapo officer, Major Diessen, was standing by the window. "So," he said, "we have the Englishman again."

Howard was silent. The German spoke a few words in his own language to the *Gefreiter* and the private who had brought Howard to the room. The *Gefreiter* saluted and withdrew, closing the door behind him. The private remained standing at attention by the door. The cold gray light was now strong in the room.

"Come," said the German at the window. "Look out. Nice garden, is it not?"

The old man approached the window. There was a garden there, entirely surrounded by high old red brick walls covered with fruit trees. It was a well-kept, mature garden such as he liked to see.

"Yes," he said quietly. "It is a nice garden." Instinctively he felt the presence of some trap.

The German said, "Unless you help him, in a few minutes your friend Mr. Charenton will die in it. He is to be shot as a spy."

THE old man stared at him. "I don't know what is in your mind that you have brought me here," he said. "I met Charenton for the first time yesterday, when you put us together. He is a very brave young man, and a good one. If you are going to shoot him, you are doing a bad thing. A man like that should be allowed to live, to work for the world when this war is all over."

"A very nice speech," the German said. "I agree with you; he should be allowed to live. He shall live, if you help him. He shall be a prisoner to the end of the war, which will not be long now. Six months at the most. Then he will be free."

He turned to the window. "Look," he said. "They are bringing him out."

The old man turned and looked. Down the garden path a little cordon of six German soldiers armed with rifles were escorting Charenton. They were under the command of a *Feldwebel;* an officer walked behind. Charenton walked slowly, his hands in his trousers pockets. He did not seem to be pinioned in any way, nor did he seem to be particularly distressed.

The German leaned toward the old man. "Listen," he said softly. "It is a very little thing that will not injure either of you. Nor will it make any difference to the war, because in any case your country now is doomed. If you will tell me how he got the information out of France and back to England, to your Major Cochrane, I will stop this execution."

The old man stared at him. "I cannot tell you," he replied. "Quite truthfully, I do not know. I have not been concerned in his affairs at all." He said it with a sense of relief. If he had had the information things would have been more difficult.

Diessen turned to the window again. "You have not got very much time," he said. "A minute or two, not more. Think again before it is too late."

Howard looked out into the garden. They had put the young man with his back against the wall in front of a plum tree. His hands now were bound behind his back, and the *Feldwebel* was blindfolding him with a red cotton handkerchief.

The German said, "Nobody can ever know. There is still time for you to save him."

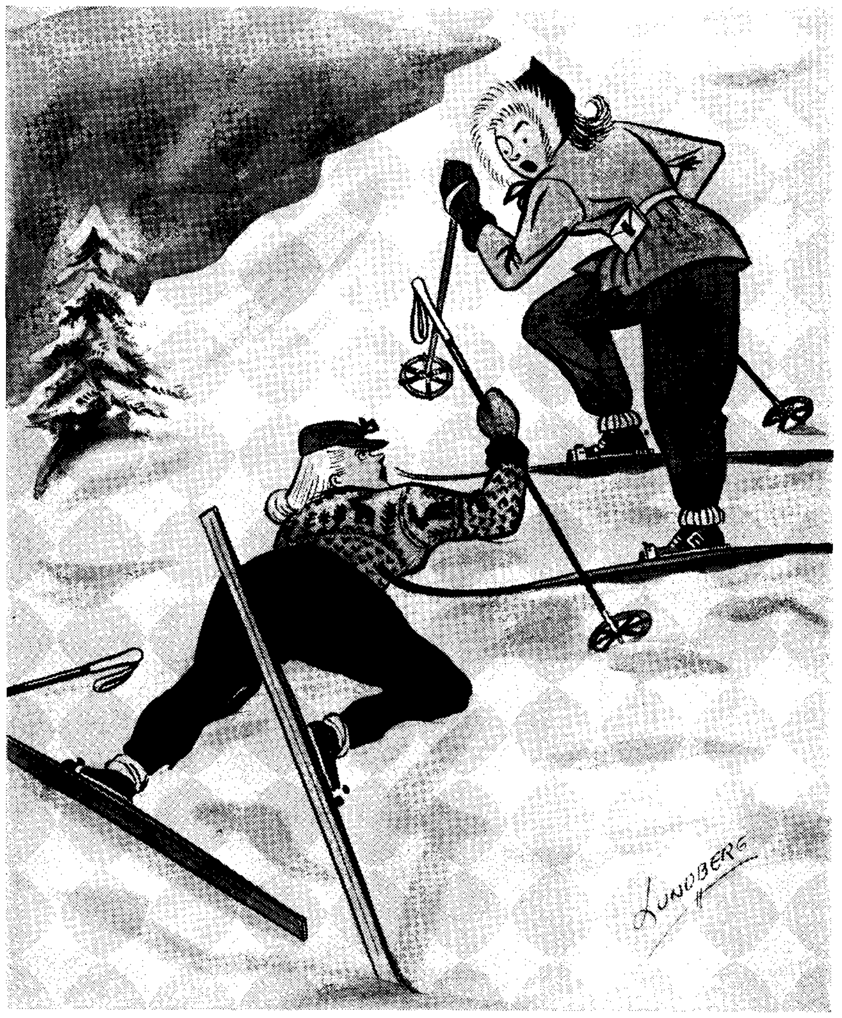
"I cannot save him in that way," the old man said. "I have not got the information. But this is a bad, wicked thing that you are going to do. It will not profit you in the long run."

In the garden the *Feldwebel* had left the young man by the wall. The six soldiers were drawn up in a line in front of him, distant about ten yards. The officer had given them a command and they were loading.

"I am not going to delay this matter any longer," said Diessen. "Have you still nothing to say to save his life?"

The old man shook his head.

(*To be concluded next week*)



"If you think this is tough, just wait until you've got to climb down again!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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Jake and the Ballerina

Continued from page 12

and even got a pretty good table, what with it being Monday night, and the place half empty. That was why they had put in the balloon performance on Mondays, and it had helped, all right; there were a lot of little debutantes ready to leap for the money.

Jake didn't order anything for Tatiana to drink, since she had her work cut out for her, and she did not seem to mind. But just as the waiter set those beautiful steaks down before them, the drums rolled, and the band leader came out with the balloons. Jake's stomach contracted and his gastric juices failed him. A wooden steak might have been set before him, a wooden steak which cost five dollars he didn't have.

"Listen, sweetheart," said Jake tensely. "See that yellow balloon? There's a one-hundred-dollar bill in that balloon."

The drums rolled again, and the dance music began. Instantly all the long-haired little girls rushed to the dance floor with their beaus. Jake took Tatiana's hand and pulled her to her feet. Then he stood, stricken, staring at her feet.

"Where are your ballet shoes?" he said. "You have to jump!"

Tatiana stepped out of her high-heeled gold slippers.

"Jump?" she said. "Very well." Then she wailed: "But my beautiful steak!"

"Come on," said Jake. He put his arm about her and walked her off toward the balloons. He did not go near the crowd of people clustered at the platform where the band leader stood. He'd done a couple of balloon ballets, and he knew how fast and far they went when they were loosed; he stood opposite the door, which opened now and then, letting in a breeze from the world outside. "You just let me lead you," said Jake. "When I say jump, you jump. Nothing fancy. Just jump high and bring down that yellow balloon. Get it?"

Tatiana nodded. "In the other balloons is what?" she asked.

"Maybe five, ten dollars," said Jake. "Maybe nothing. Sweetheart, don't bother about them. The yellow—"

Tatiana floated in his arms, relaxed and easy, and Jake's stomach contracted like a fist. He must have been crazy.

"You will tell me, Monsieur Krylin," said Tatiana.

"Get going!" said Jake.

THE girls shrieked and rushed about over the floor, pushing one another aside and leaping into the air.

"Now?" asked Tatiana calmly.

The door opened, and a breath of air blew the yellow balloon over their heads.

"*Now!*" said Jake, and Tatiana sprang into the air without leaving the circle of his arms. Once, twice, she leaped, and came down empty-handed. A girl with a bow in her hair pushed Tatiana aside.

"Oh, *petite mal-élevée!*" cried Tatiana, and she kicked the girl out of the way in a rapid move which would have gone well in *Petrouchka*. Then she looked at Jake and he nodded, having no breath left with which to speak; they'd go to jail for sure.

Again Tatiana leaped, higher than ever, and this time she came down with the yellow balloon in her hands.

There was a moan of disappointment from the young ladies in the Gala Club, and Tatiana looked about her in mild surprise. "I may have now my steak?" she asked.

"Baby," said Jake, his breath returning in a rush, "you can have plenty steak. I got a feeling we're going places."

IN FACT, they did go places. Within the week, Jake had a show to do, and he talked Tatiana into the lead of his Sidewalks of New York, a ballet he had long had in mind, and which turned out to be a smash, so gay and tough and easygoing. There was a slight hitch when Tatiana insisted on Alexei's being engaged, but she pointed out for some days that they had trained together, Alexei was for her a sympat'etic support, not all the time pushing her aside or back from the audience, and this was very necessary for her temperament. Jake gave in, since Alex was an all-right dancer, and since there would be no necessity for him to listen to Alex's line of talk.

The show ran a season, and in the course of the season Jake married Tatiana. This did not seem such a good idea to him at the time, but he had fallen in love with her and couldn't very well help himself. He had always intended to marry someone who was not in the profession, say a schoolteacher or a girl whose father had some money.

It was a queer marriage, Jake thought one afternoon, lying in bed and watching Tatiana vault over a chair on her way to the door. Tatiana was famous now, in the role Jake had thought up for her, the role of the little shopgirl which that heel, Alexei, had tried to tell her was beneath her. Jake had a new idea for her next show; this would be a ballet about a first ballerina who married a choregrapher, and it would be good. The present show closed this week, and Jake was very happy considering offers for next year. Say he was very happy, and let it go at that, he thought, watching Tatiana. She grasped the doorknob delicately between thumb and forefinger, flung open the door, and pointed, like a queen, to the bed.

"There," she said to the waiter, who was used to all this by now. He carried the table with their breakfast to the bedside, set it down, and began pouring water.

"How it goes with the baby?" Tatiana asked him.

"The kid's great," said the waiter. "Trouble is, my wife kicks she don't get no sleep, the baby yells so. I tell her she should be glad he's so healthy he can yell, but she don't see it my way."

"The best is you give her a big slap, so," said Tatiana, kicking one foot high in the air. "You wish some coffee?"

SHE offered Jake's cup to the waiter, but he thanked her and departed, saying he had to get on with his work. Tatiana gave the coffee to Jake.

"Thanks," said Jake, rising from the pillows.

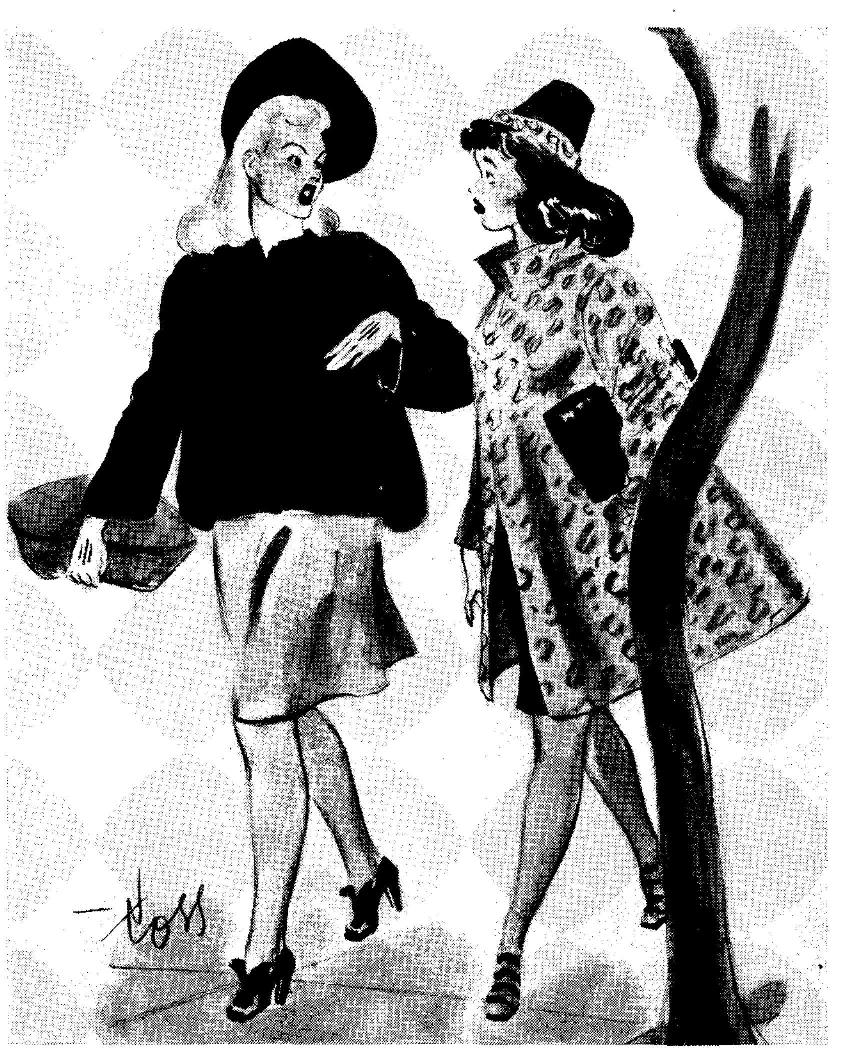
"I think he suffers," said Tatiana, about the waiter. "You don't think so, Jascha?"

"I don't think so," said Jake. He began to laugh so hard he had to put down his coffee, and Tatiana watched him, puzzled.

"Something is funny?" she asked.

Jake got up and kissed her ceremoniously. "At that, it's better than a schoolteacher," he said.

Tatiana considered this, and then the



**"And I'm going to tell him a thing or two—
just you wait till after Christmas and see!"**

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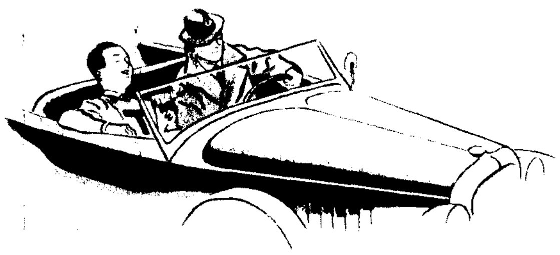
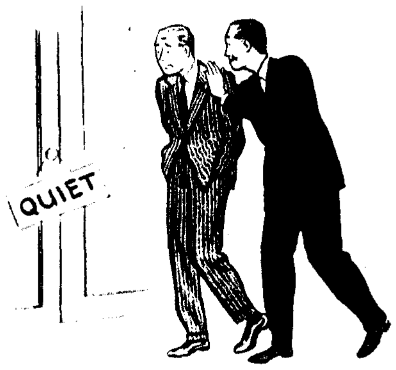


...shared rooms (his car, and all his clothes!) with you at college?

...traveled a thousand miles to be best man at your wedding?



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phone rang. She answered, shrieked, and began to chatter Russian. This conversation went on while Jake finished his breakfast, rose, bathed and shaved.

"*Da, da, da!*" said Tatiana, waving Jake nearer to the phone. "Jascha, it is Alexei. He has idea—wonderful!—for a ballet." She hung up. "He comes now here to tell you about."

Jake thought that two-thirty P.M. was too soon after breakfast for a highball, but he had one anyway. Alexei arrived and waited graciously while Tatiana gave his ballet idea a build-up.

"And there is for me such a part!" said Tatiana finally. "This you will love, Jascha. I will be Peace—in mauve, I see it, something very simple."

She rose and stood by the window in a pose at once drooping and noble.

"What are you, Alex?" asked Jake.

"I am naturally the Young Soldier," said Alexei. "For the minor parts we have Love, War, Wice, Fascism, Democracy—"

"Wice?" said Jake.

"Wice—vice—you say vice? And for the music—the Beethoven Ninth, with naturally the voices subdued in the finale. I have thought it all out—"

After a long time he was silent, and then Tatiana rushed to him and kissed him on both cheeks. "Jascha, is it not wonderful?" she cried.

"Wonderful," said Jake. "It's just not my type."

THEY assured him warmly that it was his type, and then Jake told them that he wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole, that the idea stank, and that it was their job to dance what he told them to dance, and to leave the rest to him. Tatiana and Alexei discussed this in Russian, and Jake left them to it.

That evening, at the show, he noticed for the first time that Alex was putting too much warmth into his role of the shopgirl's lover. By the third night, he began to wonder what Alex *had been to Tatiana in the fond days* of the Ballet School, and by the end of the week he was wondering what Alex was to Tatiana right here and now.

This thought tortured him so that he came near to giving in about the ballet, which was now entitled Darkness and Light. The night after the show closed he sat up till dawn while Tatiana and Alexei gave him the works, using a Toscanini recording of the Ninth Symphony, and hotel chairs for Love, Fascism, and what-have-you. He watched the Young Soldier worshiping Peace, wondering miserably if there was anything to all this, or if he was getting morbid, and when Tatiana rested at last on his lap he put his head on her shoulder and closed his eyes.

"We have here something beeg," said Alexei, "not so little nothing like Sidewalks."

"Listen, sweetheart," said Jake wearily, "this number'll ruin all of us."

Tatiana rose from his lap and stood before him, drooping yet noble.

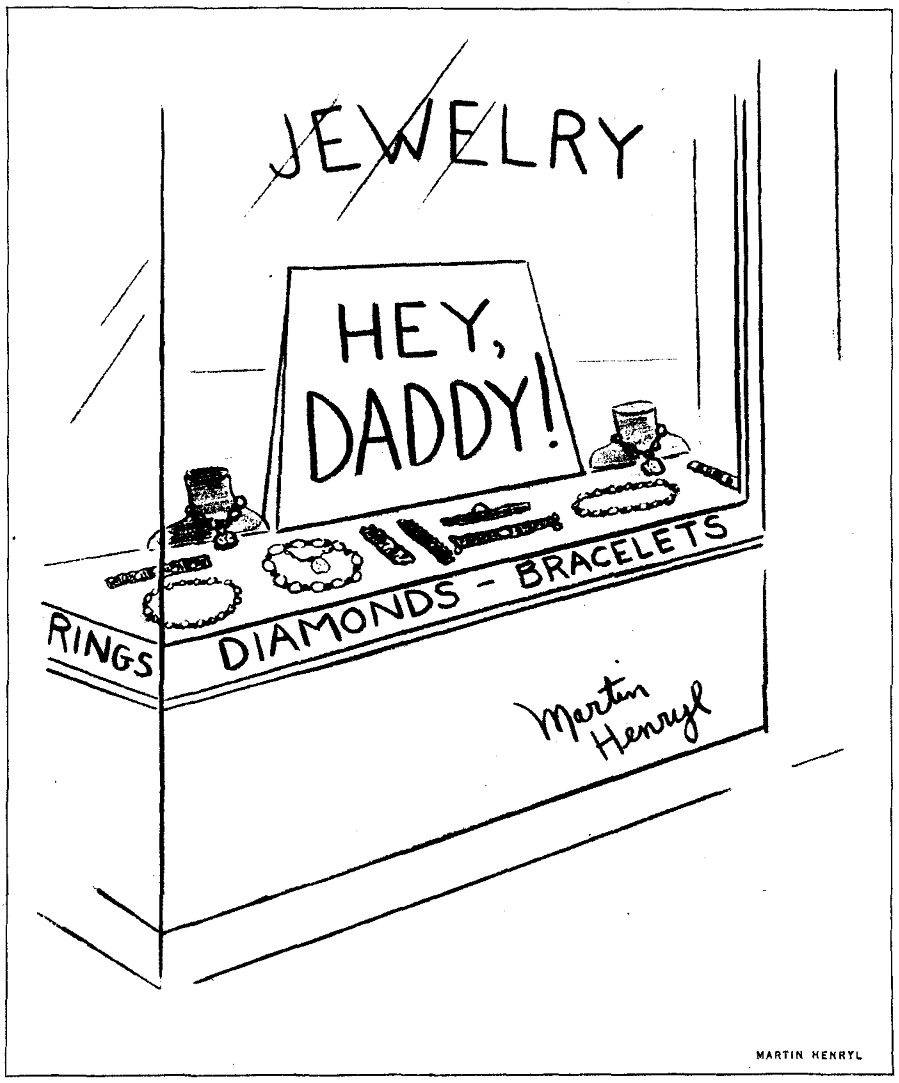
"*Jascha, for the last time I ask it to* you, will you do this ballet?"

Jake hesitated, wondering if there was anything he could do to make this junk presentable, wanting above all to please Tatiana, and then Alexei executed an *entrechat,* Tatiana spun toward him in a pirouette *tours en l'air,* and Alexei caught her and held her in his arms before Jake.

"Tanyushka," he cried, "you were divine. I am inspired!"

"I won't do it," said Jake, so miserable that he sounded angry. At this Tatiana made an exit, followed by Alexei, whom she sent back a moment later for her cape.

Jake heard about her. He heard about her from his friends, from the sympat'etic waiter, from Variety and Billboard. It was easy enough for Tatiana, of Sidewalks of New York, to get a producer. She went into an expensive musical—with Alexei, of course—and Darkness and Light was featured in the advance publicity. Jake saw her *picture everywhere, before the production*; he saw her charming little face



MARTIN HENRYL

staring at him from the posters, as on that first night she had stared at him from the train window, and then she vanished, for the ballet was a flop, and the show with it.

WHEN Jake came into the Gala Club, the headwaiter shook hands with him, and took him to a ringside table. Jake's new ballet, Marriage in Three-Quarter Time, was a hit, and Hollywood was trying to get him, promising him five-hundred dancers and an acre of stage. A Hollywood representative was with him tonight.

"Listen, Jake," said the Hollywood representative, "we want something absolutely big. Now you're the man to do it."

"Sweetheart," said Jake, "I'm the man to do it. All we got to agree on still is the price."

"What's your proposition?" asked the Hollywood man.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Jake, sitting up in his chair.

"You're surprised?" said the Hollywood man. "Name your figure, is all."

"Later, sweetheart, later," said Jake, watching Tatiana and Alexei follow the headwaiter to a table behind him. Did they have a job, or what? He hadn't heard a word about them for a whole season. So that heel, Alex, was still around! A fine thing. Jake closed his mouth firmly, feeling sick inside to discover that he still loved her, and he shook his head to a staggering offer from the Hollywood representative.

Then the drums rolled, the band leader came out with a bunch of colored balloons, and Jake got it. Tatiana and Alexei pushed past his table to the dance floor, and Jake saw that she wore ballet shoes under her tulle dress. Neither of them had seen Jake; they were watching the yellow balloon.

"Name your figure," said the Hollywood man. "Write your own ticket."

But Jake was watching Alexei lead Tatiana to the wrong side of the floor, near the door. The balloons were set loose, and they blew to the other side, away from the door. Tatiana floated in Alexei's arms, watching him, waiting for his directions. When at last Tatiana jumped, she came down empty-handed, and one of the yelling girls had captured the yellow balloon.

She jumped again, and brought down a blue balloon. Alexei grabbed it from her so fiercely that it burst in his face, with a loud pop, and there was nothing in it. As they passed his table, Jake heard Tatiana's furious whisper:

"Why you didn't tell me right? I ask it to you—why?"

"You don't like my proposition, name me one," said the Hollywood representative.

"Just a minute, sweetheart," said Jake, turning to watch the table where Tatiana and Alexei sat before two large, untasted sirloin steaks. "This is going to be good. I need this."

Alexei stood up and left the table, and then Jake rose from his chair. "Be back," said Jake, departing.

Even when he stood before her, Tatiana did not see him. She was watching the doorway for Alexei's return.

"He isn't coming back," said Jake. "He's going to be washing his hands for a long, long time, what I mean."

"Jascha!" cried Tatiana, and tears came into her large eyes. She stood up and threw her arms around him. "Oh, I have miss you!"

I'll bet you did, thought Jake, looking at the two steaks and feeling miserable. He pushed her, not too gently, back into her chair, and sat down opposite.

"What goes on?" said Jake.

"Jascha, you also are here," said Tatiana. "You have maybe got the yellow balloon?"

"No," said Jake.

"Never mind, darling," said Tatiana. "I have still my wedding ring. We give it for the steaks, isn't it?"

Jake could not answer, being a man of ready emotion, and one not eager to display it. He motioned to the waiter.

"Check," said Jake. He caught Tatiana's hand before she could present her ring to the waiter. He went on holding her hand while he paid the bill. "Now," he said, "how's about you put on that ring and come on home?"

HE WATCHED her for a second, and then gave her his handkerchief. Tatiana wiped her eyes, and spoke happily to the waiter. "My husband," she said. "He is so sympat'etic."

The waiter nodded.

They were at the door of the Gala Club when the Hollywood representative caught up with them.

"What's the idea?" he said.

"Baby," Jake said to Tatiana, "what do you say we take a chance on Hollywood?"

"You will tell me what to do?" said Tatiana. "Well, then."

"Okay, sweetheart," Jake said to the Hollywood representative. "See you tomorrow about arrangements."

Jake shut the door of the cab and they drove away.

"Who he is, this man?" said Tatiana. "I think he suffers."

"Oh, baby," said Jake, putting his arms around her. "*I* suffered."

"I also," said Tatiana softly.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

Commerce inspector would pounce on him immediately for having no pilot or plane licenses.

Gradually the states recognized that they were surrendering no rights when they yielded to the pleadings of the old Aeronautics Branch and its successor organizations to require federal licenses regardless of whether they contemplated interstate operation. The argument was irrefutable; a home-made plane with an unskilled pilot could bring down an airliner filled with passengers as quickly as a licensed one, only the chances were greater. Then, too, the individualists were not doing a very good job of perpetuating their own lives and needed protection.

Now with the skies filled with planes of all kinds during training, it is more important than ever that all who fly be competent and their aircraft be airworthy.

The government has ruled, and rightfully so, that the operation of unlicensed aircraft and unlicensed airmen anywhere in the United States constitutes a menace to authorized air traffic. Although this action puts an end to wildcat flying, experimental and development work will continue but under carefully regulated procedures and by experienced airmen.

WITH airplanes operating everywhere, it's a black mark against the Chamber of Commerce of the republic of Haiti that no public or private airplanes are owned or operated on the island. (Exception: The through international line operated by Pan American Airways.) F. R. N.

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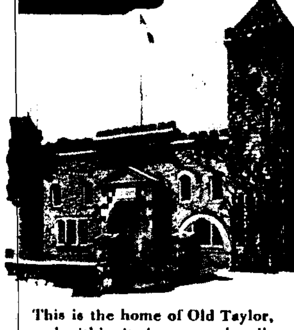
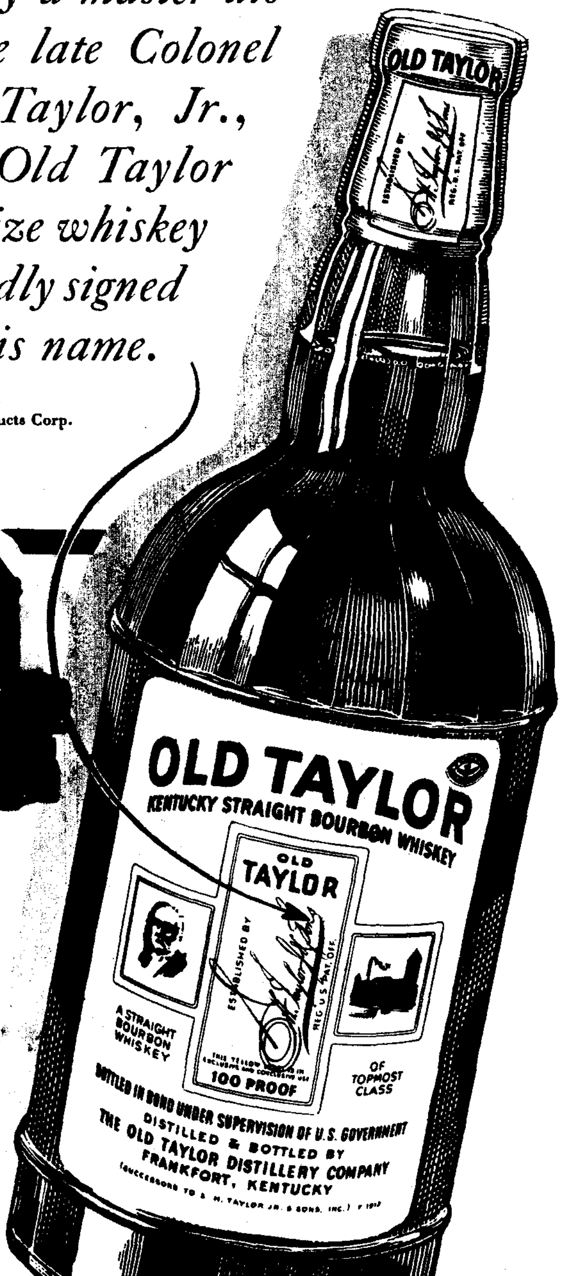


This is the home of Old Taylor, and within its ivy-covered walls no other whiskey but Old Taylor has ever been made.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Spend Christmas with Us

Continued from page 11

against one another, and with each furious buffet of the wind looked as if they would collapse like balanced cards.

"Then why can't we have presents tomorrow if we can't have 'em today?" Margy presently demanded in the tone of a child who has asked the question many times before.

"Ma told you. Becuz Harry's sick," Willy said reprovingly. "She ast that seventy hundred times, di'n't she, Ma?"

"I don't know what she did; I know I'm going crazy," said the only other occupant of the kitchen, a pretty woman of about thirty whose natural prettiness was spoiled by the anxious lines of her face, the disorder of hair and clothes, and the almost violent nervousness of her manner. "Christmas is for folks that have some time for things," she added in an undertone, "without a sick baby and a backache all the time!"

The kitchen looked as a ranch-house kitchen must look on a wet afternoon when there are small children in the family and there have been heavy rains. To the usual disorder, a certain amount of Christmas flurry had been added. A large plucked turkey lay across the ragged oilcloth of the table. Cranberries had rolled gay and red from a paper bag that stood near him. A chopping bowl, into which stale bread had been crumbled, was on a chair; pie shells waited on another chair, but the pumpkin mixture that was intended to fill them had been carried no further than the boiling point. Its cut cubes drifted idly in a saucepan of warm water.

OTHER Christmas indications were partially concealed in certain paper bags set high on a shelf. Through their flimsiness the red of a fire engine could be perceived and from the top of one the fluff of a doll's hair protruded. But Em'ly Atkins, whose children and whose kitchen these were, was in no holiday mood, and as she ineffectually gathered up a few dishes here or wiped a table surface there, she carried on a gloomy monologue far from the spirit of the day:

"You'll not have your presents until I can get 'round to wrapping them, and maybe that'll not be until Sunday. And if you cry, Margy, you won't get 'em at all! With Harry so sick and the rain pouring down and Aunt Zoe having a baby I'm at my wit's end, and I don't want to hear any more talk about Christmas! I've got to stuff this turkey, and if it isn't cooked by the time you have to go to bed—"

Her voice droned on and on as she went to and fro. Once a baby cried acidly from an adjoining room and she went in there and could be heard crooning for a moment. Then she came back and lifted the turkey, shifted it a little, measured it to an empty black roasting pan. Finally she got a knife and began to sever the scaled feet from the legs.

Margy and Willy drew near, fascinated. Their mother sighed wearily, handed each a claw as a matter of course. Silently the children flexed the tendons that made the claws shut and spread.

"These are our Christmas presents," said Margy. Em'ly looked at her in a sudden pity that included pity for herself.

"Mamma certainly threw you down this Christmas!" she said.

"But it's still Christmas?" Margy suggested on a hopeful note.

"Oh, sure, it's Christmas. But I'm not going to get through all this. It's three o'clock now!"

"We'd just as soon not have our presents wrapped," the little girl persisted.

"You wait until Papa comes in and we'll see," Em'ly said. But when a man crossed the porch and opened the door to a rush of fresh air and stood hesitating in the doorway she was suddenly all despair again.

"I'm pretty muddy," he said.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," his wife answered, beginning now to saw at the turkey's neck. "They've been tracking it in and out all day."

"How's Harry?"

"I think he's awfully sick." She laid her untidy head against the great cold bird and burst into tears. "I just feel as if I was going crazy, Joe," she sobbed. "I've not got one thing done! He's been fretting ever since lunch; I've not touched the tree—I don't know where the trimmings are—I've got this turkey to dress—the cranb'ries aren't picked over—"

"Oh, she's all right if you like the type with a gorgeous face and a perfect figure"

GARRETT PRICE

"Well, say, hey, hey, hey, Em," he protested gently. He came in his great clodded boots across the already cluttered floor and patted her bowed head awkwardly. "Don't you let all this get you down," he comforted her. "We don't care when we get our turkey. As for the presents, why not hand 'em to the kids now? I'll get the tree in here and get it started; I know where that box of fixings is—"

"I WAS going to have candles, and fix up wreaths and things around the windows and get the dining-room stove fired up," Em'ly said, looking up angrily. "It isn't my idea of Christmas to be worrying about a sick baby all day and not be able even to get that Mexican woman to help me!"

"She's laid up, Em; it ain't her fault."

"Well, I've a good mind not to give her her present!"

"Now that isn't like you," Joe Atkins said mildly.

"But I'm so worried about Harry, Joe," she faltered, beginning to cry again, "and it's my first Christmas without Mamma, and I've been thinking about her all day, and how she sat in the kitchen chamber here, not able to move hand or foot for seventeen months!"

"She was glad to go." He had brought in a small furled pine from the cold washroom that opened in back of the kitchen, and was shaking it gently to and fro. "We got a real pretty one," he said.

"POP, can we help you trim it?" Margy demanded.

"Yes, sure you can. But first you see if you can't help Mamma clear the kitchen. Can't you take the coaster and some of the blocks into the other room?"

"I wish you'd go in and feel Harry, Joe. He wouldn't touch his lunch and he feels burning hot; he went off about an hour ago but by that time my back was so bad—" Em'ly loaded the turkey over to the sink and flopped it down heavily. "There doesn't seem to be any room for anything else in this kitchen while you're in it!" she muttered.

Joe came up from some lower region with a cobwebby cardboard box of Christmas-tree ornaments.

"Any news from Zoe?" he asked.

"No. I got Chess once and he's just about crazy. But I tried to telephone again and I think the line's down. He says his mother's there, and I guess things'll go all right. But her losing the last one, and then Mamma going—" Em'ly's eyes watered and she busied herself with the dishpan.

"You brood too much, Em'ly," the man said, sympathetically.

"Every time I look into that room, and see her shawl my father gave her that cost fifty dollars, and now to have Harry sick in there, it just seems like it comes over me fresh," Em'ly said.

"That isn't any way to feel on Christmas Day."

"It doesn't seem like Christmas!" She tipped the pumpkin saucepan over the sink. The water drained away.

"What's that going to be?" the man asked.

"It was going to be pumpkin pies. But I don't know as it's worth the fuss. I made the shells yesterday before Zoe started being sick."

Em'ly was mashing the pumpkin halfheartedly.

"Well, I'll set this tree up in the other room and get a fire going in there." Joe carried the tree away, the children trailing him. When he came back into the kitchen a few minutes later he saw his wife standing at the window with an odd, a suspicious, set expression on her tired face.

"Joe, that's your mother coming," she said, in a voice that matched the expression. "You asked her! Well, you're not going to get away with it!"

He came to stand beside her. "No, I didn't, honey," he said quickly. And then, of the bulky woman who was descending from a mud-spattered car into the mud of the roadside, "That *is* Ma. But I didn't ask her!"

"She said she'd never come until we did ask her," Em'ly said, pale with anger. "And she wouldn't've, either! You must've *asked* her!"

"No, I didn't, Em. Word of honor! She probably ain't going to stay. But Ma never did anything to make you mad," he pleaded.

"She said for a feller of twenty-six to marry a girl four years older with a little girl of six— Now, listen, Joe Atkins," Em'ly said, interrupting herself to draw him aside and speaking at white heat, "I'll be nice to your mother today, and ask her to dinner. But she goes home right after dinner! You promise me that or I'll take Harry and go over to Pearsons'; I swear I will!"

"Oh, for criminy's sake! All right, I'll promise you anything. Only you be decent to her because she's my mother and it's Christmas Day!"

HE WENT out into the wet, returning immediately with the rosy, square, elderly woman, umbrella, galoshes, raincoat, following him.

"Well, Merry Christmas to you all, and ain't this a downpour!" said Mrs. Atkins heartily, leaving her wet outer garments on the porch rail and embracing the small children who leaped to her arms. "Hello, Gran'ma's girl! Hello, Willy, I didn't hardly know that either of you had grown so big! Merry Christmas, Em'ly; how's the baby? Doc McGrew's tellin' me he was upset."

The women did not embrace, but Em'ly answered civilly enough, "He had a real bad stomach upset like Margy used to have."

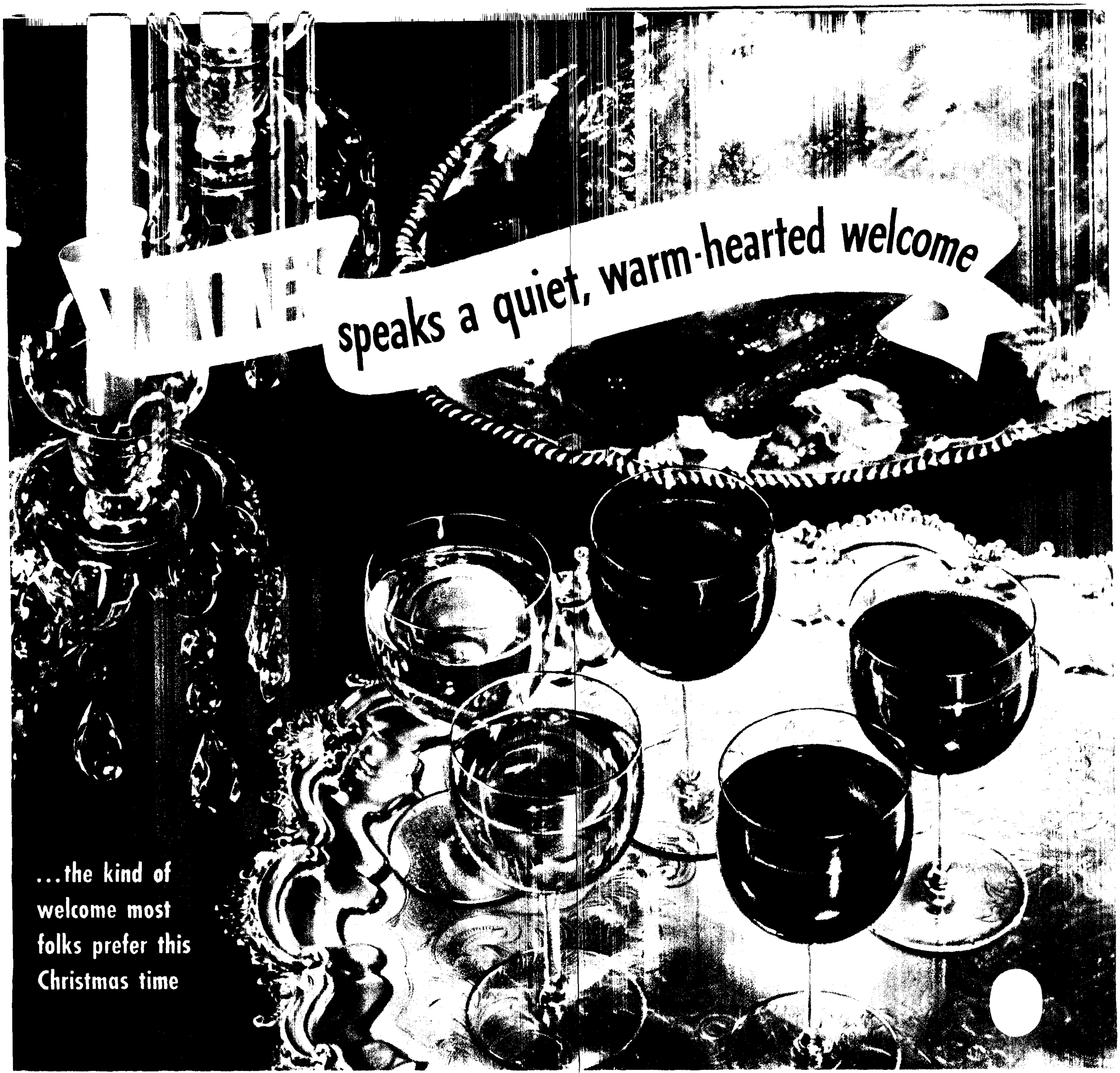
While they discussed the illness, Mrs. Atkins seated herself at the table, wiped her face with a handkerchief, settled her person comfortably, drew a sharp breath or two as tribute to her encounter with the storm and put on her glasses. She began to peel onions with experienced, fat, soft old fingers.

"T-t-tut!" she sympathized. "Give him oil?"

"That was the first thing the doctor said when I phoned yesterday," Em'ly said, her manner melting somewhat in her eagerness to discuss it; "but if you think you could get oil into that young one! There was oil on the crib and on me and Joe and pretty much everywhere else, but there didn't none of it get into him!"

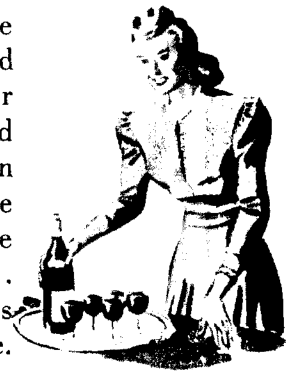
"Fever?"

"Oh, he's awful hot. I wanted to


WINE speaks a quiet, warm-hearted welcome
...the kind of welcome most folks prefer this Christmas time

The wines pictured here are California Sauterne and Burgundy

To our holiday tables, folks find wine brings an added, genial note. A note of quiet friendship . . . of hospitality and good cheer.



Wine comes to dinner and our guests take more pleasure in good food and good company. For California wines like red Burgundy and golden Sauterne have been made to raise to perfection the flavor of roast turkey . . . made for friendly times at our Christmas table.

And holiday wine serving, lately, has spread out a bit from the dinner table, too. Sherry with appetizers, for example, now opens many a holiday party. Nutlike and tempting in flavor, Sherry is possibly the world's best-liked prelude to a good meal.

Or in the evening when friends drop in, rich full-bodied Port is brought out with sandwiches or platters of cold sliced turkey and thin buttered bread, or with just a plate of fruit cake.

However you serve it, you'll discover that wine offers a moderate, simple way to be hospitable. It brings a warm-hearted welcome—the kind of welcome that millions find best in times like these.

For an interesting free booklet on serving California wines write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The wines of our native land, connoisseurs will tell you, are excellent by any standard in the world. Sound, well-developed, inexpensive.

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phone the doctor again, but the wires are down."

"I know they are. I was goin' to phone this mornin' in case Joe was comin' into town. Well, Zoe had her baby yet?"

"Chess phoned early this morning and said things were starting."

"Well, her baby's goin' to have a nice birthday. Poor girl! Those are the minutes that are two hours long, as we used to say. Frank Clute, that used to be Pa's partner, told me one day his wife had had an easy time, only sick four hours. 'Yes,' I says, 'but it don't take that long to pull a tooth and yet I don't see you men lookin' forward to havin' one out!' "

Em'ly laughed unexpectedly at this, and immediately Joe and the children laughed too, and the atmosphere lightened. A certain friendliness and companionship made the kitchen cheerful.

"That about right for cinnamon?" Em'ly asked, over the pumpkin mixture.

"I always put a tablespoonful of molasses in, too, and a pinch of salt. Pumpkin's apt to be kind of meanin'less, and you've got to spice it good—" Mrs. Atkins was beginning, when there was a knock at the door. The early winter dusk was beginning to fall now, and for a moment nobody recognized the visitor.

"COME in, Hank," Joe said then. "It's Hank Carozzi," he told the women.

"Chess Carter just phoned my house. No, thank ye, I won't come in; I'm all mud," the lanky big fellow said apologetically. "Your sister's real sick, Mis' Atkins, and they wanted you should get over there tomorrow if you can."

"Tomorrow!" Em'ly said aghast. "They don't expect she's going to be sick all night! Oh, Joe," she broke off frantically, "I've got to go now! If you'll take me to the five-o'clock stage I'll be there by half past six; I can change at Sierra Vista. Oh, Joe, Christmas or no Christmas, you'll have to help me! She's my only sister, and Mamma died only last August—"

"Don't you fret," old Mrs. Atkins' deep voice broke in reassuringly, "there's lots of girls go two days with a baby. You wrap up good and have Joe take you right over. You'll be there by six."

"But I can't leave everything—Christmas and all—" Em'ly stammered. Even as she spoke she was unbuttoning her cotton kitchen dress; five minutes later she and Joe had returned from an upstairs room, coated and mittened for the trip.

"I don't know when we'll get back, Ma!" Joe said.

"There isn't anything you can do for Harry, Mrs. Atkins," Em'ly put in nervously, "except just keep him quiet."

"Now, you go right ahead and don't worry, Em'ly," the other woman said. "You'll feel better if you see how things are for yourself. Drive careful, Joe, the roads are regular mudholes. Margy and me'll keep house until you get back."

"Me, too!" said Willy, crowding against her.

"Yep. Willy too."

"You know where things are if they get hungry?"

"Yes. I know where things are in this house."

IT WAS dark, it was almost eight o'clock when Joe and Em'ly got back. She was quiet and tearful on the long drive, but they were happy tears, and she rested against Joe's shoulder as he drove in a way that made him in no hurry to get home. Little spitfire Em'ly had her gentle moods, he thought. Poor kid, she'd had more than her share of worry and work this last year, a sick mother, a young baby, the care of a farmer and two small children, added to all the straining and preserving, milking and chicken care, baking and sweeping that were everyday routine.

"I've thought fifty times what a comfort it is it's your mother with the children," she presently said, "instead of Maria. All she thinks of is perfume and boys."

"I'm thinking that, too." But he didn't dare add any more, and they went on in silence.

The kitchen lights shone out at them warmly when they came in, cold and spent; the kitchen shone too, the children's faces shone, and the old eyes behind Gran'ma Atkins' spectacles were shining. Possibly a finicky housekeeper would yet have found much to correct, but the toys had been put away, the table was cleared, and the good odors of boiling onions, roasting turkey, baking pies were rich in the air.

"You didn't get that turkey in!" Em'ly protested, unwrapping.

"That turkey's just about cooked. Why, that ain't the first turkey by a hundred that I've cooked in that stove," the older woman answered. "The children helped me clear up, and they trimmed the tree, and we were just wondering if you were having supper over to Carters'. No good news yet?"

"She's got the prettiest seven-pound baby girl you ever saw!" Em'ly said, sitting down at the table and bursting into tears. Margy and Willy crowded against her.

"Mamma, di'n't you want Aunt Zoe to have a baby?" Margy asked aghast.

Em'ly laughed, still crying, wiped her eyes and kissed her daughter.

"It's because I'm so relieved, dearie. She's been so upset, and a year ago her poor little girl died. And how d'you think Harry is?" Em'ly asked.

"Why, there's nothing the matter with him, Em'ly," Joe's mother answered. "He woke up about five and begun yellin'; he was hot and mad and I brought him out here. I fixed him up some oil with soda and orange juice and put it in his bottle and took the chill off it, and 'Look here, young man,' I says, 'who's boss here, you or me? Now,' I says, 'you put that where it belongs or I'll paddle you good!'

"That's a smart baby, Em'ly," she added, as Em'ly, fascinated, could only meet the narrative with eager attentiveness. "He looked up at me real saucy; I could see he was meditatin' rebellion. But he give me one good look, and down it all went, every last drop, and if it wasn't for present company I'd tell you why I know he's much better. I was in there a few minutes ago and he's sweatin' so hard I don't believe but what we'll have to change him, nightie and sheets and all. Now you take a good look at the table and see what we've left off, and we can have supper."

"Well, if this isn't a comfort," Em'ly murmured, her lips trembling. She went up to her room, descending a few minutes later in a warm blue woolen dress with lace at the throat. "I had to dress up for Christmas!" she explained, tying on a fresh apron. "Are you making the gravy? Then I'll dish up. Yes, you can have your presents right after supper," she said to the children. "We won't bother to wrap 'em, and you can sit up until nine if Papa says so!"

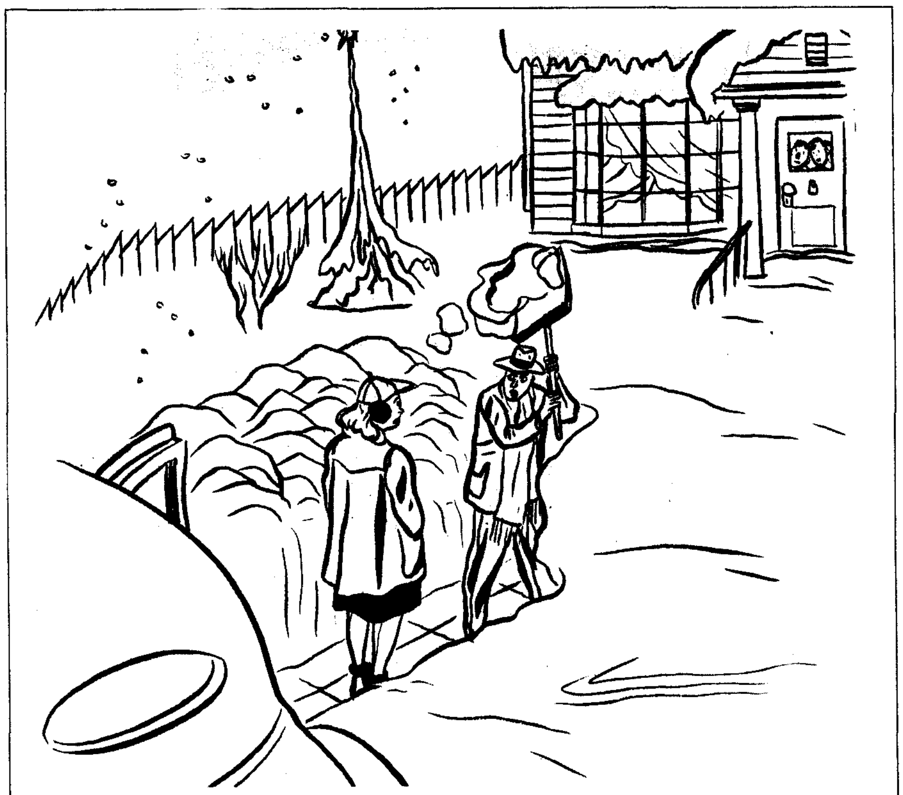
THE turkey was delicious and the company ravenous, yet host and hostess were rather silent during the meal, and the children and their grandmother did most of the talking. Old Mrs. Atkins made gallant if not entirely successful efforts to keep the atmosphere on a Christmas note of family jollity; Joe was watchful of his mother's plate, eager that she should be served before she could ask for more cranberry jelly or another piece of pie. Em'ly's thoughts seemed far away; at any direct question she would start up as if from dreams.

Following a momentary silence, Joe said, "How's things at Mis' Wilson's, Ma?"

"Well, just the same, Joe. It's kind of quiet, just her and me and Old Man Judson and the Clinton girls. Miss Martha's been in the post office so long I declare she has that warm, rubbery smell of a post office about her, and Miss Cleo's deaf. Their cousin come from Troy, New York, for a visit, but she had to go home for Thanksgivin'. All is, Mis' Wilson's getting sort of close, and she seems to grudge folks their meals. First, it's no butter for dinner and then it's nothing but fruit for dessert, and she'll say to Nate Judson, 'Where on earth do you put it?' and things like that."

"If you'd let me help you, Ma, you'd have more than your thirty a month and you could live somewheres else."

"I'd rather you wouldn't, Joe. You



"Are you still wondering why we were invited to dinner?"

FRITZ WILKINSON

with three children. Unless I could have a little place of my own and a stove I'd just as soon live at Wilson's. No, we get on real well," Mrs. Atkins said cheerfully. "But at fifty-eight or no fifty-eight I'd like something to do. I was talkin' to a woman who was raisin' rabbits the other day, and I declare I envied her!"

"Joe's got rabbit sheds here," Em'ly put in. "And I'm a great hand at rabbits, but I lost two of my does becuz I don't have time to get 'round to 'em and keep 'em good. I've not slept a night through since the children started whooping cough last October," she added.

Old Mrs. Atkins took up the little bid for sympathy eagerly.

"Those are terrible times!" she agreed. "Seems like your feet will drop off."

"Not my feet, my back!" Em'ly said. "I was trying to get a Mexican girl to sleep in the room with Harry, but she sleeps right through everything anyway, and I don't know that she'd be much good. But seems as if I could get a good night's sleep I'd sort of catch up."

"It's the nights that kill you," her mother-in-law said mildly.

"Us and Gran'ma washed the eggs," Willy contributed suddenly.

"I took 'em out to the barn for a few minutes, so's to give them a breath of fresh air," his grandmother explained. "And we found some eggs. I never saw eggs so muddy!"

"My hens haven't been getting hot mash lately," Em'ly said. "I wish," she added a little awkwardly, "you'd take some of these fresh eggs back with you. I remember you said you and Mis' Wilson liked 'em the last time."

"Say, do that little thing, Ma!" Joe's eyes had brightened as the women of the family warmed into something like real conversation. "She'd give away her shirt," he said fondly of his wife.

"Only I don't wear 'em, Joe!" his wife said with a little touch of long-forgotten coquetry and color. "I declare I feel like it was Christmas after all," she added.

"That was an awful good pie, Ma." Joe scraped his plate. No, he wouldn't have any more; he was going out to take a look at the stock and see if Pete had finished up the milking.

"Well, we'll get these dishes done and clear up," his mother said.

"No, we won't!" Em'ly protested with a weary laugh. "I'll do 'em all in the morning. Don't you touch 'em!"

"Oh, I think it's terrible to come out in the mornin' to crumbs and cold gravy," Mrs. Atkins said comfortably. "You'll have all you can do in the mornin', with the children home with their toys and the rain. We'll just whip through 'em."

SO JOE came back fifteen minutes later to find everything proceeding with unexpected speed and energy. The dining room had been cleared and brushed, the fire replenished, the children established there with their Christmas toys. His wife and mother were deep in shy yet friendly talk as they went with experienced ease through the business of washing up.

Even while he watched them, as he was seated at the kitchen table and stuffing his pipe, they finished the last glass and spoon. The demolished turkey went back into his pan and into the cold closet; the vegetables were moved into small china containers; tomorrow's dinner was all ready tonight, except for some casual heating. Not a spoon or a streak of water or a trail of crumbs was visible in the kitchen. Em'ly sat down wearily beside her husband, but the older woman kept serenely busy, setting cracked wheat to soak, straining great pails of milk into wide pans and carrying them into the pantry one by one.

"Sit down; you must be dead," Em'ly protested.

"I don't know when I've had such a good time. Seems like the old days," her mother-in-law answered. "We used up most of the bread on that dressing," she presently said; "I b'lieve I'll set some biscuits."

It was warm and pleasant in the orderly kitchen. Em'ly yawned undisguisedly and put her elbows on the table, resting her chin on her hands. Gusts of wild air smote the roof; the rain fell steadily.

Presently old Mrs. Atkins finished her activities, put the hot, clean milk pails on the porch shelf outside, sat down and smiled at the others.

"I was thinkin', Em'ly, since it's pourin' so hard and the road's so black at night, that I'd be glad to stay and sleep in there with Harry," she said, somewhat hesitantly. "He wouldn't bother me a bit; I sleep light, and it'd mean you could get a real rest. I boiled some water for him; it's on the window sill outside getting good and cool, and I can manage him easy. I'd be real pleased to do it."

"I'd hate to put it up to you—" Em'ly answered, hesitant in her turn.

"But she wants you to, Ma!" Joe put in. "You don't know what a night's sleep would do for her!"

"He won't stir in the night. But you'd lie awake thinkin' he was cold or feverish or goin' to wake up."

"You'd be awfully kind," Em'ly murmured, a little embarrassed.

"THERE'S something I wanted to say to you two," the older woman began after a moment's silence, during which Joe had pulled on his pipe, Em'ly had stared into space with a somewhat reddened face, and she herself had looked dubiously from one to the other. "I didn't know as I was goin' to mention it, but it might get Margy into trouble, and she's such a confidin', lovin' little soul that I wouldn't want that. I'd rather tell you myself."

"She broke the Santa Cruz pitcher!" Em'ly exclaimed.

"No, she didn't break anythin'," old Mrs. Atkins said smiling. "But when we were out gatherin' the hens' eggs she spoke up and says she, 'Gran'ma, did you get my letter?' 'Yes,' I says, 'I did, dearie, and I thought it was the nicest letter I ever got.' "

"Who wrote you, Ma?" Joe demanded. "I was going to come in and see you," he added on an explanatory note, "and then I had a lot of trouble with my hogs, and I had the vet here, and then this morning our telephone wires came down—"

"I know, Joe. But she wrote me."

"Margy did!" This was Em'ly, amazed.

"Yes, she wrote me ten days ago, but seems 'twarn't mailed until Tuesday. I only got it yesterday."

"What she say?" Joe demanded, puzzled, his pipe in his hand.

"She ast me would I come here for Christmas dinner," his mother answered simply.

"Margy did?" Em'ly asked quickly.

"Yes, she wrote me a real sweet letter. I thought, of course, you and Joe had put her up to it," Mrs. Atkins said.

Joe looked at his wife. Em'ly flushed, and a faintly hard, stubborn look came about her mouth.

"Joe said something about it," she began defiantly, "but what with Zoe's baby expected and Harry sick and feeling like I did about Mamma— And, anyway," Em'ly interrupted herself, "I never said anything to Margy about it."

"Well, I know how you felt." The older woman accepted the explanation simply. "But it never came into my head what had really happened," she went on; "and I didn't want you ever

Confound it! MISSED THE 5:15!
Let's Make the "33 to 1"
NONSENSE, BURNS! THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!
NO JOKE AT ALL! IT'S 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER... PABST BLUE RIBBON!
DELICIOUS! A REAL TREAT, BURNS! AH... BY THE WAY, I'LL BE READY TO TALK BUSINESS SOON. CAN YOU DROP IN MONDAY?
GLAD TO, MR. STAFFORD! (GOLLY...LOOKS LIKE I'VE DONE A LITTLE EXPERT BLENDING MYSELF!)
NO WONDER PABST BLUE RIBBON HITS THE SPOT... IT'S BLENDED LIKE FINE CHAMPAGNE!
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's *expert blending* that makes Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer so delicious. Today—sample its sparkling, foaming goodness. Taste for yourself how great a beer can be when it's Blended "33 to 1"!

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

IT'S SMOOTHER...IT'S TASTIER...IT NEVER VARIES

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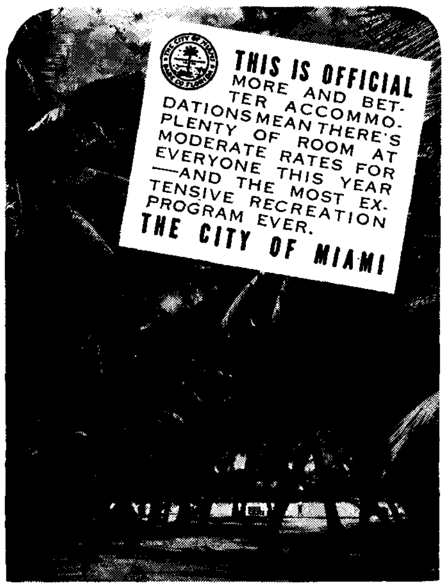
Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee


THIS IS OFFICIAL
MORE AND BETTER ACCOMMODATIONS MEAN THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM AT MODERATE RATES FOR EVERYONE THIS YEAR —AND THE MOST EXTENSIVE RECREATION PROGRAM EVER.
THE CITY OF MIAMI

MIAMI

the
"SPELL OF THE TROPICS"
is spelled M·I·A·M·I

LAZY living through timeless days—graceful palms and golden sands—shimmering surf, sunbright days, star spangled nights—gaiety, laughter, romance. Where? Not halfway around the world in some remote corner of the South Seas—but actually only *hours* away in America's own Miami!

IT'S ALL YOURS. Once it was for the millionaires—now it's for the millions—literally–because some 2,000,000 carefree people played, relaxed, forgot their worries here last year—took advantage of Miami's matchless fun facilities.

WHAT TO DO? Think it over—if that many others do it, you can too! Ask your travel or ticket agent. Or send for a "free sample"—Miami's new official booklet, complete with rates and living costs, sports programs, color pictures, everything. Just one caution—fun's awastin'! Mail the coupon, today!

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Orange Bowl Festival—Dec. 30-Jan. 2
All-American Air Maneuvers—Jan. 9-11
$10,000 Fishing Tourney—Starts Jan. 11

Here's the Story in COLOR!

MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MIAMI, FLORIDA (5)
Please send new "color" booklet and full details.
Name
Address
City State

to blame Margy. It made me real happy all day yesterday. I don't know when I've been so happy."

Joe cleared his throat.

"What did happen, Ma?"

"Well, here's what Margy told me. When we was getting the eggs she piped up and says, 'Gran'ma, did you like my letter?' I says, 'Margy, that was just about the nicest letter I ever got.' She says, 'It was better than all the others.' Of course I asked her what others. 'Oh,' she says, 'we had to write 'em in school, and Miss Miller said that the three best letters she'd put stamps onto 'em and mail 'em herself. She ast was our mothers and fathers alive, and some was and some wasn't, but the ones who lived with their fathers and mothers she says to write to our grandmas or our cousins, a real nice Christmassy letter. She says to tell 'em Mamma and Papa wished they'd come to Christmas dinner.'

"Seems Margy's letter was one of the three best," Mrs. Atkins went on in a silence, her apologetic smile going from one young face to the other, "and Miss Miller promised she'd mail it before Christmas. Well, the young one pasted Santa Clauses and silver stars, and dear knows what all, all over the outside, and I can tell you I was tickled when it come in the mail yesterday. I was going to telephone Joe about gettin' out here in the storm, but Dave Pierce was comin' out to get Mis' Wilson's mother, and I told him if he'd get me out here my son would get me home."

"Yep; that ain't much to do," Joe said gruffly.

Em'ly spoke up quickly and nervously, looking only at Joe.

"Your mother said she'd stay maybe and sleep in Mamma's room with Harry tonight."

"She sure would if you'd like her to," the man said kindly. He gave his mother a look that asked her to be generous.

"The minute I came into this kitchen," the older woman went on with her story, "I saw that something was wrong. It didn't take me a minute to see that I wasn't expected. The children would have known it if you'd expected me, and first thing I thought was, 'I told Em'ly a year ago that I'd not come back until she wanted me, and here I am walking in on her in grief and anxiety, with a sick child in the house!'

"I DIDN'T know just what to say. Seemed as if, gettin' here in such a storm, it'd be kind of silly to say, 'Son, there's some mistake, and if you'll get me back to Mis' Wilson's I'll feel happier.' And beside that," Mrs. Atkins said, her smiling eyes suddenly filling and her strong mouth trembling a little, "you don't know what it meant to me, after livin' in that one room at Mis' Wilson's—the blue paper and the towel across the top of the bureau and the picture of me and Pa on our wedding day—you don't know what it felt like to be back here in the kitchen, with dishes to wash and an oven to watch and the baby sweatin' his fever off in the kitchen chamber. Just thinkin' about wipin' off the children's faces and hands before supper, and huntin' eggs, and gettin' the turkey into the oven seemed heaven to me. Thinks I, 'I *did* get that letter, sayin' I was to come, but Joe and Em'ly don't seem to know anythin' about it.'

"Well, then come the message from Zoe, and you folks left me in charge, and I don't know as I've ever been so happy. I wished the afternoon could go on for a week. The children was angels, helpin' and laughin' and tellin' me this and that. And then Margy asked about her letter and I seen the whole thing. So that's how I come to be here, Joe and Em'ly, and it's made a real Christmas for me and I thank you both."

"You don't have to thank us," Joe protested, clearing his throat after a moment's silence. Em'ly spoke proudly:

"You and I didn't have any quarrel, Mrs. Atkins," she said. "Anyone who says we did is telling a lie. It was just that someone told Mamma that Mrs. Banks over to the store said that you'd said I was lots older than Joe. And that made Mamma mad."

"Well, I may have said that to someone; I don't recall it," the older woman admitted, thoughtfully. "But I certainly didn't to Hetty Banks; she don't need anyone to tell her anything—she knows it all. If I did, Em'ly, it didn't take me long to find out that Joe couldn't have a better wife or a more lovin' one, and I've said that, too, to more than Hetty Banks!"

EM'LY, her face red and her mouth shut firmly, looked into space for a few minutes. Then she suddenly put her head down on the table and burst into a torrent of tears.

"I don't know why everyone treats me so mean!" she sobbed. "Papa always used to call me 'Giggles' becuz I was so happy all the time, but now with Mamma dying and Zoe so sick and Harry in a fever and Frank Blake being spilled off the truck and killed right before my eyes and me left alone with Margy—"

Joe got up and went to pat her shoulder, smiling at his mother.

"You calm down, honey," he said. "You've had a little too much to do. We'll see if we can't get Manuela or Maria."

"I don't want Manuela or Maria, I want someone I can talk to, someone that knows all the folks I know and can make the children stand 'round!" Em'ly protested thickly, her face still buried. "I've wanted her all the time but I didn't have the sense to know it! But becuz I'm a fool don't mean we have all got to be fools!"

"Ma, I guess that's that," Joe said, grinning, his eyes wet.

"No. Now I'll tell you what, children," his mother said. "I'll stay with the baby tonight, and Joe'll run me home tomorrow, and some day if you want me back for a visit—I've got to go to Ellen for three months in autumn, you know—"

"Mamma, what's the matter?" Margy, alarmed, demanded from the doorway. She ran to her mother; stood staring at the others.

Em'ly sat up, wiped her eyes and blew her nose, and, putting her arm about the child, said rather thickly, but quite steadily, as she buttoned and straightened Margy's sweater:

"You go over and give Gran'ma a kiss, and you tell her that Mamma and Papa want her to come here and stay, and that if she goes to Aunt Ellen to be with Tommy and Kate in the fall she's got to come back here becuz this is home. You say it as pretty as you can, Margy, and maybe she'll say yes."

But Mrs. Atkins, as the child ran to her, her arms about Margy and her face hidden, could say nothing. She made two attempts; they faltered away to silence.

"Well, Joe—well, son—" she managed finally. Em'ly laughed, got to her feet.

"Now, you children trot up to bed," she said. "Kiss Papa, kiss Gran'ma, and beat it! You'll have all your things tomorrow, vacation isn't over. I'm goin' in to get Gran'ma a nightgown and take a look at Harry."

Joe came over and knelt down on the kitchen floor beside his mother, and she put her arms about him and rested her cheek against his rough thick hair.

"Seems like mothers get kind of hungry for this, Joe," she said after a moment.

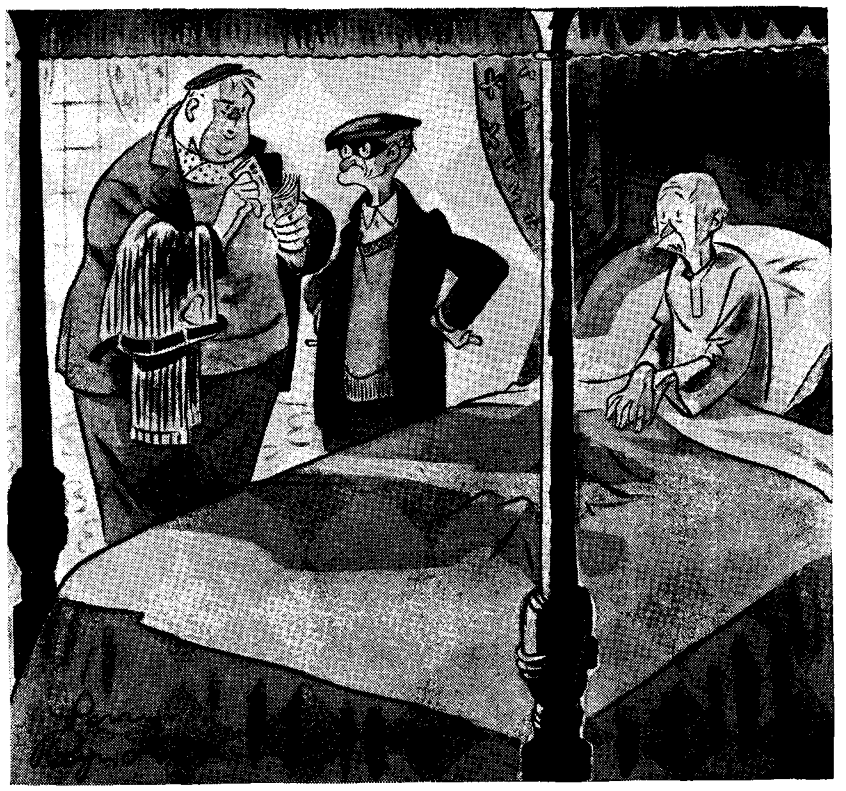
WHEN Em'ly came out her husband was shaking down the range, and her mother-in-law was at the opened kitchen door calling the cats in. The night had suddenly grown cold; the rain had stopped; a white moon was riding high among fleeces of cloud. Good smells of rain and earth and woods penetrated the warm air of indoors.

Em'ly opened a soft old Paisley shawl and put it about the other woman's shoulders.

"That's my Christmas present to you, Ma," she said.

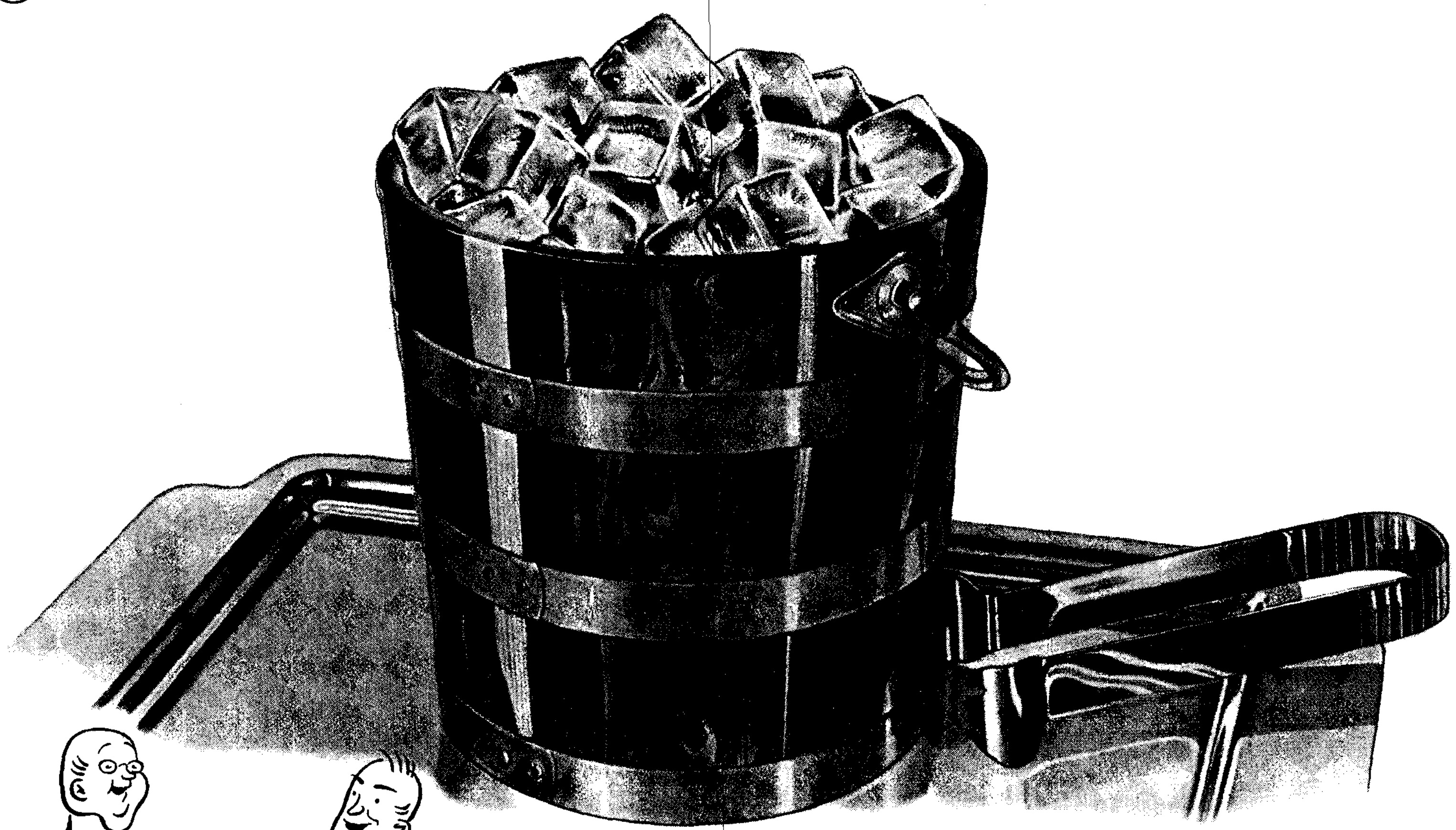
BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Maybe we'd better give him a penny change. Under fifty dollars is just petty larceny in this state"

A bucketful of reasons why good drinks need better bubbles!



In other words, Canada Dry Ginger Ale or Sparkling Water!

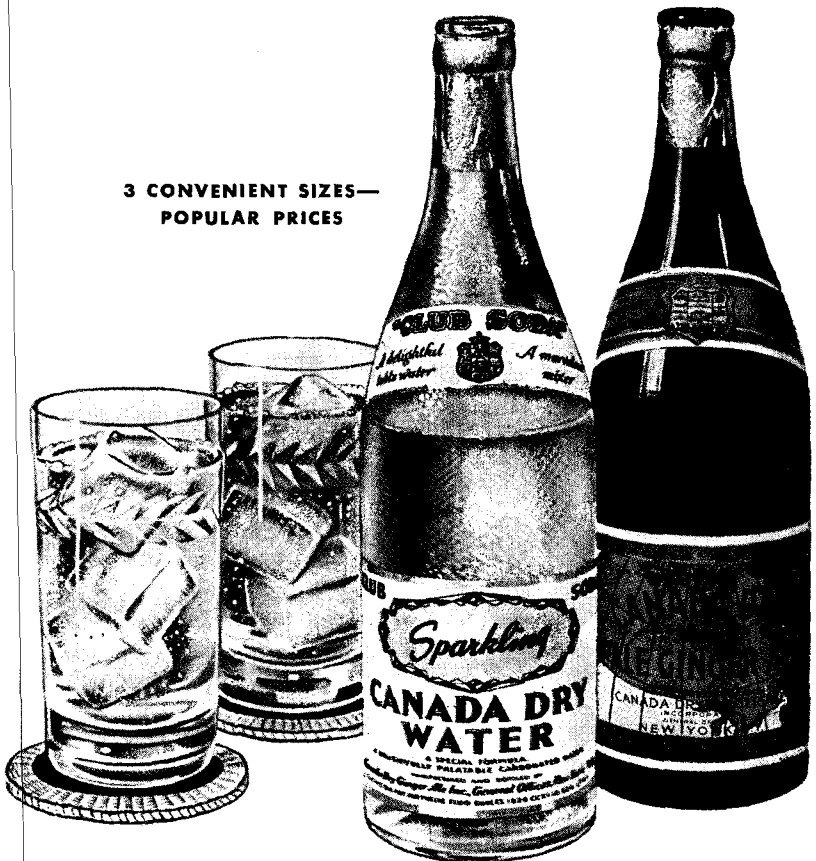
What happens when ice melts? Two things. Your highball's bubbles sneak a ride right out of your drink on air bubbles escaping from the ice . . . and ice water dilutes what's left.

Outsmart the ice—the way thousands of smart people do.

Use Canada Dry Ginger Ale or Sparkling Water. Their pin-point carbonation—millions of tinier bubbles—*carbonates* melting ice . . . preserves sparkle long after ordinary bubbles go A.W.O.L.

For drinks that stay lively keep this "Champagne of Ginger Ales" and "Perfect Club Soda" always on hand. Their superior quality *gives* drinks better taste . . . their pin-point carbonation *preserves* it.

3 CONVENIENT SIZES—
POPULAR PRICES



- For a refreshing Collins, use Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer.
- For a mouth-watering Rickey, use Canada Dry Lime Rickey.
- For a cooling "Gin and Tonic," use Canada Dry Quinine Water.
- For a perfect Cuba Libre, use Canada Dry Spur.

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TALL DRINKS' SOS
(SAVE OUR SPARKLE)

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Our good neighbor, Canada, has become a vast center of military aviation training. ★ And the Royal Canadian Air Force—true to the Dominion's tradition for gallantry in action—is now among the leading defenders of The British Isles and The Empire. ★ Night and day the RCAF insignia—the symbol of superiority—goes forth to glorious battle high above the clouds.

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Symbol of superiority—for more than 109 years—in whiskey distilling and blending is the G & W Label.

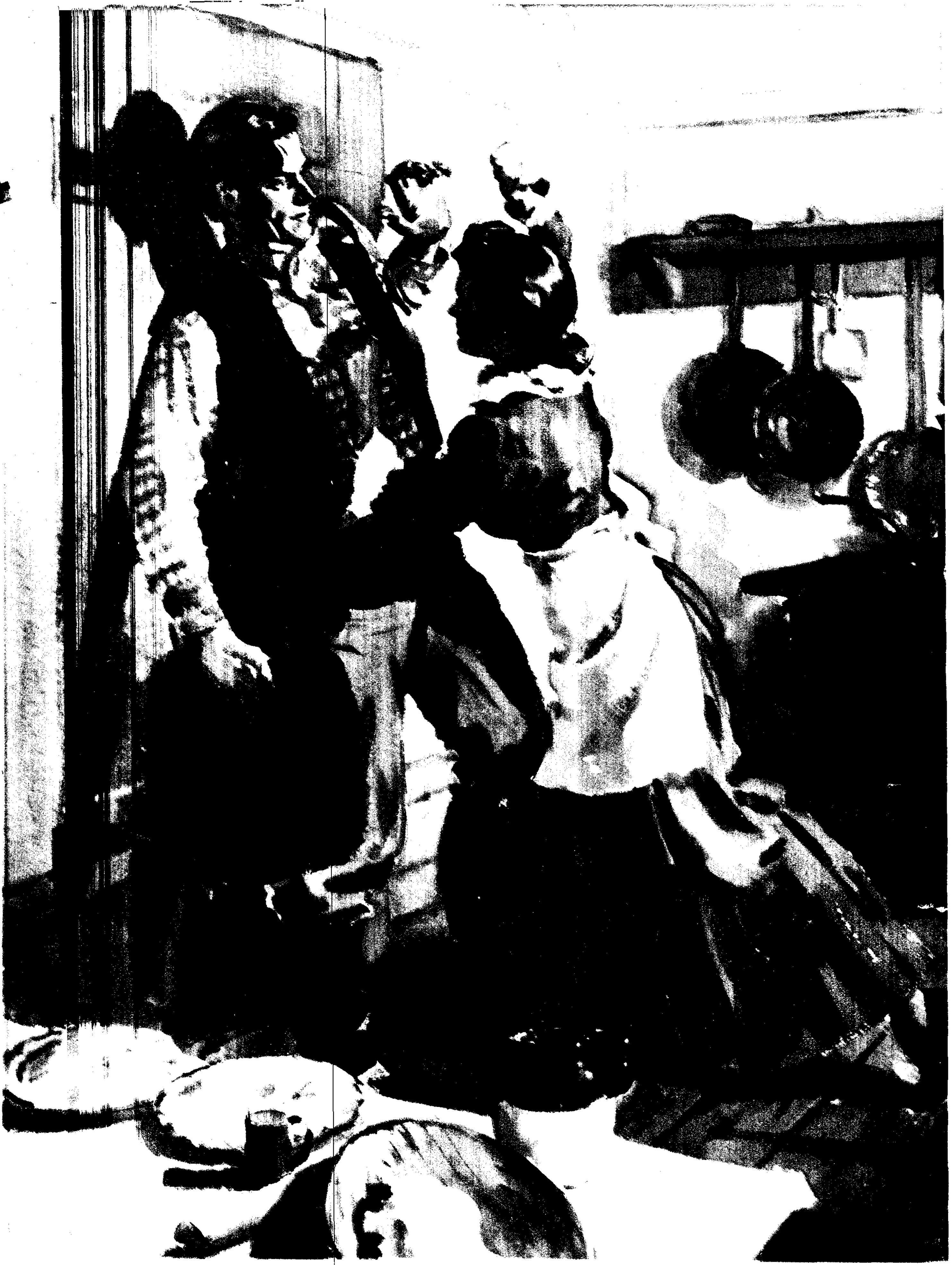
G&W *Whiskeys*

G&W Private Stock, 86 proof, 72½% grain neutral spirits ★ G&W 2-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits ★ G&W 5-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 72½% grain neutral spirits

ALDER GULCH

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



She forced him across the room and flung her full anger at him, "Don't come back—don't ever come back!"

The Story Thus Far:

IN PORTLAND, Oregon, while the Civil War is still raging, Diana Castle, an attractive, self-reliant girl, runs away from her father, who is trying to force her to marry a man whom she does not love. With a young man—Jeff Pierce, who, having killed a brutal sea captain, in self-defense, feels that he dare not risk a trial—she leaves Portland, goes to the new settlement known as Virginia City.

There, in that bustling mining center, they part company. And soon both are making a living—Diana, by baking pies for a restaurant; Pierce, by working a claim that he stakes out, on the advice of a friendly prospector: Barney Morris.

A short time after he reaches Alder Gulch, Pierce learns that a gang of crooks and bandits is operating in the Virginia City area. He is, therefore, not surprised when Morris—preparing to return to his wife, in Ohio—asks him to take his gold savings (worth eight thousand dollars) to near-by Bannack.

On the understanding that Morris will follow him, secretly, Pierce goes to Bannack with the gold, which he deposits, for safekeeping, at the stage office. But Morris never reaches the town—on the way he is murdered by the gang, which soon learns of the disposition Pierce has made of the gold.

Unsuspected by the decent element in the community, the sheriff—a man named Plummer—is at the head of the bandits. His chief aide is George Ives, a clever scoundrel whose enmity Pierce has incurred. At a meeting of the gang—attended by most of the members (including Deputy Sheriff Gallegher and Ollie Rounds, who, although he, too, is a thoroughly dishonest man, has been forced against his will to join the band of ruffians) Plummer issues his orders. He intends, he says, to rob—and run—the entire Alder Gulch area. . . .

Ollie Rounds (who has traces of decency left in him) and Ben Scoggins, a trader, call on Pierce, at his cabin in the Gulch. As the three men converse, a neighbor—Archie Caples—is attacked by a man who rides up to his campfire out of the dark. Pierce, seeing what is going on, rushes to the rescue. He knocks the attacker down, exchanges shots with someone who is hidden in the darkness. Then, listening but unable to see much, he hears steps rattle up the side of a near-by ridge.

V

PIERCE came back, his breath lifting and falling. He found Scoggins and Ollie Rounds and he said, "Let's see," and moved on to Archie Caples' water-damped fire. A few coals still glowed and by that light they saw Caples standing spraddle-legged and uncertain, both hands clasped around his head. "Fellow got away before my senses came back."

Miners were running in from all corners of the Gulch; and a lantern swung forward. Pierce stood lank in the growing light, water shining on his coat. "It wasn't for you, Archie. It was for me."

The oncoming lantern touched these four; and then Ollie Rounds turned and stepped back into the dark and waited until Ben Scoggins joined him. The two returned to their horses and started downgulch for Virginia City.

"A funny thing," said Scoggins.

"No—not funny. They won't let him alone."

"Who you talking about?" asked Ben Scoggins.

Ollie Rounds made no answer to that. Later, on the edge of Virginia, he mentioned something else: "He knew what was up the minute the fellow hit Archie Caples. He knew it all—and he knew what to do. He's cut out for it. You and I are not. You stick to your trade and let Jeff handle the beasts in the jungle." At Wallace Street Ollie turned from Ben. He said again, "But they'll never leave him alone. Too much for one man, no matter how good he is."

THAT was Friday of the second week of his steady labor; on Saturday he worked steadily through the day, cooked his supper and sat back from his fire and slowly smoked his cigar; and as he smoked it the two weeks of unremitting work caught up with him and he felt the staleness in him, and the taste of the cigar grew unpalatable. This was always the penalty of solitariness. A man fed upon himself until his fat was gone and then he had to have another kind of nourishment. Rising, he killed the fire and struck for town.

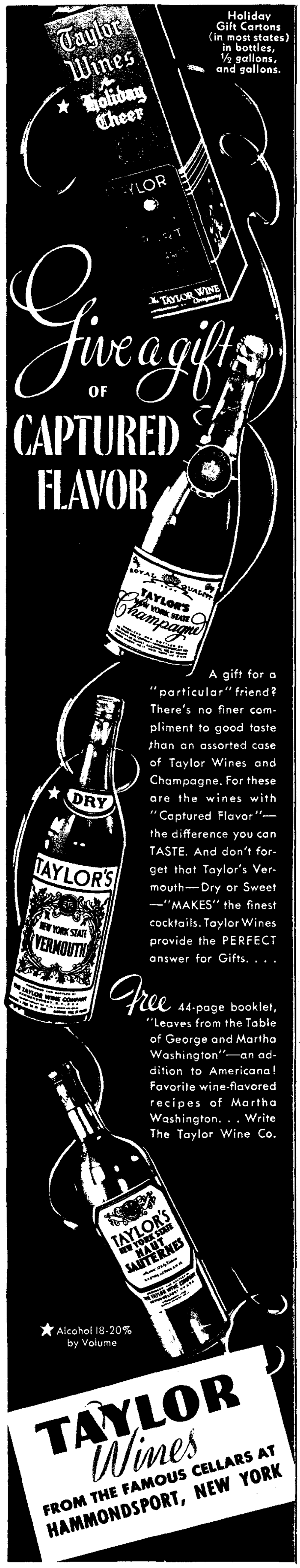
Virginia, in two weeks, was a different camp. It crowded against the Gulch walls, it stretched up the Gulch and it spilled down the Gulch. Cruising forward, he came upon new streets which fourteen days before had not existed and, pushed to the edge of the walk by the crowd, he found himself facing a small single-story frame building across the way on which a newly painted sign said: "Diana Castle's Bakery." He threaded the tight-jammed wagon traffic to the bakery door and as he came to a pause before it he heard Diana's voice at his side: "How are you, Jeff?"

He didn't at this first moment turn to look at her. He kept his eyes on the shop's doorway, and he spoke in a tone as indifferent as her own: "This is it?"

"Yes. It is just finished. The stove was set up today. It was supposed to be for a restaurant down in Central but Ben Scoggins dickered the man out of it."

She went into the shop and came about. He stood fast, seeing the lovely

(Continued on page 55)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The Higher the Better

Continued from page 20

operate at maximum efficiency at altitudes of 16,000 feet and higher—but definitely below the substratosphere—by use of superchargers geared to the engine, driven by mechanical power.

The value of the turbo-supercharger is that it carries sea-level efficiency of the plane motors into the substratosphere.

The turbo-supercharger is not geared to the motor. It is on the turbine principle—that is, a rotor turned by a stream of water or steam or gas—in this case by the hot gases of the motor exhaust; an immensely valuable but otherwise wasted source of energy.

The red-hot exhaust, instead of being allowed to escape into the atmosphere, is conducted through a tube and directed against the vanes of an impeller, or turbine wheel. This sucks outside air in, and "hurries" it back to the carburetor.

The metallurgical and engineering principles involved in dealing with turbine speeds of nearly 30,000 revolutions per minute, exhaust fumes at perhaps 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit, and outside air temperatures of lower than 60 degrees below zero are fundamental secrets of the turbo-supercharger. They are part of the reason that aviation circles here believe that even if the Germans have salvaged the turbo-superchargers from the eight Flying Fortresses they are known to have shot down to date, it would take a year or more of analyses and research before they could duplicate them.

And that's all I can tell you.

The Man

Sanford Alexander Moss, B.S., M.S., University of California, Ph.D., Cornell, makes a curious impact upon any person with an orderly sense of the fitness of things. Inventor of the turbo-supercharger, which makes new degrees of massacre and terror possible for bombing planes, he is shy, gentle, kindly and full of old-fashioned virtues and scruples. One of the world's great scientists—colleague of Steinmetz, Alexanderson, Langmuir, Coolidge, the rest of the famous General Electric group—he is impish, unpredictable, incorrigibly young. Awarded 45 patents for mechanical devices, holder of scientific honors, member of learned societies, in appearance and mannerisms he is a movie director's typical idea of an international detective.

Probably the first thing Dr. Moss will do is ask you to match quarters with him. His associates warn you he uses a two-headed quarter. But he takes a mathematician's refuge in arguing that the law of chance guarantees him an even break—and that in a lifetime of "gambling" he is neither ahead nor behind.

He is small, birdy, quick-eyed, lively—a man whose leg you love to pull. His associates are always doing it. Yet from behind his informality shines boundless dignity and courtliness, upon which no one ever trespasses.

He was born in San Francisco on August 23, 1872, silver-spoonless. From age seventeen, he was entirely on his own. As a machinist's apprentice in San Francisco he earned $4 each 55-hour week, studied drawing and algebra at night school until he earned his credits for the University of California. Once matriculated, he supported himself by cleaning the college machine shop, driving a laundry truck, bookkeeping, reading to a blind student, correcting examination papers. He instructed at California, while getting his master's degree; at Cornell while making his Ph.D. Gas turbines became his passion then; and his researches so interested General Electric he was engaged to continue them. Which he did so well that many of his adaptations became integrated with the company's vast industrial business.

When the United States entered the first World War, he was asked by the government to investigate the problem of superchargers for airplanes—on which some inconclusive work had been done here and abroad. He carted his turbo-supercharger up to Pike's Peak but the work was too late for application in that war. In the early peace years, however, at McCook (now Wright) Field, there were happy practical results: United States Army planes with his turbo led the way into the substratosphere.

Discouragement came, because the Army and industrial people who didn't believe in high flight outnumbered those who did. The turbo went on the shelf; and so, in 1938, after 35 years with General Electric, did Sanford A. Moss.

The war came, with its lessons of altitude, its swift conversion of die-hard minds—and loud yells for Dr. Moss. You know the rest.

At sixty-nine he is the liveliest man in the Lynn works. A speed demon, he is forever arguing with traffic cops—and usually wins because he knows more about the law. He still doesn't like to fly, claiming, reasonably, "What's the use; I can't get out *in the air* to fiddle with the turbo-supercharger!" When the notion seizes him, he will have his beard shaved off without warning. Once he conferred with two colleagues half an hour before they recognized him. Another time, driving home, he waved to his daughter—who promptly ran away. She thought he was trying to pick her up.

He has that blessed faculty of men with untroubled consciences of being able to take a nap at any time or place. When he does so in his office he sits in his chair so arranged that anyone opening the door awakens him. Then he denies he was asleep. Forecasting vocations of children is a hobby. He says he can tell from brief study of any boy of eight what he is fitted to be in life. He can't pick out future inventors, though—because boys of eight don't have Van Dyke beards.

The Valiant Little Gang

Behind Dr. Moss and General Brett—and both are most insistent in calling this to your attention—stand numerous colleagues, many unnamed to fame, such as those four Army privates who shared the bitter war autumn of 1918 on Pikes Peak. Some we know, at Dr. Moss' elbow notably was Adolph Berger, also Reeves, Jones, Chenoweth, Puffer, Grimes, and others.

The Air Corps adherents of the turbo-supercharger deserve a special word, for they held the thin line against traditionalism.

Within the Air Corps is an organization that has vigilantly followed the changing pace of world aeronautical science and, more often than not, led it. The Matériel Division was founded in 1917 as a "laboratory for aeronautical experiment, testing, and research in order to provide adequate aviation equipment for war purposes." Its modern purpose is approximately the same: its present chief is Brigadier General Oliver P. Echols and Brigadier General George C. Kenney is assistant chief. Just before the present war began, its laboratories represented an investment of $10,000,000. Its little group of test pilots and engineers stand foremost in the bravest annals of the air. Their achievements, over 20 years, touch virtually all major aeronautical developments, commercial as well as military. High-octane gas, a lightweight cooling liquid to replace the heavier water, oil dilution for cold-weather starting, night flight, blind flight, radio voice communication between planes and ground, metal propellers, controllable pitch and geared propellers, pressure cabins, parachutes, all these and many other aviation steps were either born or brought up in the Matériel Division.

There, Dr. Moss' turbo-supercharger was first proved, then believed in with a persistence against odds—especially against militarists who seemed to think planes were not here to stay, and even against airmen who scoffed against the possibilities of high-altitude bombing. When this war came with its lessons, the Matériel Division was ready with the turbo at a practical stage.

The most spectacular day in turbo history was February 27, 1920, when Major Rudolph W. ("Shorty") Schroeder, now vice-president of United Air Lines, alone in an open-cockpit, unheated plane, fought to 38,180 feet and became the first human to invade the substratosphere. There, oxygen exhausted, senses numbed, he lifted his frosted goggles for a lookee. Seventy degrees below zero temperature instantly froze his eyeballs. Unconscious, he plunged five miles before he came to; held his eyelids open with one hand while he got the plane on the ground with the other—and was carried to the hospital for a long stay, with heart and other symptoms that gave McCook doctors something to talk about.

Lieutenant Elsey shared much of Schroeder's work. Captains Street and Stevens took a turbo-supercharged plane to more than 37,000 feet; and Lieutenant Macready later made a new record of 40,800 feet. Irvine, Robey, Umstead—these and a fistful of others brought records and glory to the Air Corps with turbo-supercharged planes.

In the hectic controversy of General Billy Mitchell with ground-tied Army die-hards, the turbo played a part. Mitchell, for his demonstration of sinking battleships by aerial bombardment, wanted turbo-equipped planes. Sixty, all told, were prepared for delivery from Mitchel Field, New York, to Langley, in Virginia. The crew of the first got to monkeying with it in flight, accidentally got oil into the turbo, and arrived at Langley in a state of smoke, dismay and confusion which led them to telegraph to the commanding officer of McCook Field that the turbos were no good. He, in turn, wired to Mitchel Field instructions to dismount the other turbos.

Whereupon young Lieutenant Leigh Wade, of first round-the-world-flight history, wired back from Mitchel guaranteeing to deliver personally the more than 50 remaining bombers, if McCook Field would let him. It was no light matter for a young lieutenant to counterproposition a commanding officer thus. But Leigh was a believer. He got the permission—and did the job. Today Major Wade is in the Air Corps Intelligence Division, in Washington.

Today General Brett will have the comforting knowledge that his little old gang of the Matériel Division is still the inspiration for the New Army's 100,000, more or less, of the world's best young flyers.

Be thankful American boys and girls can still play

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Retreat from Moscow

Continued from page 22

the left there was a lighted city. It was a beautiful sight. It is a beautiful sight, of course, only if you have lived month after month in blacked-out cities. This city, Kuibyshev, was so far from the war zone that it was not even blacked-out. The lights twinkled in friendly fashion and the train moved slowly on. We approached the lights and then the train rumbled across a bridge. We looked below into the sluggish waters of the Volga. Its banks were snow-encrusted and masses of ice and snow drifted lazily along with the current.

Morning came quickly and we had coffee which tasted as though it had come from heaven and we had black bread and jam and reveled in the thought that soon we would be in a hotel and in a hot bath and we'd be shaved and separated from these clothes that by now had grown on us. An hour later, of course, we discovered that there was a hotel, sure enough, but a hotel without a bathtub. But we didn't know that, as we stepped from the train into clean, crisp air.

On the station platform there was a signpost telling the mileage to Moscow. It read 630 miles. We had taken exactly 105 hours to make the trip.

Kuibyshev is a large, middle-aged city sprawling on the eastern bank of the Volga. The city wore a rather tired look, as though it had been through a lot. Nevertheless, today Kuibyshev is the wartime capital of Soviet Russia, the news center of the German-Russian campaign and headquarters for most of the government figures.

Stalin remains in the Kremlin, but his aides were nearly all here in this city of unpaved streets and ankle-deep mud, where personal hygiene and comfort are at a minimum. There was a time when the city was known as Samara. Samara is a lovely name, hardly suited to the bleak ugliness of this Volga city.

In 1937 it was renamed Kuibyshev. It was named after Valeman Kuibyshev, and his statue stands in the huge city square. This hardy revolutionist was a great engineer and city planner who was the genius behind the recapture of the city from the Czechs, who occupied it in 1918.

In the summer, when the warm breezes from the Volga blow over it, Kuibyshev is undoubtedly a clean, tidy-looking place, but when winter comes and a warm spell melts the snow one realizes that Kuibyshev has only four paved streets and that life here is more primitive than any city or village in the United States. Rivers of mud slopped down the streets into the Volga. Sleighs, ox-drawn wagons and automobiles became mired in the cloying combination of mud and snow; sewers backed up and water refused to run out of sinks and the very few bathtubs in town. Nature grabbed Kuibyshev by the nape of the neck and shook her, and we mortals unfortunate enough to be living here bore the brunt of her fury.

In 1935, when the last census was taken, Kuibyshev had a population of 200,000. But where once there had only been grain elevators, factories appeared, and the population almost doubled. Six weeks ago it was about half a million. Today it is swollen and bloated with the thousands of refugees who came here fleeing from the scream of Nazi bombs and the terror of Nazi guns. At least a million people now live in this dreary city.

There are two hotels in Kuibyshev—the National, which is reserved for Russians, and the Grand, which has been taken over by the correspondents, a few high-ranking Soviet dignitaries and an overflow of refugees. There were no bathtubs at the Grand and, to put it mildly, personal hygiene is almost nonexistent. Nor was there any heat in the Grand, and we huddled together in the room of one of us lucky enough to have found a small electric heater. In many ways Kuibyshev (except for the virtual absence of beautiful women) would be a fine setting for an Oppenheim novel. Oumansky, recently deposed ambassador to Washington, lived across the hall from me, sharing his cheerless room with two others. The great Vishinsky lived down the hall, and day and night four NKVD (formerly the OGPU) men mounted guard at his door. Vishinsky smiled readily when we passed in the hall. He looked like a genial dean of freshmen at any small college, except that occasionally one noticed a hint of winter in his eyes. His eyes never smiled, and then one remembers that he was the prosecutor in the state trials that resulted in the execution and imprisonment of close to a hundred thousand Soviet citizens, many of whom, it is true, were traitors—many of whom would have made ideal fifth columnists today.

Secretary of State Molotov commuted between Kuibyshev and Moscow, and his chunky figure and bespectacled face were familiar in the main street of this town. He always looked as though he were watching someone else sucking a lemon. Before he left for America, genial, smiling Litvinoff was a familiar of the Grand. By far the most popular of all Russian diplomats, his appointment as ambassador to Washington was hailed with joy by all of us. The dining room at the Grand was usually filled with correspondents, diplomats and uniforms, all waiting very impatiently for vodka, cabbage soup and the monotonous but filling food we were given. There had been no fresh vegetables for weeks but there was plenty of butter and occasionally a sort of French pastry. We could buy five eggs a week at the local food store, and a half pound of cheese.

In the dining room there were Russian, British, Czech and Polish uniforms. Baldheaded General Vladimir Anders, commander in chief of the Polish army in Russia, usually dined with us, his ready smile and quick wit quite disguising the fact that only three months ago he emerged from a rather horrible two years' imprisonment in Russian concentration camps and prisons.

Hats Off to the Poles

General Anders has an army of 150,000 Poles, all of whom hate Germans so they are willing to forget the past two years that all of them spent in work camps or prisons. One felt like taking off one's hat in the presence of any Pole there. Such magnificence of spirit, such fortitude under adversity and such insistence upon vengeance against the Nazi spoilers of their home is awe-inspiring. The Poles are wonderful.

In the dingy dining room of this dreary hotel were, usually, three or four ambassadors and smart-looking R.A.F. officers, and sometimes Colonel Faymonville, the brilliant head of the American Military Mission in charge of carrying on the work of the Harriman Mission of last September.

The Soviet insistence that Russians (except officially) should not mingle with foreigners precluded any kind of so-

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cial life except that which we made ourselves. At least five nights a week we played poker at the Grand or the American embassy. If the expense accounts of foreign correspondents seem high these days it is due chiefly to the skill at cards of Charley Dickerson, first secretary of the American embassy, and Major Joseph Michels, acting military attaché. Lest one think that the embassy staff spends its time in riotous gambling I have to add that we played for the same stakes that the boys around the firehouse in any town play for. If it had not been for poker there is no doubt that many of us would have gone crazy.

The British embassy was the best and by far the most uncomfortable building in town. It is an imposing marble structure with large rooms. They are too large. The embassy staff sleeps eighteen in a room. Ambassador Steinhardt had secured a former schoolhouse for his staff. From the outside it was a drab three-story building facing an unpaved street that was perpetually mud-filled. But there were forty small rooms in the building and no one had to share his room with more than one other. So dependent were we on small bits of gossip to keep from becoming completely intellectually moribund that a new chair or a curtain wangled somehow by an embassy staff member was excuse enough for a party with vodka, salami and bologna to add to our gaiety.

Life was almost normal in Kuibyshev although the streets were filled with uniforms and at dusk each day new recruits drilled in the big square, with searchlights atop the magnificent palace of culture bathing them in pale light. Children, quite unaware that their country is fighting for her life, still learned their A B C's in the elementary schools. One of the most interesting features of Kuibyshev was the *Detsky Saf* on our main street, a nursery kindergarten where children of workingwomen were brought in the morning and where they remained under skilled supervision until the mothers called for them at the end of the day's work. Seen through big plate-glass windows, the sight of fifty clean, happy youngsters playing with dolls or toys was an antidote for less pleasant sights.

Lining up for a Bath

I have mentioned the virtual lack of bathtubs in Kuibyshev. The British embassy had two and the American embassy four, two of which worked. But there were the public baths. You had to wait in line for a long time to be accommodated there, for 5,000 people a day used them. We never bothered, we found that the daily baths we were once accustomed to, though a pleasant affectation and a rather nice luxury, were neither necessary to health or comfort. One gets quite accustomed to going two weeks without a bath.

The public baths afforded us some amusement. One day I saw three ambassadors (Mohammed Saed of Persia, Haidar Atkar of Turkey, General Tatekawa of Japan) and three ministers (Pipinellis of Greece, Fierlinger of Czechoslovakia and Gavrilovitch of Yugoslavia) standing forlornly in line waiting for their turn to dip into the communal tub.

Kuibyshev was so swollen with unexpected visitors that we walked in the streets as a matter of course, trying hard to keep up a pretense of normality. Twice weekly there was a musical comedy at the local theater, and the Kuibyshev ballet company, inferior to the great Bolshoi Ballet of Moscow but still perhaps better than any ballet in America or Britain, rendered Don Quixote, gayest of all ballets.

Such diversions took our minds off

6 SANTA CLAUSES
NO WAITING

THURSTON GENTRY

the slaughter going on seven hundred miles west of us; they took our minds off the constant battle with the press bureau, by far the toughest censorship in the world. We tried desperately to get to the front and, failing that, to Moscow, but had no success. We almost made it, though. We persuaded a Russian playwright, Afinogenov, to intercede for us. He obtained permission to go to Moscow, where he was to see military authorities who might grant us permission to get out of what amounts to exile. He left despite the fact that his new play Mashenka was to open here the night after he left. When the curtain went up on Mashenka at eight-thirty that night he had an appointment somewhere else. At eight-thirty that night he was killed by a bomb in Moscow.

The main street of Kuibyshev is pleasant enough. It is wide and well paved and until the black-out was ordered recently it was well lighted. It is Main Street in the only city for fifty miles around. Rather incredibly, a dozen manicure and hairdressing establishments are located on Main Street and they did a land-office business until midnight. Sometimes there was a line of a hundred women waiting for their turns. Even the ancient waitresses who serve us at the Grand had immaculately manicured nails and waved coiffures. Twenty-five years ago only ten per cent of the people of Russia wore shoes. Today, except for refugees from ruined cities, they are warmly and well-enough dressed and they yearn for the minor luxuries denied them for so many generations. The crowded hairdressing rooms reflected this feeling.

Kuibyshev, hitherto obscure, really came into glory last November 7th, on Soviet Russia's most important anniversary. The Soviet Union was twenty-four years old on that day and, although Stalin remained in the Kremlin and reviewed troops in Red Square, the main celebration took place in Kuibyshev. The day was cold. Clouds too numb to move hung low against a dull, sullen sky. Twenty thousand troops massed in Kuibyshev Square and the great men appeared on the platform to review them as they marched by. Little Kalinin, president of the U.S.S.R., was there, plucking at his thin beard with cold hands. Vishinsky, Oumansky and Litvinoff were there, and even the great Marshal Voroshiloff had come from the front to review the Red army.

They paraded by with their tanks and their artillery and you didn't have to be Russian to feel a pride in these grim-faced fighting men. They did not look like men who had been beaten. They did not look like men who would ever be beaten.

The river boats still tie up to the docks on the banks of the Volga. Once they brought grain and traders who bartered shawls and shoes for food or kopeks. Today they unload pitiful groups of refugees and it was difficult to spend more than an hour watching them emerge from the badly overcrowded boats. The misery in the hearts of these elderly men and women who had come from destroyed front-line towns shows in their dull, lusterless eyes. Nearly all of them have lost sons or relatives at the front and to them life is over. They squatted apathetically by their belongings, mud oozing through their broken shoes and when it snows they neither move nor seek cover.

Now and then one would talk. One who had come from the south cried a little as she told of the nights of bombing which preceded the German occupation of her village. The bombing killed her daughter; her two sons had already been killed at the front. Her house on fire, she rescued what she could and waited outside. She couldn't run; she was too numb. The Germans came. Only the very old like herself were left. The Germans had no use for them. According to their well-established custom, they had immediately searched every house in the town for food and had then fixed up the biggest house for use as a brothel. By now the front had gone further on toward Moscow, and this was a second-line village. Then came the miserable Polish and Czech women who had been used by the German army ever since the occupation of those countries. The Nazi high command wants its soldiers to be happy.

A Story that Persists

It was an old tale heard a hundred times before. Its accuracy cannot be doubted. Hoping to win favor from the natives of occupied Russia, the Germans have left the Soviet women reasonably alone. Invariably they bring in their female prisoners of war to amuse the troops. The stories of refugees from front-line towns were very seldom in detail. But always, even though the towns were separated by 500 miles, there was always the story of the enslaved women of Poland and Czechoslovakia. Army morale must be maintained.

The stories that recently freed Poles tell are not pretty either. I spoke to four one day: a doctor, a schoolmaster, an accountant and an engineer. All were pitifully thin but each, despite his two years of Russian prisons, had volunteered to join General Anders' army. Only one of them broke down while telling his story. The accountant, a wisp of a man with a thin beard, suddenly began to cry. I think it was because we—I was with a Polish general—gave him cigarettes and lit them and called him Mister. Then he wiped his tears away with his tattered sleeve and apologized. "It is the first time in more than two years," he said, "that I have shown any weakness."

"And now?" I asked him.

"And now I hope I will live long enough to kill some Germans," he said grimly.

This, then, was Kuibyshev. There was boredom here among the correspondents and the diplomats. There was almost unbelievable misery among the refugees. There were hunger and disease, and the great venerated leaders of the party and government were there. There was everything except a spirit of defeatism. Not even the most miserable, numbed refugee waiting in line for hours to get a bowl of soup and a bit of bread would admit that there is the slightest chance of Germany conquering this vast country. And there was nothing but universal admiration for Stalin, the man who stayed in Moscow. Timoshenko and Budenny and Voroshiloff were almost household deities, and every man, woman and child in this Volga city knew that they would eventually be victorious. This, then, was Kuibyshev, rather magnificent in her shabbiness.

Alder Gulch

Continued from page 51

shine of her hair against the lamplight and the roundness of her shoulder points and the straight line of her body. Her eyes were cool. She wasn't smiling and in a way she seemed still to be judging him and finding him wanting. But she said: "Come in."

He entered the shop and then he did a thing which, when she came to think of it, was typical of him; he reached out and closed the door so that he would not be exposed to sudden attack. That kind of suspicion and self-defense never left him; his life had been violent for so long that it was an unconscious reaction. He was very tall in the room and he had recently shaved and his face had a thick tan compounded of all his outdoor years and his eyes were dense blue and his cheekbones stood high and pronounced against his skin. He had on a pair of brown trousers and a miner's checked double-breasted shirt. Suddenly he reached up and removed his hat and he unexpectedly smiled, so that now the lean formidableness left him and he was a man she liked—and wished she could continue to like forever.

"Well," he said, "this is it?"

"Yes," she said, "I found my place."

"You're doing all this by yourself?"

"No. I have a baker to help me. You see my stove?"

It was a long, black restaurant range, scarred by its travels through this country, but she was obviously very proud of it. A coffee pot simmered on it, reminding her of a hospitable gesture. She went to a cupboard and brought out a cup, and poured coffee for him; and got him a piece of pie. "You're thinner than when I saw you last."

He tried the pie. He said, "You're a good cook, Diana."

"I learned to cook when I was a little girl." Some thought came to him, its keen reaction showing on his face; when she was aware of it she dropped her eyes, not sure of how she should feel toward this man who had so desperately hurt her. But a moment later she brought her eyes back to him; and this was the way they stood over a long moment, no longer smiling, but reading each other until at last memory darkened her expression. She was thinking as he was thinking—of the night he had kissed her.

"You're happy here?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm useful. I'm alive. I am doing something." She shrugged her shoulders and changed the subject: "I suppose you know I have taken Lily Beth for a while. We have a cabin on Wallace Street."

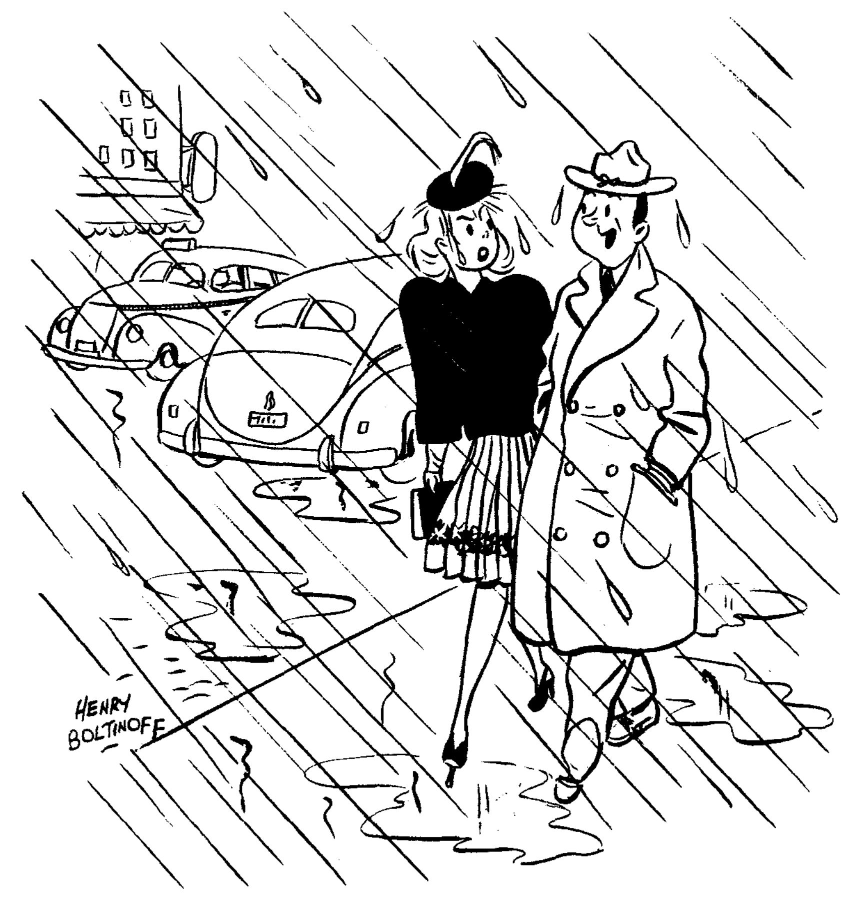
"Where's her mother?"

"I haven't asked. But I suspect Mr. Temperton took Lily Beth away from her."

HE MOVED restlessly around the room. She watched him, knowing him better than he knew himself. He was a man out of joint with himself, with great feeling and great wants imprisoned within the walls of his own black discipline. He was like a boiler with no outlet; one day the boiler would burst and he would destroy himself. The thought of it brought a trace of pity to her face, and then she was startled to hear him speak her name in an odd way. "Diana," he said, and looked as though he wished to crush her, or kiss her. He had his hands behind him and he was so near to her that she saw her own reflection in his eyes. She stood fast, remembering that she had once offered this man everything and that he had misjudged her, yet almost ready to forgive him for all the hurt he had caused her.

Somebody tapped lightly on the door, and Will Temperton pushed it before him. He saw them and he said in his cool voice: "Sorry. Hadn't meant to intrude."

Pierce turned about. "No intrusion,"



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he said as short and hard as he could speak the words.

Temperton inclined his head. He said, "I only wondered if there was anything you wished me to get for Lily Beth, Diana."

"No," said Diana. "There's nothing in town for her. We'll wait until Dance and Stuart's wagons come over from Salt Lake."

"Yes," said Temperton, "I suppose. Be sure and buy whatever you need." He gave Pierce the straight and sharp look of one who had his judgments but held them back, and turned out of the shop.

Pierce wheeled to Diana and then she saw everything had changed between them and her hope of goodness to come went away. It was in the new way he looked at her. He smiled a little, but it was a smile that came through the risen clouds of that old mistrust. For a moment he had forgotten; now he remembered and she was clearly aware of what he thought and what he felt about her. She waited for him to speak and then had her great shock. He took a step to her and closed her into his long arms and kissed her.

She held herself still until she knew from what terrible frame of mind he had acted; thereafter, more outraged than she had ever known herself to be, more deeply hurt and inexpressibly ashamed, she pushed him away. She lifted both hands and struck his chest and forced him across the room until his shoulders hit the door, and she flung her full anger at him, "Don't come back—don't ever come back!"

Had she been less angry she would have pitied him again for the self-hatred he showed at the moment. He said in a completely dead tone, "I am sorry," and left the room.

HE WENT along Wallace Street with his head lowered, a man furious at his own folly; he used his arms to push a way through the crowd. The Pantheon was across the street and he turned over and entered the dance hall. There was no vacant space at the bar but he made a place by driving his shoulder between a pair of men, sliding them aside. He put both arms on the bar and waited for the bottle to come; and he took his drink. The music stopped and partners promenaded and he heard the laughter of the girls beside him.

"What's wrong, Jeff?"

Lil stood by, smiling at him. She had a partner but she turned her back to the partner and watched Pierce.

"Nothing," he said.

"Nothing," she said, "is everything. How long have you been up the creek working?"

"Two weeks."

"That's what's wrong."

"Why?" he said, and for the first time seemed to take interest in her.

She said, "If men could live alone do you suppose there would be women like me in places like this?"

"Why should you be here, Lil? I always wondered."

"Don't ask foolish questions."

"No," he said. "I won't."

He led her to the bar after the dance. She watched him take his whisky and she watched its effect on him. "But don't drink too much, will you?"

"No," he said, "I won't," and watched her go away with another miner. He helped himself to a final drink and paid for it; as he turned from the bar he discovered Rube Ketchum at the hall's doorway, looking in—looking at him.

Ketchum immediately turned back into the street. Pierce started toward the door and came against a man directly in his path. He pushed the man aside, walked straight through the dancing couples and shoved his way to the door. When he got outside he saw Ketchum at that moment passing into Tanner's, whereupon he left the walk, ducked around a six-horse team and reached Tanner's.

When in Virginia City, George Ives usually held out at Tanner's, invariably standing at the far end of the bar wherefrom he commanded a view of the crowd and the doors. Ketchum, hurrying into the saloon, spotted Ives and shoved through the crowd. "He's on my trail, George. He's coming."

Ives' mind was of the sort that seized upon chance like a trap. He said at once, "Go halfway down the bar. Just stand there. Don't look at him." He pushed Ketchum away with a hand and thereafter wheeled on Steve Marshland and Frank Parrish who were near him. "Move around the room." Then he looked through the crowd until he caught Jack Gallegher's attention, and nodded. Gallegher stepped back against the far wall.

Pierce came into Tanner's and immediately located Ketchum. The man was at the bar, drinking, but he faced the back bar mirror and so had a view of his rear. Pushing forward, Pierce found a spot near Ketchum and signaled for a bottle and glass and meanwhile took time to consider his surroundings. He located Ives and he spotted both Gallegher and Steve Marshland, but at the moment he thought nothing of them. Ollie Rounds, he discovered, was bucking a faro game, and Temperton dealt at a middle table. Ben Scoggins was just then entering the saloon; he discovered Pierce and moved over.

He said, cheerfully, "Shook yourself loose from the diggin's, I notice."

A pair of men left the bar, so that now Pierce and Ketchum were side by side. Ben turned to occupy the vacant place and showed a small surprise when Pierce cut in front of him, crowding against Ketchum. His shoulder rammed Ketchum's shoulder, whereupon Ketchum spread his legs and braced himself against the pressure. Still, he did not look directly at Pierce. He raised his whisky glass and when he did so Pierce gave him a full shove which spilled the liquor; that aggression forced Ketchum against the tight rank of men at the bar and someone down the line said irritably, "What the hell's the matter up there?"

Scoggins asked, "What's up, Jeff?"

"Nothing," said Pierce. "Just pushing a ——," and he used one unmentionable phrase on Ketchum, "out of the way."

Ketchum slid beyond the reach of Pierce's shoulders. He held both arms on the bar and he continued to watch the big man through the back-bar mirror with a cautious and wooden expression. This seemed strange to Ben Scoggins but as he looked around the room and noticed Ives and certain other toughs now watching the play he thought he knew how things moved. He came near Pierce, murmuring, "You are in a pocket."

Ollie Rounds had turned from the faro game to observe, whereupon Ben Scoggins made a signal with his hand which Ollie acknowledged by the briefest dip of his head. Jack Gallegher now strolled over the room to Ketchum's side. "How's things going, Rube?" he said. "Everything all right?"

Pierce idly turned and caught Ketchum in the ribs with the point of his elbow. Ketchum flinched and backed away, at last directly facing Pierce.

"Cut it out," he said.

"When you come to see me," stated Pierce, "come during the day."

"What's that?" asked Ketchum.

GALLEGHER remained to the rear of Ketchum, silently backing up the dull, black-witted man. He watched Pierce quite closely but at times his glance lifted to the far end of the bar. Ben Scoggins turned his attention to see what lay there and when he discovered Ives at the bar's end he grew increasingly troubled. He put his glance on Gallegher and he stepped around Ketchum and stood beside Gallegher, at once drawing the deputy's aroused stare. "What the hell you doing here?" he grunted.

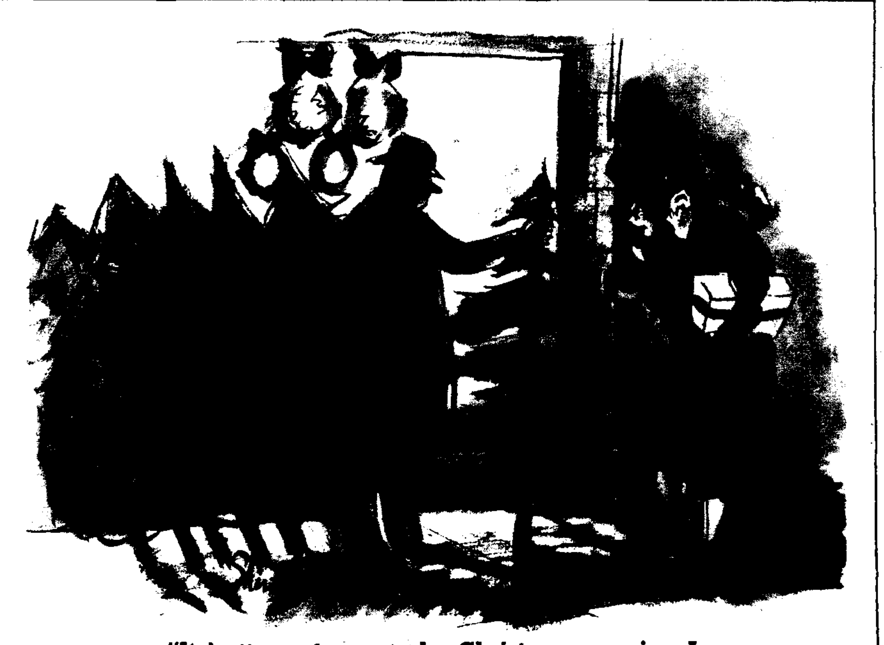
"Nothing—nothing at all," murmured Ben. "But I've got a forty-four in my pocket."

"Take your dime out of this game and go back to your store. You'll get hurt."

Scoggins grinned at the deputy; it was not a full grin and not an entirely easy one but it covered, he hoped, the cool and trembling excitement in him. He stuck to his position. Ollie Rounds, he noticed from the corner of his eyes, hadn't moved from the faro table. Ollie closely watched Pierce, and the crowd in the saloon was also watching. The quarrel by now was clear to everyone.

Ketchum meanwhile seemed to find an answer to his problem, for he scowled at Pierce and said, "You go to hell, Pierce."

He had not quite finished before Pierce batted him across the face with his open palm. Ketchum bared his teeth, shut his eyes and lunged forward with both arms wide flung like a wres-



"It isn't sturdy enough. Christmas morning I expect to find a set of foxes hanging from it"

BARBARA SHERMUND

tler's. Pierce seized one arm and wheeled close against Ketchum; he pulled Ketchum's arm over his shoulder and he ducked and gave a sharp twist. Ketchum yelled and came off his feet and plunged headlong out into the center floor, rolling against the edge of the crowd, and falling. Players at the near-by poker tables scrambled away, kicking their chairs aside. Ketchum started to rise and got as far as his knees when Pierce ran in, seized a poker table and smashed it into Ketchum, sending the man down again. The rim of the table struck Ketchum on the head and when he dropped he lay without motion.

Gallegher called, "Pierce, I've got to take your gun—"

Ben Scoggins, who had never moved away from the deputy, now murmured, "Shut up and stay out of this." Gallegher swung on him, furious at the check. Ben's smile was a smaller and smaller crease on his freckled face, but he kept a hand in his pocket, snugged against the forty-four he said he carried there, and he met Gallegher's blistering glance and held the deputy out of the play.

It was all he could do and he feared it wasn't enough, for Steve Marshland moved across to the main door and stood by it, and Frank Parrish sifted through the crowd, and Ives called out, "Let him alone, Pierce."

Pierce said, "Don't send him after me again, George."

"Who sent him after you?" challenged Ives. "What would I do that for?"

Now Ben Scoggins saw how it was meant to be. Ives and Ives' friends had neatly pulled Pierce into Tanner's and presently the trap would close. Meanwhile Ollie Rounds stood alone by the abandoned faro rig, all other players having retreated to the wall, and Ollie listened and watched and showed no feeling. Ives' entrance into the scene had changed the atmosphere for the crowd, so that men began to drift toward Tanner's back door and leave the saloon; and Dutch John Wagner appeared from somewhere and took stand, narrowly watching Pierce. Ben Scoggins, feeling the increase of pressure, risked removing his glance from Gallegher long enough to cast a questioning look at Pierce, wondering if Pierce knew the thorough danger he faced. The big man continued to watch Ives with complete attention, seeming not to know he was under fire from Wagner, from Marshland, from Parrish.

Pierce said, "Don't lie, George."

OLLIE ROUNDS, standing at the faro rig, abruptly reached down and lifted the cased cards and threw them on the floor. He kicked at them with his feet and he stepped across the room until he was behind Pierce, between Pierce and Parrish. He kept going until he had gotten beside Parrish. Here he stopped.

The crowd watched this, now fully silent while Ives and Pierce faced each other across the room. Sweat cracked through Ben Scoggins' skin and the muscles at the back of his neck began to ache. Ives began to laugh in a hard, short way; his fair skin turned florid and his eyes had bright, dancing points in them. "You're calling me names, you counterfeit fourflusher. Come on, we'll see how thin your liver is—"

He made a gesture with his shoulder and Scoggins, now forgetting Gallegher, saw Dutch John Wagner stiffen and make his pull. Scoggins yelled, "Look aside, Jeff!" But Pierce had seen this and flung up his gun and fired and knocked Dutch John off his feet. The echo smashed the four walls of Tanner's; men here and there dropped flat on the floor. Pierce ran at Ives, flat-footed. Ives, never moving from the bar's end, watched Pierce and ceased to smile, and never moved. Dutch John started to shout and thresh on the floor. "My shoulder's bleedin'! Where's Steele—get Steele!" Nobody seemed to hear him.

Pierce stopped within arm's reach of Ives. Scoggins, hard-pressed to keep up with the swift onrush of this scene, got to wondering why it was that Ives had not tried to draw, and why it was that Steve Marshland, unguarded at the door, had not entered the play. Again taking his attention from Jack Gallegher, he looked back at the door and saw Jim Williams standing in it, quiet and bulky and very watchful, and freezing Marshland out of action by his presence.

Scoggins heard Pierce say, "You still think this is fun, George? I told you to let me alone." Then he did something that made Scoggins wince. He lifted his gun so rapidly that Ives had no time for defense and he smashed the barrel down on Ives' head and dropped the man senseless to the floor. Immediately he whirled around to face Parrish and Marshland. He saw Gallegher, and called, "What did you start to say, Jack?"

"We've got no quarrel," Gallegher immediately answered.

"Get out of my sight."

Gallegher wheeled in quick obedience toward the door. Scoggins now joined Pierce, and Jim Williams turned, and these three followed Gallegher out; they watched Gallegher fade into Van Buren. Williams said, "You pushed that hard, Jeff."

"Yes," said Pierce. Sound began to rise from Tanner's and Dutch John Wagner shouted, "Get Steele, somebody—"

Williams murmured, "Ives will bear it in mind."

"I expect so," agreed Pierce. He said, to both of them, "Thanks," and turned down Wallace.

BY SEPTEMBER Alder Gulch was staked out solidly and the steady stream of newly arrived were pushing into adjoining gulches and deeper into the Rocky Chain. A. J. Oliver and Peabody and Caldwell had their stage lines established from Virginia City through Bannack and on to Salt Lake. Bummer Dan McFadden, living on handouts, was one day ejected from a saloon. Aimlessly wandering, Bummer Dan struck a borrowed pick into a discarded claim and discovered the richest bar in the Gulch. Flour went up to seventy dollars a sack. In the hill cemetery slept a growing company of men violently come to death. Idaho Street appeared in Virginia and the camp jumped Daylight Creek. The Virginia Hotel went up, and Pfouts and Russell's store, Dance and Stuart's store, the Planter's Hotel and the Peoples' Theater. Wood replaced log and canvas here and there and presently Virginia was a solid town.

A man named Fields was killed back of Tanner's for nothing more valuable than a two-dollar nugget on his watch chain. Harry Morphy, a miner with a thousand-dollar stake, set out from Virginia City to Salt Lake and vanished entirely. Two roughs killed a third rough in broad daylight between Daly's and Dempsey's, under view of twenty people, and rode slowly away. Late summer's heat struck the Tobacco Root Mountains and poured into the Gulch and tempers grew hotter all along Alder, and the roughs more openly predatory, and Virginia went into its full swing so that it had its man for breakfast every morning.

A tough stood up two miners at dusk on Daylight Grade and relieved them of a joint thirty dollars. "Gentlemen," said the tough, "next time I brace you, have more money in your possession or I will kill you."

A. J. Oliver came up the Gulch one

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morning in the middle of September to talk to Pierce.

"I need a driver on tomorrow's run. Harry German's sick. You've handled the ribbons, I understand."

"All right," said Pierce.

Oliver said, "Cap Boyd is booked to ride the stage. He's carrying twenty-five-hundred dollars in dust. Nobody knows of it, but it might leak out. Freight outfit left Bannack two days ago for Salt Lake. I had intended sending Barney Morris' money by them but I got word that the Innocents were watching, so I didn't. That wagon train was held up last night."

Pierce said, "Then it won't be held up again. If I drive the stage through tomorrow I'll hit Bannack after dark. I'll eat supper. Now if I could have a horse waiting somewhere on the edge of town, and if I could get that money I'd ride after the freight outfit, hand them the dust—and it would be safe enough."

Oliver said, "I'll go to Bannack tonight. Your horse will be waiting in a shed at the end of the street, that last shed on the road to Horse Prairie. I'll get Barney Morris' money and carry it to the shed. There's some two-by-four stringers that hold the shed rafters together, and some planks thrown on top of the two-by-fours. You get into the shed and reach up and you'll find the bags in a leather cantina on the planks."

"All right."

Oliver said, "Joe Gallup is head man in that freight outfit. Give the money to him."

Oliver had remained outside the range of Pierce's fire and had kept his voice down. Now he looked around him, closely eying the shadows and long listening. "Stage pulls out from the hotel at five," he said, and went away.

PIERCE let his fire die and sat in the darkness, engaged in his practical thoughts; and in a short while he went over to Archie Caples' fire. "Archie," he said, "I'm weary of working and I'm going to take a trip in the Tobacco Roots. If I don't show up on the third day, maybe you'd work my claims."

"Sure," said Caples. But he grinned a little at Pierce, by which Pierce understood Caples' skepticism. In these hills and in this camp nothing was what it seemed to be. Caution was on them all. Pierce returned to his cabin in the side canyon, dug his gold pouches out of a sack of beans, and moved down the Gulch. He slipped between Virginia's tent rows, skirted the black wall of The Pantheon and so came to Dance and Stuart's store. At this hour it was crowded, but he caught W. B. Dance's eye and led him back toward the office.

"Like to leave my dust in your safe," he said.

Dance took Pierce's poke, wrote Pierce's name on a slip of paper and stuffed it into the neck of the poke. The safe stood in a corner, its door ajar. When Dance pulled the door back Pierce saw the layers of other pouches on the safe's bottom. "Young fortune there," he said.

"That gives you the idea," said Dance wryly. "Some day we'll have to run the scoundrels out."

Pierce said, "Who's going to start that?"

"There's enough honest men to do it any time."

"Takes something better than honesty," Pierce answered. "The meek will never inherit Alder." He made his way back through the crowd, through the aisles of sacked goods and kerosene and canned peaches, past the shelves of shirts and trousers and supplies. Clubfoot George sat in one corner, stooped over his shoemaker's last. He looked at Pierce and showed his sharp curiosity. He said, "Evenin', Pierce," and got Pierce's nod.

Pierce had a drink at the Senate and loitered a little while watching a poker game, and turned down Wallace Street. He met Ollie and stopped for a chat. He said, "I'm going to have a little fun tomorrow and drive stage," and moved on. The lights of Diana's bakery fanned through an open door. He saw her standing behind a counter and he stood at the edge of the walk, hard in thought, with the rankling memory of their last scene reviving, with some of its suspicion and its wonder coming back. Then, head down, he plowed his way through the crowd and returned up the Gulch.

CAP BOYD was a jolly man who, having made his stake in the Gulch, now prepared to depart from the scenes of his adventure. He had imposed strict secrecy upon himself and upon his friends, well knowing that any man who rode the stage to Bannack with twenty-five-hundred dollars of gold dust in his belt was powerful bait for the Innocents. But still he was a jolly man and accordingly gathered his few chosen friends around him in the Senate for a last round of drinks.

That last round became an endless circle which, begun in the Senate, moved on to the Pony, thence to the Alcazar and at last near midnight ended in Tanner's. By that time the group of friends had grown into a young crowd and somewhere near the shank of the evening Gallegher joined him for the inevitable "Just one more drink, boys, before I leave." Cap shook hands warmly with Gallegher and mentioned the sorrow he felt upon departing from the Gulch, which had been so good to him; and the last thing he remembered was his friends supporting him through the doorway of the Virginia hotel, all of them singing one of the less respectable versions of John Brown.

Gallegher detached himself from Cap's party at Tanner's and sauntered to the back room, to be presently joined by Ives and Marshland. Clubfoot George later came in. Clubfoot said, "Pierce left his dust in Dance's safe."

"So," said Ives, and drew a long breath of smoke from his cigar. He squinted at the ceiling. "That's a giveaway, I think. Harry German's sick, so he won't be driving. I happen to know Oliver once asked Pierce to drive relief."

"Might be," said Gallegher. "I just found out Cap Boyd's going out on that stage. He's got his dust in a money belt. It'll be around his belly."

"Should be sizable," said Ives, and began to make his plans. "Steve and I will ride down tonight. We'll be camped somewhere beyond the Beaverhead. In a draw, about halfway to Bunton's. We'll stop the stage there." But, being a careful man, and one who also liked to spike all chances, he improved upon the idea: "I'll have Bob Zachary go to Dempsey's roadhouse. He'll get on there as a passenger and ride with the driver. When Steve and I show up from the Gulch, Zachary can throw a fit of being scared and put on a nice show for us. If the driver tries to draw, Zachary can nudge against him, pretending to be scared, and spoil his aim."

"Might be a crowd inside the coach to put up a fight," suggested Marshland.

"We need another man riding inside as passenger. I'll find somebody for that." He looked at Clubfoot. "You hear who else is booked on the stage?"

"Pfouts is going through. Don't know who else."

"Pfouts could be tough," said Ives. "But I think he's too old a hand to start a fight with the odds against him. If he does the other fellow we plant in the coach can act scared, too, and sort of talk Pfouts out of it. All right."

HE TURNED to the main room, met Ollie Rounds, and walked to the street with him. "Steve and I are tackling the stage beyond the Beaverhead tomorrow. Need a man to go down to Adobetown tonight and go on as passenger when it comes through. If the passengers get tough, you're to play scared. Or to be practical about it and talk them out of shooting. Bob Zachary will get on at Dempsey's and ride beside the driver—doing the same thing."

Ollie said, idly, "Don't want to leave Virginia tonight, George."

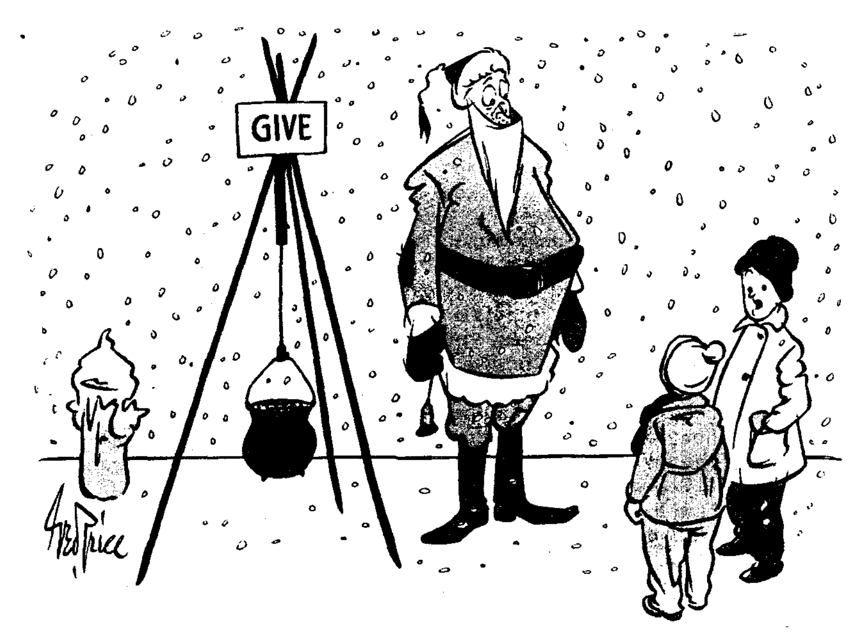
Ives, who was a ladies' man, came to quick conclusions. He grinned. "Woman?"

Rounds smiled. "I never talk about the ladies, George."

"One of those ex-gentlemen, aren't you?"

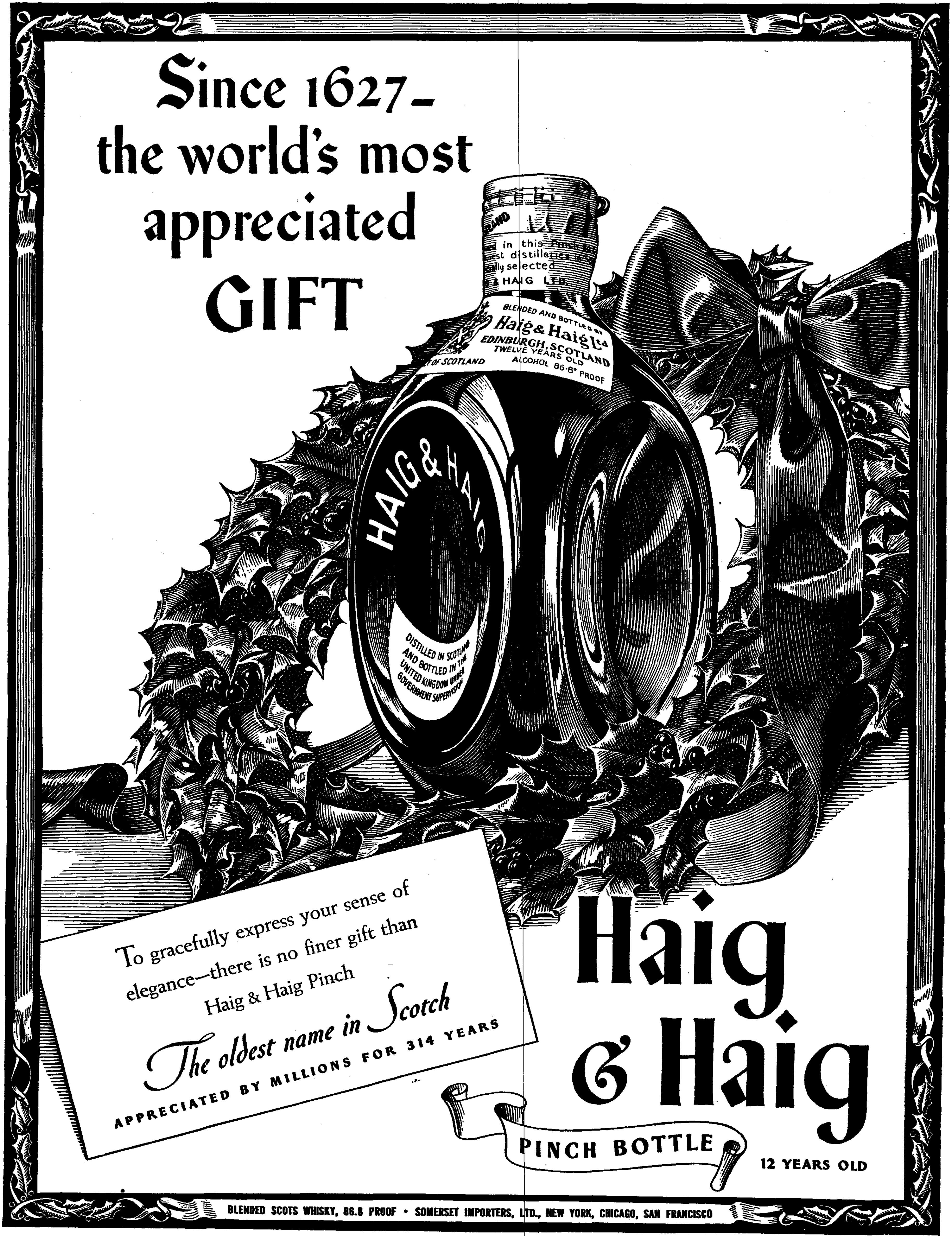
Ollie quit smiling. "That's my business."

"Don't get sore," said Ives. He had lost the light on his cigar and now took time to ignite it. He moved on to Baker's stable and later reappeared, riding to Van Buren and disappearing. Ollie Rounds stood fast, still outwardly indifferent. Rube Ketchum was on the other side of the street—and Rube was watching him out of dull, never-trusting eyes. After a while Marshland and Gallegher came from the saloon. Both men spoke to him, Gallegher stopping. Gallegher said, "Good luck, Steve," and



"At the risk of shattering childhood's most cherished belief, meet my father!"

GEORGE PRICE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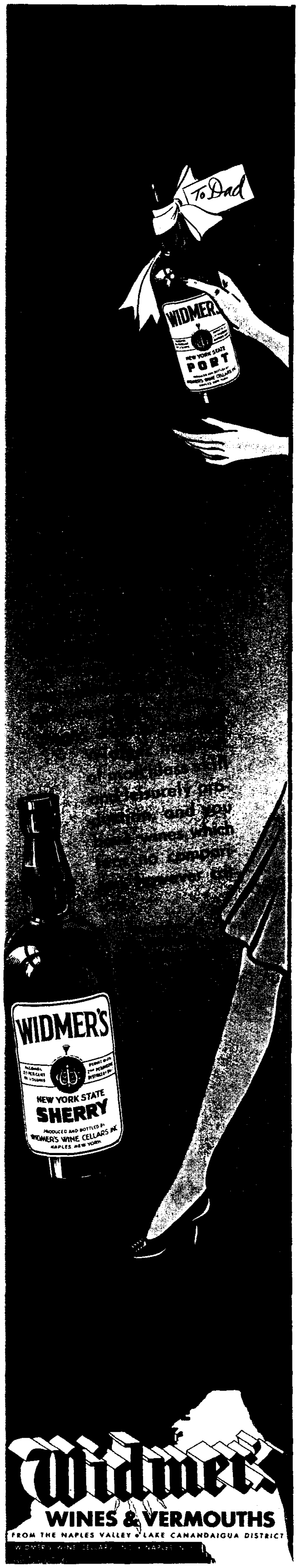

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Marshland nodded and went away. Presently he too rode into Van Buren.

"You know what's up?" asked Gallegher.

"Yes."

Gallegher laughed, short and unamused, finding pleasure in the retribution to come. "If Pierce is driving, he'll be a dead man by tomorrow night," and strolled on.

Ollie Rounds lighted a cigar and, as he cupped the match to the cigar's point, he took this opportunity to scan the far walk, where Rube Ketchum had been. Rube was out of sight, but Rube would still be watching. The man had that constant suspicion, that never-forgetting streak of brutal patience. Rounds crushed the match between his fingers and he tipped his head and watched the black night sky. Nick Tibault came by and said, "Hello, Mr. Rounds," and stopped to look in at Tanner's.

"Go in and have some fun," suggested Ollie. "You work too hard."

Young Tibault shook his head. "Anna wouldn't like it," he said, and turned from temptation.

Somewhere Rube Ketchum hid himself and watched with his small red-rimmed eyes. Rounds left his place by the saloon wall and moved along Wallace in pacing slowness. He came to Van Buren, teetered at the walk's edge for a full three minutes as a wholly idle man might, crossed over and returned on the opposite walk of the street, turning into Diana Castle's bakery.

Diana was at the moment waiting on a miner. Rounds waited until the miner had gone, and looked into the rear of the shop to be sure the baker was gone. "I'm in need of a couple doughnuts, Diana," he said.

"How would you like a cup of coffee to go with them?"

She had always liked him, he thought; she had never seen through him. "Just the doughnuts," he said. He brought out a half dollar but Diana shook her head. "We came upriver together, Ollie. So this is on the house."

"Stick by your friends, don't you?"

"Yes."

He said quietly, "Jeff's driving Oliver's stage to Bannack in the morning. It will be held up beyond the Beaverhead. They're laying for him particularly. I can't go to Jeff—I'm being spotted. But I'll find Ben Scoggins. I'll tell him to come here. Have him warn Jeff not to make that trip." He put the doughnuts into his pocket, noticing the flare of real fear in her eyes. As he went out he thought of this. There was something wrong between Diana and Jeff, and it was now odd to find that she had any feeling for the long-legged tough man up the Gulch.

IT WAS near midnight then, with the crowd thinning out and the stores closing one by one. Rounds had meant to cut in behind Scoggins' store and take the rear door, but when he got to Idaho Street he saw Scoggins come out, lock up his store, and walk away. Rounds crossed the street and so moved up behind Scoggins. He murmured, "Go see Diana," and turned across the street, circling back to Tanner's. He put himself at the bar and took a pair of whiskies straight, afterward joining a late game at Will Temperton's table.

Scoggins had a drink and a bite of lunch in the Senate and then went to Diana's, there waiting for her to close shop. They walked along Wallace Street, toward her cabin. "Where's Lily Beth?"

"Sleeping."

"You know," he said, "the only time I ever saw her smile was when she saw you. That little girl was scared of something."

"And starved for something. She's just a little girl. She has needed a lot of love."

"Wonder," he said, "what her mother was like. This fellow Temperton loves her, but he never seems to show it. Mighty strange."

"There are a lot of strange things in the world, Ben."

He was an observant young man and he had a big heart. Now he offered her a piece of advice: "Some day you'll have to give up Lily Beth. That will hurt. Don't get too fond of her."

They were at her cabin. She turned to him, saying, "You're rather wise. But how can you stop being fond of anyone?"

"I guess," he said, "that's right," and looked at her with a great deal of thought. "You get tied up, and that's it. Maybe in Lily Beth, maybe in someone else."

"Ben," she said, her voice going away from him, "don't make too many guesses."

"Ah," he said, and grinned. He was a big bland-tempered man with a shock of blond hair; nothing appeared to trouble him too much. He had a way of hanging on without seeming to hang on. He was a man with always a soft answer; but behind the soft answer was a bulldog tenacity. "What was it you were to tell me? Ollie was mighty secret about it."

"Tell Jeff not to drive the stage tomorrow. It is to be held up beyond the Beaverhead."

"Didn't know he was driving for Oliver," said Scoggins. He had the kind of mind which took first things first, so that now it was the fact of Pierce's driving the stage which interested him. "Must have gotten weary of working like a horse and living like a hermit. Jeff can't do anything by halves. All of everything or nothing of nothing. So he digs until he's sick of it, then he's ready for a bust." He spoke this in his easy, idle way and meanwhile watched her with his shrewd eyes, interested in her expression. She saw it and gently rebuffed him: "Ben—you're not very subtle."

"I can try to be, can't I?" he said. "Can't stop a man from wondering how tough it would be if he tried his own luck."

"It's Jeff we're talking about."

"Not much danger for a driver in a holdup, Diana. It is a kind of road-agent rule—to let the driver alone." But now his mind, marching methodically from point to point, reached a more important fact: "But he isn't just a driver. The toughs have marked his number. They'll knock him over."

"Yes," said Diana, "that's it."

He gave her another of his close glances and he saw the way her thoughts leaped ahead to that possible scene of Jeff's destruction. She stood silently worried.

Ben said, "It will do no good to warn him of the holdup. I couldn't stop him from making the ride. You know that, don't you?"

"I know. He would listen to you. He would smile and thank you—and nothing in the world would stop him from going to Bannack."

"That's a streak in him. I wonder why?"

"Why," she said, "the thing he really hates is force. As far as Jeff is concerned the world is a brute trying to break him. It is a challenge he has to meet."

"Why should a man be so tough about it?"

"If you knew his past you'd understand."

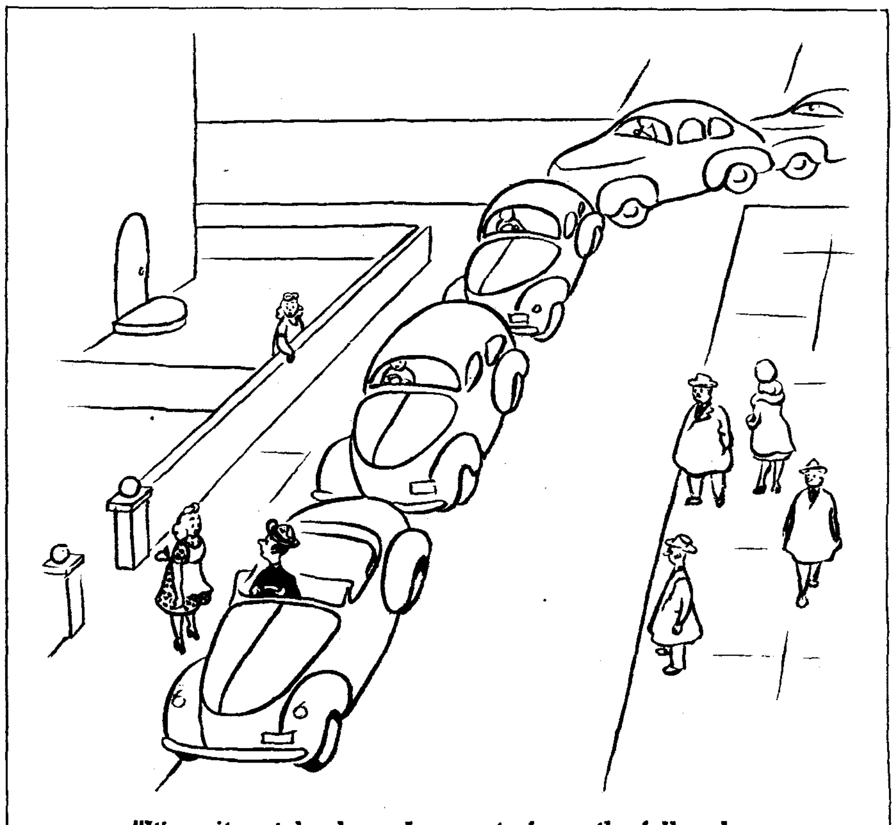
Having patiently plodded his way through the problem, Scoggins now reached the last strange part of it. He stood with his chin dropped, a fair and easy and honest man exploring the dark alleys of human behavior. "Ever occur to you, Diana, that it is mighty funny how Ollie should know about this holdup?"

"I AM afraid for Ollie," she said, and said nothing more. Lifting his head he caught her expression; and between the two was a common thought at this moment. They both had their suspicions, and shared them, so that now they both knew that their suspicions were true. Ben's reaction was to say, "Be better if Jeff didn't know it was Ollie that told us. He likes Ollie. Hate to spoil that."

"We all like Ollie," said Diana. "That is what makes it so sad."

"Maybe," said Scoggins, who was at bottom very kind, "I ought to talk with Ollie."

"Nothing you say would help Ollie. He's like Jeff in that respect. He'll



"It's quite a tale, dear—I ran out of gas, the fellow behind gave me a push, then he ran out of gas, then . . ."

GEORGE SMITH

make his own hell and his own heaven. I guess we all do, Ben."

"I guess," murmured Ben, "I'll just get my gun and ride down to Daly's ranch tonight."

"Why, Ben?"

"I'll be a passenger on that stage in the mornin'," said Ben. As he said it the motion of excitement went over his face. He could, Diana realized, fight in his own way for the things he knew about; but this was a new game and he wasn't sure of himself. She admired his courage, and she had her own fears for him. But she offered no advice. All she said was, "Be careful, Ben."

He liked the softly personal way she said it. He smiled at her and then the smile faded and he looked at her with a good deal of wistfulness. She was a beautiful and robust woman, with woman's soft depth and woman's spirit and woman's fire so clear to him. He wondered if these were revealed for him in the way of a signal, or if it was his own desires that made them so plain. He wasn't sure and, being unsure, he only said, "Good night, Diana," and turned about. Ten minutes later he was on the road to Daly's.

AT FIVE in the morning Pierce stepped up to the coach seat and took the reins from the hostler. He had three passengers inside the coach, Parris Pfouts, a gambler by the name of Dustin bound for Salt Lake, and Ed Poe, who ran a whipsaw mill outside of Bannack; and he had Cap Boyd on the seat beside him. After the large night of celebration Boyd was in exceedingly low spirits, shrunken and pallid and nursing a monstrous headache. The express agent tossed up the strong-box and the usual crowd collected and Jack Gallegher passed by; as Pierce turned the coach and its four horses around on Wallace Street he remembered the way Gallegher stared at the strong-box.

The horses dropped into Daylight and labored up the hill to the summit. Pierce threw on the brakes for the descent into Central City, Cap Boyd groaning at every jar and lurch. "Say, Jeff, I am going to die before we reach Dempsey's and I'm glad of it."

The air was crystal clear and high-mountain thin and contained the sharp essence of the bare brown hills. The sun stood half below the line of the Tobacco Roots so that the Gulch itself remained gray-tan while brightness rushed across the upper sky. The coach ran through Central, wound and bounced along the ruts and the gravel beside the creek, stopped at Nevada for one passenger, and continued on.

Smoke lifted from the thousand breakfast fires of the Gulch. They passed Adobetown and forded Junction's shallow creek, at this point entering the narrow gorge wherein night's chill and night's last shadows remained. The horses kept a steady trot and half run, the heavy coach top swayed from side to side.

Boyd gripped the seat with both hands, turned white and wan. "I can see you have driven before."

"This used to be my game."

"All drivers," groaned Boyd, "are crazy."

Fourteen miles from Virginia City the Gulch played out into the valley of the Stinkingwater, crossed Ramshorn Creek and came upon Daly's where two passengers waited—Bob Zachary and Ben Scoggins. "My horse," said Scoggins, "is lame and I guess I've got to pay good money to get to Bannack. When did you take up drivin' a stage, Jeff?"

"Relief for Harry German," said Pierce. But he was puzzled. Scoggins had a shotgun with him, which was unusual, and Scoggins watched him in a particular manner. Meanwhile, Cap Boyd looked down on Zachary and showed trouble. He climbed from the coach to stamp his feet around the yard. He said, "I'm too damned sick to go any farther."

Bob Zachary was a young man with mustache and goatee. He had a wide mouth and a heavy chest. He stood by, eying Cap Boyd all this while and saying nothing. Boyd looked at Zachary and shook his head. "I'm layin' over until the next coach," he said, and started for Daly's roadhouse. But he pulled up and gave Daly's a sudden glance and reconsidered his decision. "No," he added, "might as well go on," and climbed inside the coach. Scoggins started for the near coach wheel, intending to sit beside Pierce, but Zachary was before him. "I'll ride up," he said, and jumped to the seat.

"All right," Scoggins said, "I don't care. By the way, Jeff, I've got a new shotgun. If you hear me blazin' away at jackrabbits think nothing of it. Want to try this thing out."

He got into the coach and closed the door and Pierce set the horses into a run, now skirting the Stinkingwater and meanwhile wondering why Scoggins, who had never to his knowledge cared much about guns, should be packing the weapon. It was out of the way and accordingly caught Pierce's full interest. He thought about it from Daly's to Cold Springs Ranch.

One mile beyond Cold Springs Ranch he paused at Baker's and sat on the box while the relay man changed horses. He forded the Stinkingwater, came upon Dempsey's ranch and halted for a passenger—a very long and loose-jointed man with a tobacco-stained beard and a pair of bright, close-set eyes. Cap Boyd groaned when the new man crowded into the coach.

The road climbed the yellow ruts from the Stinkingwater valley, arrived at Summit and undulated forward through long, barren miles of rolling country. Day's sun burned down and the thin air fanned dryly against the skin, and the brake handle, when Pierce touched it, was uncomfortably hot. Scoggins, he thought, was not a man for extra conversation and Scoggins had gone out of his way to explain that he wanted to fire the gun from the coach. Scoggins was also sufficiently experienced with the half-tamed brand of horses in the country to know that a gunshot would bolt the team. It was a foolish thing to do; and Scoggins was not a fool.

SUSPICION, never at any time fully asleep in him, now freely fed upon the small things that would not make a reasonable answer. The land before him pitched up and down in bare brown swells, and from his place on the seat he was able to look far out into the trough of those swells, wherein road agents might wait. The man beside him—this Bob Zachary whom he only casually knew—seemed nervous, and kept sliding on the seat, crowding into his, Pierce's, side.

Pierce said, "Where's your horse?"

"Lame," said Zachary.

"Two lame horses," Pierce murmured. "Get over on your own side of the seat."

Zachary moved over. After a while he said, "Well, the horse wasn't lame. Tell you the truth, I'm carrying a little money on me and I was afraid to ride through alone. The damned country is full of road agents." The sun was straight overhead but this Zachary pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes and half rose from his seat to scan the forward country. "What would you do if this thing was held up?"

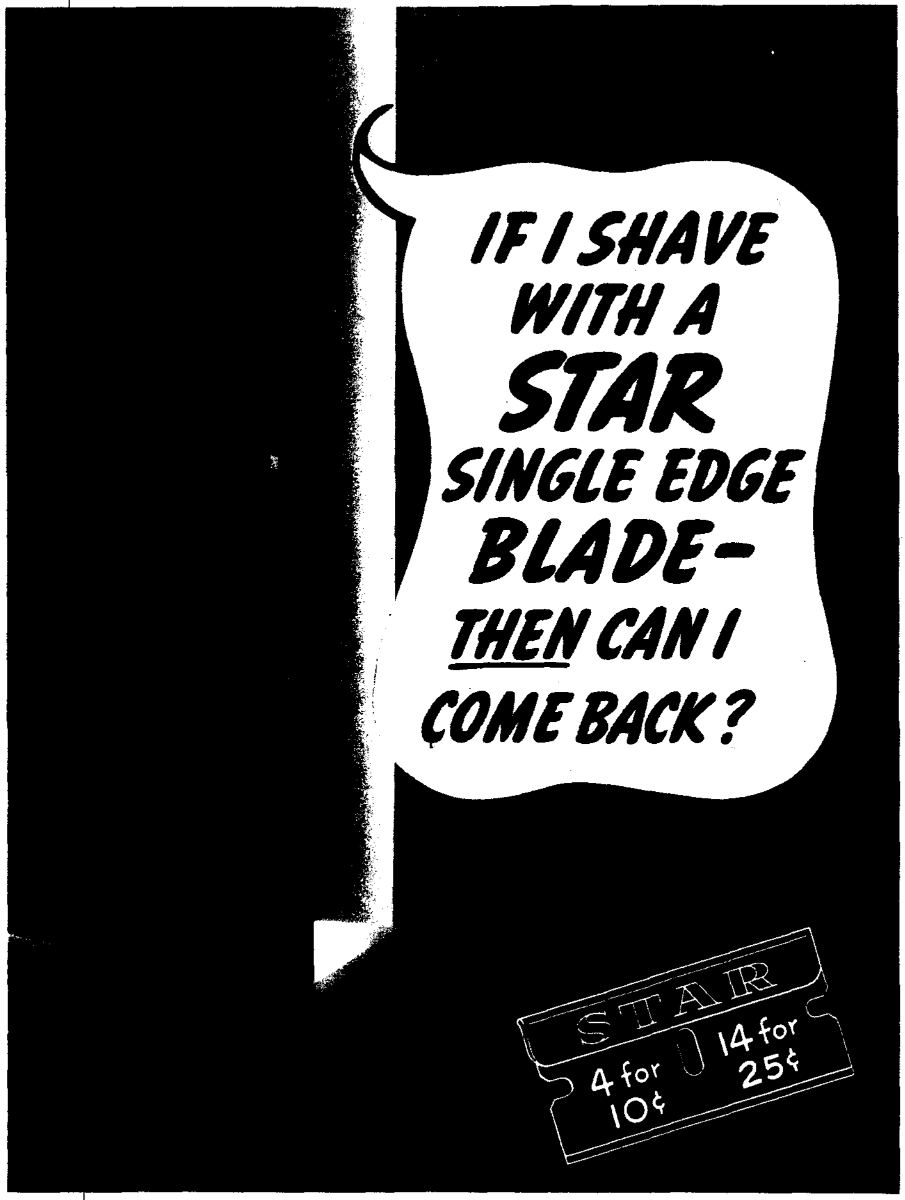
"Haven't thought about it."

Zachary turned on him. "You wouldn't tough it out, would you?"

"Depends on how the play came up. I've done it before."

Zachary said, "Don't do it. You're up here broad as a barn. So am I."

(To be continued next week)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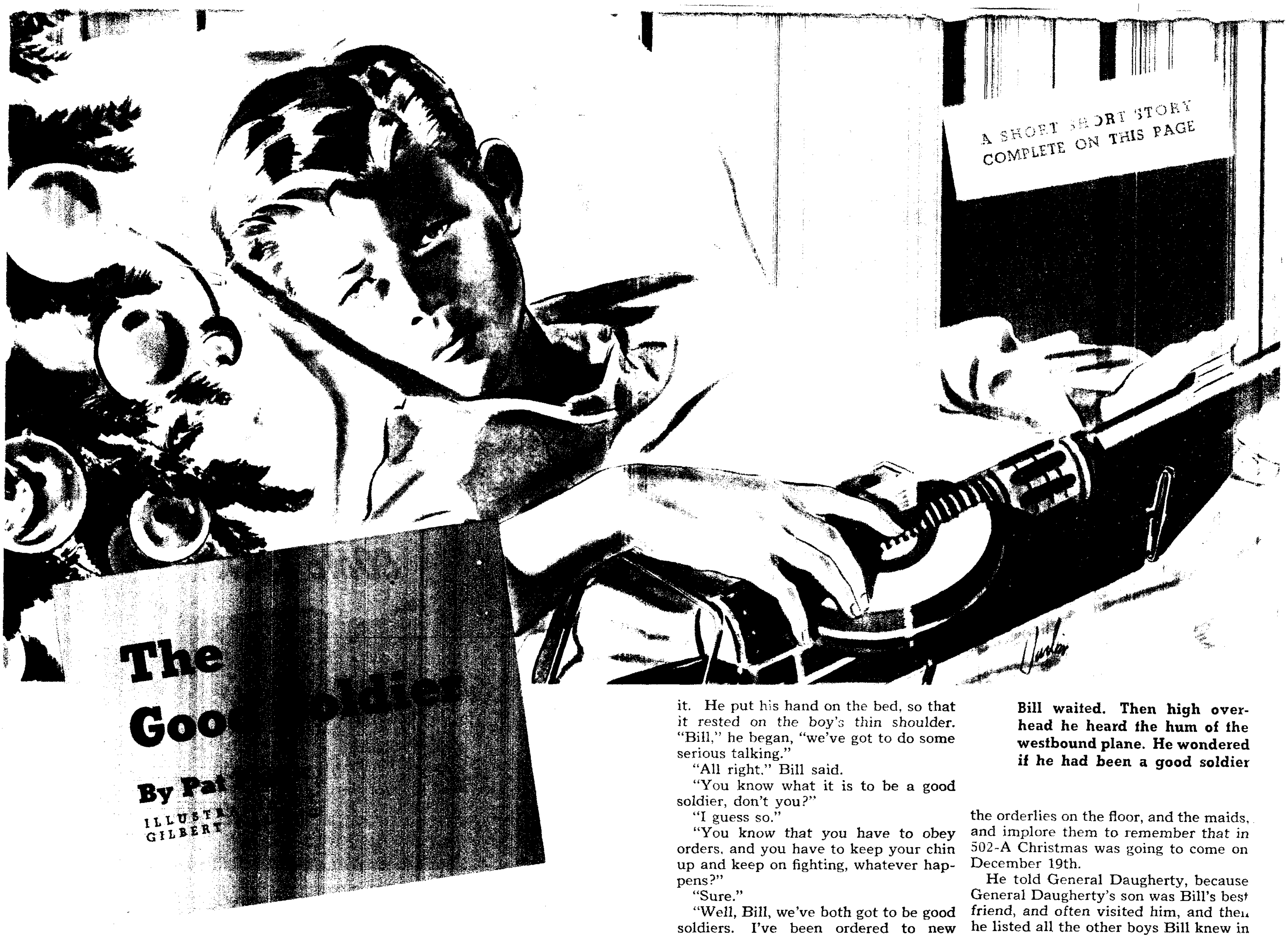

The
Goo[illegible]oldier

By Pat

ILLUSTR
GILBERT

COL. WILLIAM McAVOY, of the War Planning Division, was walking through the lobby of his apartment house, headed for the hospital, when a messenger brought the orders. He would report at the Presidio, San Francisco, at noon Saturday, December 20th. He would sail December 20th. Halfway around the world, on a much-coveted string of islands, there was a delicate, detailed job that needed Col. McAvoy.

The messenger hurriedly saluted and departed, for the colonel's face looked bleak as a guardhouse wall. Outside, the colonel ground the War Department envelope into his hard, square fist and threw the balled paper to the ground so that it bounced. He retrieved the paper, for he was a neat and careful man, swore a bit, and then subsided. In times of national emergency there are things the Army cannot consider, and one of these is the welfare of motherless eight-year-old boys, strapped to a hospital bed at Christmas time.

Bill was on the fifth floor of the hospital, and the colonel caught Dr. Cullen as he stepped out of the elevator. "How's he doing?" the colonel asked.

"Not too good," the doctor admitted. "It's pretty hard on the youngster, being kept on his back constantly. He frets." The doctor looked at his watch. He was a big bone man, and an expensive one, and he didn't have much time to give to one small boy, the colonel knew. "If you could stay here with him all day, every day, and entertain him with Army stories, he'd be happy enough," he continued. "You're his hero, you know."

"I've been ordered away from Washington," the colonel said gloomily. "Far away. I have to leave here on the nineteenth, at the latest, if I go by plane. That's—by golly—that's next Friday."

"Any relative who can come here and be with him?" the doctor asked, suddenly concerned.

"I'm afraid not. There were only"—and the colonel hesitated, because when he spoke of Anne the loneliness returned and throbbed for days inside him—"the two of us."

"You'll have to do something about it," Dr. Cullen said. "You'll have to keep his spirit up. I had hoped he'd be out of here in another month, when that right thigh knits properly. Now, I'm not sure. It's not good for a child to be so alone. It's positively dangerous."

"I'll think of something," the colonel promised. "I'll have to." He marched to Bill's room, and Evans, the day nurse, who was slim and quite pretty, nodded and smiled and slipped down the hall to the nook where she had her cigarettes. Evans, the colonel suspected, wasn't interested in boys—not boys as young as Bill.

HE WAS a small, narrow mound under the covers, his hair astonishingly dark against the twin whiteness of face and pillow. "Hello, son," the colonel began. "What's new today?"

"Well, it won't be long till Christmas," Bill said confidently, and turned his head so that he could see, through the window, the upper floors of the big department store. They were gay with Christmas trappings already, and workmen were erecting a new sign along a cornice. "Do you know what I want for Christmas this year? I want an antiaircraft gun, like the ones we used to put nickels in."

"Well," the colonel said, "it might be arranged." He moved to the chair by the window, and lowered his frame into it. He put his hand on the bed, so that it rested on the boy's thin shoulder. "Bill," he began, "we've got to do some serious talking."

"All right," Bill said.

"You know what it is to be a good soldier, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"You know that you have to obey orders, and you have to keep your chin up and keep on fighting, whatever happens?"

"Sure."

"Well, Bill, we've both got to be good soldiers. I've been ordered to new duty."

The boy's eyes were wide and troubled. "Where?" he asked.

"I suppose it's a military secret," the colonel said, "but I can tell you because you're a soldier. It's the Philippines."

"Can't I go?"

"No, not yet. It's as if you were wounded in action, and couldn't go back to the front until you were well."

"I see," Bill said. He was looking at the red and green garlands draped from the department-store roof. "Of course you're not going until after Christmas. How soon is Christmas, anyway?" To a boy in the hospital the days are not named or numbered. Some are gray and hazy with pain and drugs, and some are bright without pain, but there is no estimating their passage.

The colonel sneezed, and rubbed his nose with his handkerchief to give himself time to think, and the idea sparkled, and the colonel thought, why not? "No, Bill, I'll be here Christmas," the colonel said. "I leave Christmas night. This year," he added firmly, "Christmas comes next Friday."

Organizing a particular, private Christmas for one small boy, the colonel discovered, was an adventure comparable to organizing an attack on a well-fortified position with a minimum force. Everything depended on preparation, timing, and secrecy.

The first thing to do, of course, was inform Evans. He had to be stern with Evans before she'd understand that it was part of a day nurse's duty to change the date of Christmas. Then there was Dr. Cullen, who thought it was a good plan, and promised his co-operation. The night nurse was informed by phone, and then the colonel fled back to the hospital, in panic, to slip dollar bills to the orderlies on the floor, and the maids, and implore them to remember that in 502-A Christmas was going to come on December 19th.

He told General Daugherty, because General Daugherty's son was Bill's best friend, and often visited him, and then he listed all the other boys Bill knew in Washington, and saw to it that they were informed.

Bill waited. Then high overhead he heard the hum of the westbound plane. He wondered if he had been a good soldier

IT SNOWED on the day before Bill's Christmas, and somehow that helped. It was quite a Christmas. There were a good many visitors, and the antiaircraft gun among the presents. In the afternoon Evans slipped, and dropped something about a party she was having come Christmas Eve, but Bill didn't seem to notice. The colonel stiffened, and hoped that she'd remember to keep his secret after he was gone.

Finally, only the colonel and the boy were left in the room, and the plane was leaving in an hour. "Well," the colonel said, "how did it go?"

"It was swell," Bill said.

"You'll be out in a month. You'll stay with the Daughertys a while, and then I'll see if you can't come back to the front with me."

"Don't worry about me," Bill said in a small voice, "I'll be all right." The colonel was glad it was dusk so that he could not see the tears he knew were in his son's eyes.

"I'll send you some stuff from the Philippines—maybe a Moro knife."

"That's swell!"

"Goodby, son."

"Goodby." Bill's voice was a bit choked now. "Say, this was the swellest Christmas I ever had."

Then the colonel was gone, and Bill was alone. It grew dark, and he waited for the new sign on the store to go on, as it had each night for almost a week now. Suddenly it glowed bright through the window. This night it said, "Four More Shopping Days Until Christmas." High overhead he heard the hum of the westbound plane. He wondered whether he had been a good soldier.

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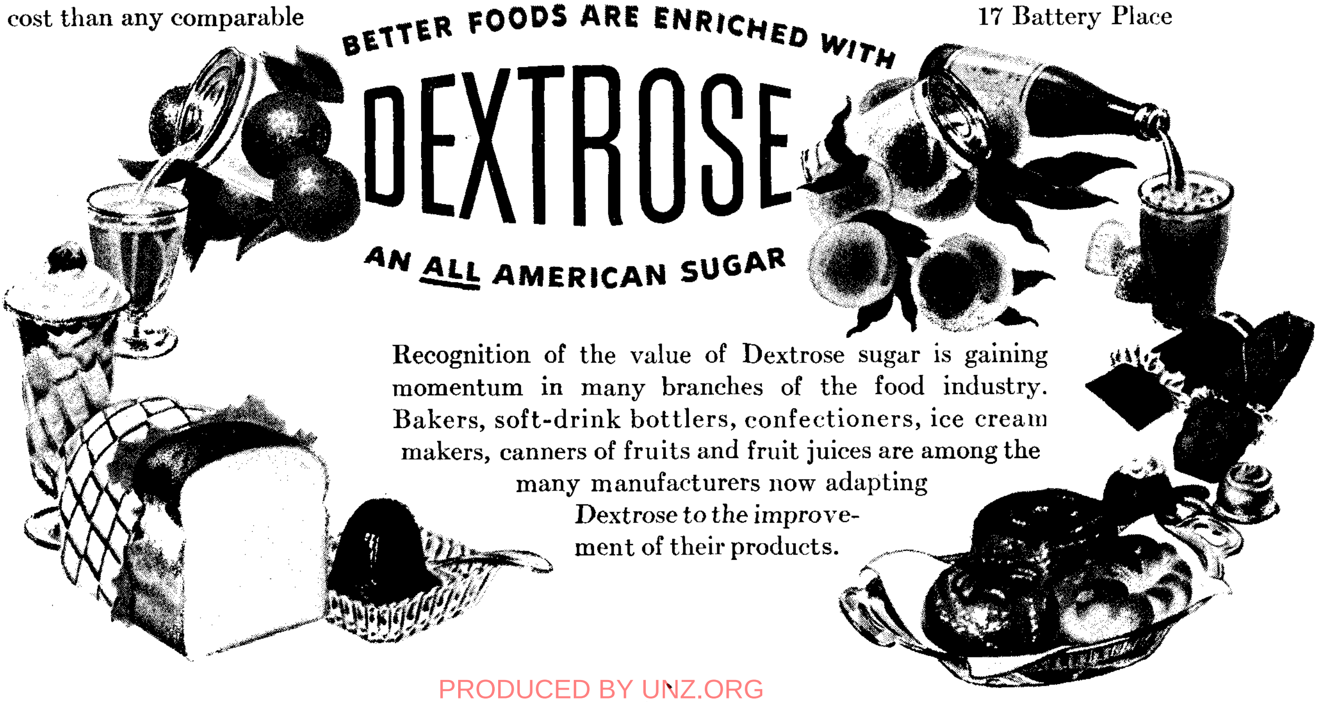

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Stranger in the Park

Continued from page 21

he said, "perhaps she didn't mark it to call me; she may have been talking to one of the servants. Have you thought of that?"

Apparently O'Neill had, though he did not answer directly. How many servants were there?

"Ambrose," Mr. Carnes said. "My man. And the maids—three of those. And the cook. Five."

"Five," O'Neill repeated. "Well, I guess I'll want to talk to them. Would they all be out there now?"

"No," Mr. Carnes told him. "I'm sorry. Only Ambrose is with me at the moment. The others are with Mrs. Carnes, at Seabright; we've a summer place there, you know. I can phone tonight, if you like, and have them here some time tomorrow. Anything at all I can do to help—"

O'Neill got up.

"You could do that, maybe. I'd like to see them. Tomorrow afternoon, say. Sometime around three?"

"Three," Mr. Carnes agreed, not getting up himself until O'Neill looked pointedly at his watch. Mr. Carnes had been braced for something more than this—for questions, tricky questions, or perhaps even an attempt at bullying. Because he got neither of those things now he began to feel dimly apprehensive.

A MAN came up the hall stairs. "Marty," this man said, glancing quickly at Mr. Carnes before he turned to O'Neill, "here's something, Marty. The landlady tells me—"

"Half a minute," O'Neill growled at him, waiting stolidly then for Mr. Carnes to go. A careful man, Mr. Carnes thought, nodding to them both and turning to the door; not clever, just careful. Well—Mr. Carnes was careful, too. He went out to the landing. It was empty now; the policeman, the one who had been lounging there when Mr. Carnes came up fifteen minutes ago, was gone—downstairs, probably, for a breath of air.

Mr. Carnes saw instantly what that meant. He moved down a few steps, firmly, but stopped when his head was just below the level of the flooring. O'Neill might get careless now; O'Neill might believe the policeman was out there yet, so that no one could possibly listen. Even careful men sometimes—

In the room over him the second man said, "A girl got the front apartment here, Marty—right next door. The old gal downstairs finally calmed down enough to tell me that. See what that means? She heard what went on in here last night—she had to. These walls ain't no thicker than cardboard."

Mr. Carnes, standing very still outside, with the skylight set above him like a great creamy bubble of blistering heat, did not worry himself about the girl. He knew all about her. Last night, on the phone, Rose had told him he needn't be afraid of anyone seeing him when he came; the girl on the floor with her, the only other tenant, would be out. At the hospital, visiting a sick friend.

"Suppose she wasn't in," O'Neill said, putting his finger on that, too. "You thought of that?"

"She was in, Marty—the landlady swears to it. She was gonna go out to City Hospital, to see someone she knew there; but after supper she got a headache, and put it off."

Put it off, Mr. Carnes thought. He did not move at all but his face changed a bit, his flesh whitened slowly around the cheekbones. She couldn't have put it off. Rose had told him, when he asked, that the girl was gone, that—

Perspiration dropped into his eyes. He thought of something else Rose had said bitterly, when she met him on the landing last night. Not like Jellicoe Road, not much like that here, is it, Mr. Roger Carnes? And the door to third-floor front had been open then, not because the girl was out, but because she had a headache, and wanted whatever breeze there was. She had heard that, the girl in the third-floor front—the name, the address, everything they needed.

He began to feel queer, empty and small inside.

O'Neill growled above him, "What's her name? Didn't you try to get hold of her?"

"Wilson, Marty—Carol Wilson. I called up the office where the landlady said she works, but it's closed for the day. And Friday night the landlady says she always stays downtown to have supper with the boy friend and see a movie. It'll be close to twelve before she shows up here again. Unless you want to hunt through the movies downtown for her."

O'Neill must have considered that for a moment. Then he said peevishly, "We might as well hang around here; she may be back early. I'm too hot right now to chase all over town after some little empty-head that won't know nothing at all."

Are you? Mr. Carnes thought, one hand gripped hard on the stair rail. Are you, my friend O'Neill? He moved down quickly and quietly, thinking of Carol Wilson. He knew what he had to do now, and he did not shrink from it.

She met Jimmy a little before six, in the crowded drugstore at the corner of Redwood and Pine. She should have been there half an hour before, but she had stopped to do some shopping on the way, and when she appeared now around the perfume counter Jimmy looked down resignedly at his watch.

"Not bad tonight," he said. "Not bad at all. I had a swell time standing here. I've been thinking what you'd do if I didn't wait. I've been thinking that next week—"

She wrinkled up her mouth at him. She wasn't worried about next week, she said; lately she'd had more than a suspicion that she was too good for him anyway. "The glamor girl," he said, and scowled at her, but she could tell he wasn't really angry. He never was on Fridays. That night, pay night, was the special night of all the week, when they decided between the seafood dinner at the Chesapeake Tavern and the blue-plate special at the Roma Spaghetti House; when they picked out the picture they wanted to see and talked over the multitude of things that had happened since Wednesday, the last time they'd been together.

From Wednesday to Friday there were only two days; yet those two days always seemed to them both a very long collection of hours. They had met each other in February, and since June they had been engaged. She was a slim girl, dark and pretty, with the deep blue eyes that are almost black, and the slender, high-placed cheekbones that shape a young face to delicate and rather wistful lines. After they pushed in to the fountain they smiled at each other faintly in the mirror, because it was Friday night now, six o'clock, and nothing else mattered much.

"What a day I put in!" Jimmy told her. "I'll bet it hit ninety in the office." He paused. "Let's see now—you got any ideas? They got a stage show at the Strand, but the picture's not so hot. At the Century—"

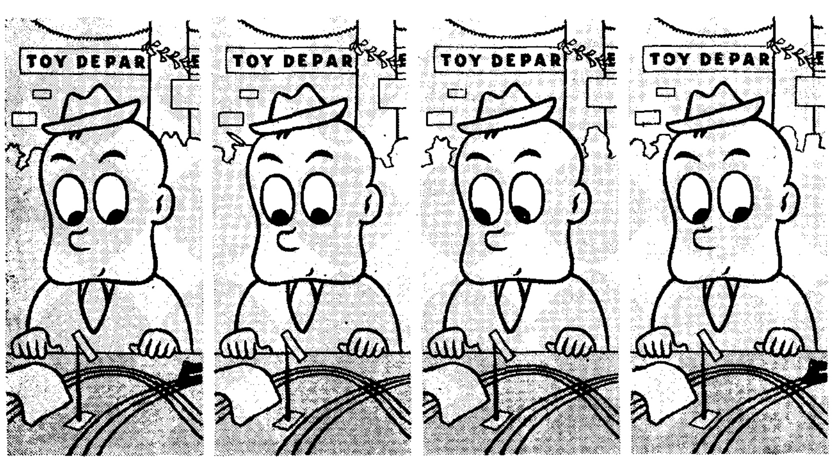
They fixed on the Century, and the Roma Spaghetti House, because it was only around the corner.

O'NEILL hung around the house on East Madison Street till after eight, but he didn't find anything there that helped him. Rose Elizabeth Daly had left some things behind her—four dresses, a couple of pairs of cheap shoes, a Confessions magazine, a single traveling bag that had seen a lot of use. But she had left no letters and the labels had been clipped neatly out of her clothes. Rose Elizabeth Daly—all they knew about her was that name. But suppose, O'Neill thought gloomily, it wasn't her right one?

There was no way he could be sure even of that. She had lived on East Madison Street just four days; she had had, so far as the landlady knew, no callers at all. No job, either. No friends. That's all O'Neill had discovered.

It wasn't much. In a tavern around the corner, over a sandwich and a glass of beer, O'Neill went over it doggedly enough, without seeing a spark of light anywhere. At twenty to nine, when he walked back to the house, Stanton met him on the stoop. No dice, he said, the Wilson girl hadn't got back; now they were stuck till twelve.

Settling himself on the stoop, because it seemed like the coolest place around, O'Neill prepared to wait. Very soon a sleek young man came up the steps from the pavement, looked at O'Neill incuriously, and went on to the vestibule; from there he must have seen Danaher, the uniformed cop on duty, talking to the landlady in the lower hall. Quietly, as if he didn't care to be noticed, the



Handkerchiefs for Aunt Sarah

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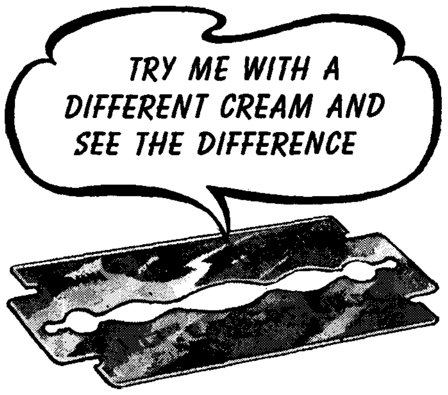
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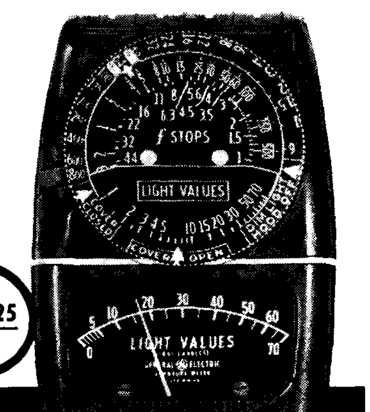

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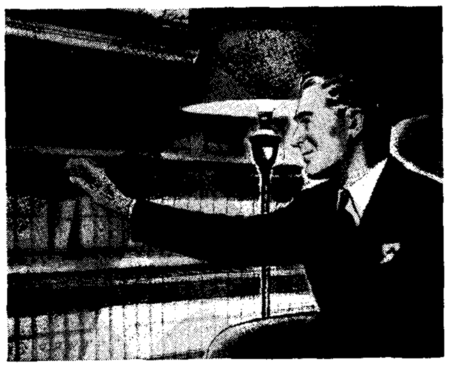

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sleek young man moved down again to O'Neill.

He made his second mistake there; but then, shirt-sleeved like the men on the stoops all around him, O'Neill didn't look much like a cop.

"What goes on?" the young man asked him in a rather worried voice. "What's the law inside for, bud?" As soon as he had spoken he licked his lips; he had just found out then that O'Neill looked a whole lot different when he raised his head and stared at you. Not, the young man said, that he cared. He didn't want anybody here; he must have made a mistake in the house. He'd push off now and—

He didn't push off. He went inside with O'Neill. There, his eyes fixed sullenly on the floor, he said he didn't know what this was all about; he'd just noticed the law around and got curious. They couldn't hang him for that.

"Can't we?" O'Neill said, and nodded somberly at Stanton. "Give him a ride, Eddie; take him downtown and lock him up."

"Okay," Stanton said. "Stand up and take the big rap, brother."

IT WORKED with the young man, as it had worked with many others. He got up staring at O'Neill. He whispered: "The big rap? The big— Murder?" Then ripples of fear broke, jellylike, from the corners of his mouth. "Wait a minute now. You never said anything about that. You never—if it's Rose—"

The young man began to seem like a bit of luck. O'Neill told him to sit down again.

"It's Rose," he said. "What do you know about her?"

The young man knew a good deal. In a broken voice, beads of sweat glittering like glass on his cheeks, he told O'Neill that if Rose was dead he knew who killed her: Harry Daly. He started off as simply as that, before O'Neill had even lit a cigar.

She'd married this Harry Daly, and lived with him for a couple of months, out in Los Angeles the winter of thirty-five. That long ago, the young man said, when this Daly was a bookie out there, handling small bets, and playing the horses himself on the side. But he never got on with her; the first time he'd got hold of some dough, when a filly he'd hocked his shirt for came romping in at forty to one, he just picked up the take and skipped east.

"Five years ago," the young man said, blinking up painfully into O'Neill's stolid face. "I never knew them then, understand; I only met Rose last winter. She told me all this stuff a little while ago, when we began to think of hooking up—that she couldn't, see? because this Harry Daly was still her husband. In the five years since he left she'd only heard from him once, when he sent her five hundred bucks from the East—from this town—to get a divorce. She was hard up then, and she didn't spend the dough on lawyers; she just got hold of some shyster for fifty dollars, and he filled out some forms for her, just like he'd attended to everything proper and legal.

"When she told me all this I figured"—he rubbed his mouth shakily, paused for a moment, and moved his eyes away from O'Neill—"well, that he'd treated her like a rat, and that if he'd pay five hundred bucks to get rid of her we probably had hold of something good here. So we came east, see? and started to hunt him up. She didn't have his address; she'd always written to him General Delivery down here, but after she sent on the fake papers he never called around for any more mail.

"But we figured he was located somewhere around this part of the country—this city, probably, since she'd written to him here—and that he'd never give up the horses, no matter what happened to *him*. Last Monday, out at Pimlico, she spotted him in the clubhouse, and I got his car number when he left, and found out where to locate him through that. I never thought—"

He began to cry weakly, and O'Neill gave him a cigarette.

"I never thought he'd *do anything* like this. All we were looking for was a stake. The way he was set here, he could have paid her five grand like nothing. So I got her to rent this place alone, because if he knew anything about me, or found out she wanted the divorce, too, he wouldn't pay out as much for her to get it."

"He thought she was alone?" O'Neill asked. "That none of her friends out on the coast knew where she was?" He began to see it. Harry Daly hadn't paid off; he had killed her instead.

"Five thousand," he added slowly. "That's a lot of money. Why would he pay her all that just to divorce him?"

Between sobs, the young man explained that too: When he'd come east five years ago, splurging away the dough he'd won, he met a rich dame that grew stuck on him. He wanted the divorce to marry her. He did marry her, after he got those fake papers. And then when Rose showed up again, not divorced at all, ready to kick up a row and spoil his fancy setup—

O'Neill put on his yellowed Panama. Where would they find this Harry Daly now?

The young man forgot his sorrow; his eyes narrowed venomously. Out in the high-hat section, he said—out in a big brick dump his wife owned on Jellicoe Road. Carnes, he called himself there—Roger Carnes.

"Carnes," O'Neill repeated softly. He looked at Stanton, and Stanton looked at him.

Behind them, in the darkened dining room, a clock struck nine slow chimes.

IT WAS a good show at the Century—a romantic comedy about a girl and her boss who quarreled constantly and couldn't endure each other, and who never suspected once, all the way through, that they were very much in love. Roland Young had a part in it, and Carol always liked Roland Young. She was smiling up at his droll face on the screen when the usher came down the aisle. He was paging somebody, but she didn't pay much attention to the name until Jimmy touched her arm. Then through the wave of laughter that followed something Roland Young said, she heard the usher's voice:

"Miss Carol Wilson, Miss Carol Wilson, Miss Carol Wilson. . . ."

She thought at once of her sister, and of the sister's husband who had a habit of driving fast, as with Jimmy's hand on her arm, and her heart pounding furiously, she followed the usher out across the lobby to a little office.

The manager was waiting for her there. They'd just had a call from St. Agnes Hospital, he said; he was sorry to say there'd been an accident. Her mother—

For a moment she was breathless over the beating in her chest.

"My mother?" she said, her voice curiously muffled. "But that's—my mother's dead. They didn't say my sister? Mrs. Joseph Crane?"

The manager was pretty sure they hadn't said that.

"Here," Jimmy put in then, "call Evelyn up. He'll let you use the phone."

She was so excited then that for an instant she couldn't think of the number; it was Jimmy, blessedly practical, who remembered that. Three agonizing times, on the other end of the line, the signal burred shrilly. Then—

"Hello," Evelyn said. No, they hadn't gone out tonight; she and Joe were just playing bridge with the Nolans. Was anything wrong?

"Not now," Carol said, a deep breath filling her. "It's some mistake. But it—it frightened me for a moment, darling—something about St. Agnes Hospital. Kiss the baby for me now; I'll be out tomorrow with Jimmy."

Still—nerves, of course—a remnant of that sick dread clung to her after she hung up, so that her voice shook a little when she spoke to the manager. The call wasn't for her; some other girl, perhaps, with the same name—

The manager thought that would be it, too. He was very sorry to have worried her.

Outside, standing against the lobby wall, a tall man in a gabardine suit watched her go back to the orchestra. He had a narrow, gray-fleshed face lined with strain about the mouth, and when she had gone inside with Jimmy he sat down in one of the lobby easy chairs, and looked down at his watch once or twice as if he were waiting for someone to meet him.

HE SAT there a long time, until the early show was over, and they came out with the last of the crowd. Then he got up, and walked out directly behind them. It was still early then, nine twenty-five, and Jimmy suggested Lookout Park

Carol was a little uncertain about that.

"I know what you'll do there," she said, "take chances on every single thing, and spend your money like water. If we just took that nice bus ride around the park—"

"On pay night?" Jimmy looked pained. "Act your age, hon. No chances tonight—I'll promise you that. We'll just eat some ice cream and dance a little. Bill Howard's taking Jenny out there later, when she gets off duty. I kind of promised we'd meet them there."

Well, Carol said, if he really meant that about the chances—

Mr. Carnes stood directly behind them, listening.

He followed them out to the corner, and got on the same bus they took. There was, after all, no tremendous rush; to be safe he could wait a little longer. O'Neill—he wasn't worried about O'Neill. Back there, on East Madison Street, O'Neill would still be scratching his head.

HE WAS wrong about that. At the moment, the door of 54 Jellicoe Road open before him, O'Neill was showing his badge. "Police," he said laconically. "Mr. Carnes around?"

His brows drew together, rather harshly, when Ambrose told him Mr. Carnes could not be disturbed. He had retired early, with a vile headache, and he had warned Ambrose that under no circumstances was he to be annoyed.

"Nuts," Stanton said, and pushed on into the hall ahead of O'Neill. There were a few words there with Ambrose before the three of them moved together—quietly, O'Neill warned—up the wide curve of the stairway. After they reached the master chamber and turned on the lights that showed an empty bed between the windows, Ambrose seemed to lose the rest of his imperturbable assurance.

This was something he couldn't understand. At half past seven, bringing up some aspirin, he himself had seen Mr. Carnes here in his pajamas. Received his instructions, too. Mr. Carnes would see no one; Mr. Carnes would not even answer a phone call.

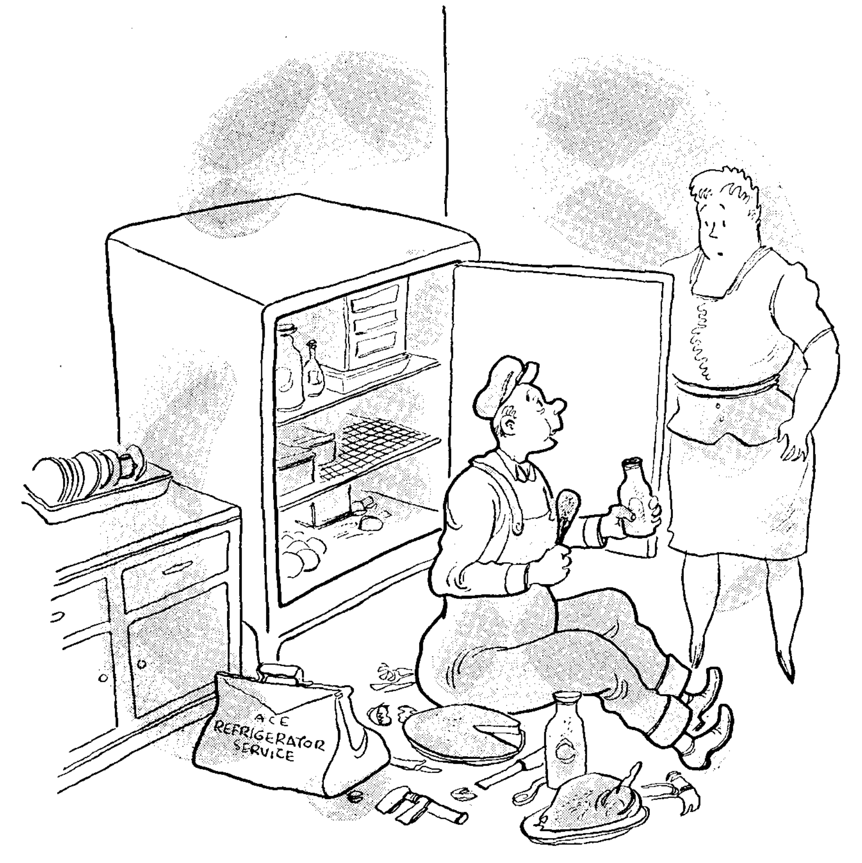
O'Neill frowned. "You didn't see him go out? Or hear him?"

"No, sir. I was reading the paper in the kitchen, at the end of the hall. He wanted me to stay up; he said he might want a sandwich later. I wouldn't have heard him on the front stairway from there. Not if he didn't wish me to."

"Scrammed," Stanton said, looking wisely at O'Neill. "Lost his head and lit out. Well—what do we do now, Marty? Phone in an alarm?"

O'Neill took off his Panama and rubbed a handkerchief around the inner band, thinking that over. Then he said:

"He didn't scram. Why should he? He figured that she was a stranger here, this Rose Elizabeth Daly. He figured we'd never find out who she really was, and he was close to being right on that. From his side, not knowing about the



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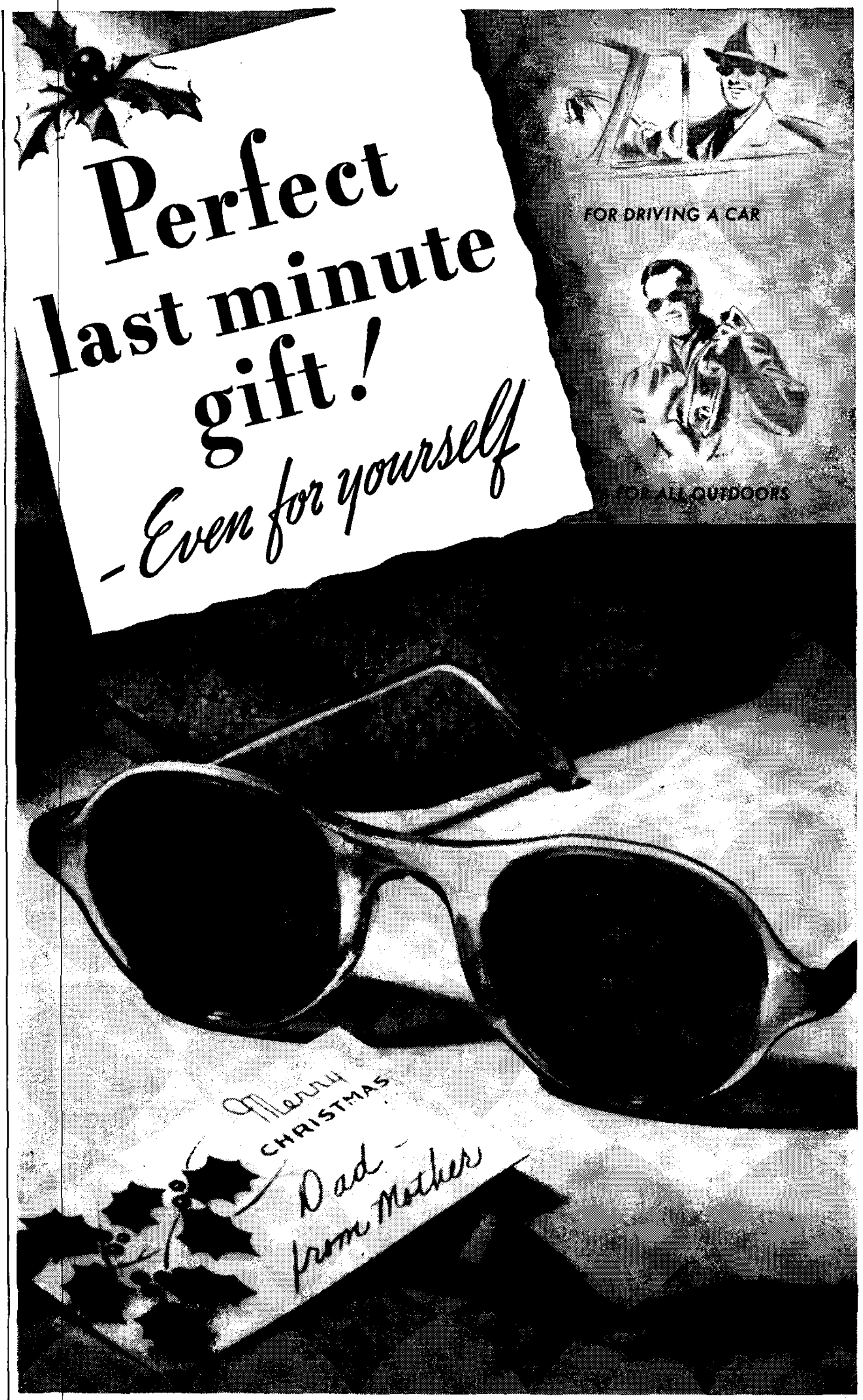

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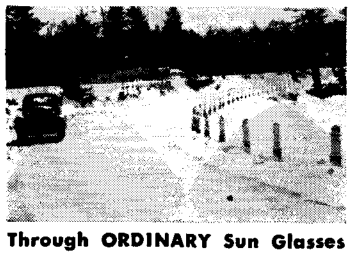

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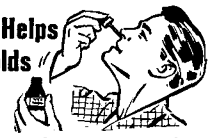

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bird we picked up back there and the story we got from him, he didn't have a thing to worry about."

"Then what did he sneak out for?"

Taking the handkerchief away from his hat, O'Neill ran it around the rim of his collar.

"Take it this way," he said. "He comes home here, gets into pajamas, goes to bed and calls up—Ambrose, are you?—to see him there. Tells him to stay up, too, that he'll ring later, and *then slips* out. Ambrose didn't see him go out, and the chances are he wouldn't see him come in. So far as Ambrose knows, he's been here all the while. He didn't expect us till tomorrow, remember, so he wasn't worried about that. He's here in bed at seven-thirty, he's here in bed when he rings for Ambrose again after he gets back. He's got himself an alibi then—not perfect, but good. Only what was that alibi setup to cover?"

He himself couldn't see anything. If Carnes *realized that he'd missed something*, that he'd left an opening behind him he had to plug up— Doggedly, patiently, O'Neill went back over everything in search of that opening, but in the end it was Stanton who stumbled on it.

"The Wilson girl?" he suggested. "I been thinking about her, Marty; I been thinking that if she really heard something, and that if Carnes got worried about her, he'd knock her off, too. Say he listened to us talking about her—"

"From where?" O'Neill grunted. "Wasn't Danaher out on the landing to keep him moving after he left?"

"Well—" Stanton said. He looked at everything in the room but O'Neill's face. "Not just then he wasn't. When I came up to tell you about her, Danaher was in the kitchen getting himself some water. I been thinking about that quite a while. I—"

O'Neill, who didn't curse often, cursed now. Something tight, a pressing consciousness of lost time and danger, whipped itself around his head. The Wilson girl, the little empty-head he'd called her—

He did what Mr. Carnes had done two hours ago; he began to call the downtown theaters, the Century first because he'd been there himself last night, and it was the one he instinctively thought of. When the manager there told him about the other message O'Neill's fingers tingled coldly.

OF COURSE, he thought. Carnes had her placed now. A call from a near-by drugstore, a cock-and-bull story about the hospital, and then a little wait around the manager's office till the usher came out—Carnes might have tried others; at the Century he'd found her. Now—

O'Neill, not sweating now merely from the heat, did what he could; he had the manager at the Century flash her name and address on the screen, so this time she'd know it wasn't a mistake. Five minutes later, when the manager called back, O'Neill's heart dropped like a stone inside him. She wasn't there now. She'd left. So it ended there; at the Century he hit that last dead stop. He went back with Stanton to the house on East Madison Street and he found what he expected to find in the third-floor front—no one at all.

There was a picture on the dresser, a good-looking young man who might be the boy friend. O'Neill ripped it out of the frame, turned it over, and read the photographer's inscription off the back.

"244 Doane Street," he told Stanton breathlessly. "Make it fast."

At 244 Doane Street the photographer who had taken the picture came down from his apartment over the studio. He remembered it at once; it wasn't a month since he'd taken it. He gave O'Neill the name and the address—a big brick apartment, next to a school, just two blocks east.

There J. J. Martin was one of two names bracketed over the bell of Apartment 3E in the vestibule; the other, Wm. F. Howard, was the one who answered O'Neill's ring. Jimmy? he said. Why he was going to meet Jimmy later, after eleven, when his girl friend—a nurse—finished her stretch of three to eleven at the hospital. They were going to meet Jimmy and his girl at Lookout Park. To dance a bit—

O'Neill got in some phoning, too hasty to be explicit, and then he sat crowded between Stanton and Bill Howard for the longest ride in his life—seven miles, six minutes, through the suburbs to Lookout Park.

The two squad cars he'd phoned for were already by the gate, with four uniformed men gathered around the turnstiles as if they weren't quite certain what to do. O'Neill, sweeping them in with him, was stopped by Bill Howard just as they reached the midway. Jimmy, Bill Howard yelled at him—Jimmy, over there at the stand.

O'Neill didn't turn at once. She's with him, he thought savagely; she's got to be with him. She's safe now. She's— He jerked around, his flesh hanging heavily on him, the blood hammering in his head. Ten feet away, on the left, a young man stood before the frozen custard stand, waiting to be served.

He was the young man of the picture, *and O'Neill saw that he was alone.*

AT HALF past ten, when the bus let them off at Lookout Park, they wandered slowly up the midway, past the freak show and the House of Fun and the Whip and the Tunnel of Love. Then they began to climb the broad stone steps that went up the hill toward the open-air dance pavilion squatting on a terrace at the top.

Once, some distance behind them, she noticed a man in a gabardine suit. He was a tall man, walking with his head slightly bent.

They paused again in the tiny park just below the pavilion, where stone benches were scattered here and there in pools of shadow beneath the trees. Beyond the stairs, in the velvety-soft darkness of a hedge, they found an empty place—cool and quiet, with the dance *music not too loud above them*, and the midway lights glittering and winking below.

They sat down there. Jimmy said it was early yet, that Bill and Jenny wouldn't be out for quite a while. So they could take it easy here, or go inside and have a dance. Which would she like?

"It's nice out here," Carol said. "Let's just sit."

There were couples on the other benches—very quiet couples, not too near around them, and somewhere far off, sweetened by distance, a carrousel began to tinkle like a baby's music box.

"I'll say it's nice," Jimmy said, rubbing her cheek gently with his fingers. "Any place would have to be nice with you. Happy?"

"Uh-huh," she said dreamily.

"Anything you want?"

"A million dollars," she said. "And someone like you coming home every night with the evening paper."

"Someone like me?" he murmured in her ear. "You better change that—you better make it only me. Gonna?"

"Gonna," she said. "Cross my heart."

That was better, he told her, lots better; now how about a frozen custard *while they waited? He could slip down* and get one for her before she knew he'd gone. She didn't protest too much, because of the stairs, and because Jimmy said there was no sense to both of them puffing up those again. She sat there, waiting for him to get back, while the couple on the next bench got up and moved off, and other couples, from other benches, began to straggle after them.

Soon, save for the man in the gabardine suit, she seemed to be alone. He had followed them; now he turned to stare at Carol—so *directly that she* thought she knew what he was trying to do. Fresh, she thought, with a slight flush, and moved around on the bench so that she wouldn't have to look back at him. Then very softly, quite near her, she heard a shoe scuff gravel. It was that—that fool, of course, the smart lady-killer in the gabardine suit. Not *nervous then*, because she'd had to handle his kind before, she said in a furious low voice as he sat down beside her:

"You'd better get away from here. If you're around when my friend comes back, he'll—he'll punch your nose for you."

"Will he?" the stranger asked. His voice was oddly menacing, not the kind of voice she thought it would be. In the dimness his face glistened like sallow clay. She was frightened when she saw it, and tried to move away from him on the bench.

But he had caught her wrist then, with his left hand; his right, in his hip pocket, was feeling for the scarf. It was a thin silk scarf, and very strong; last night, in East Madison Street, it had glimmered against Rose Daly's throat like a shadow of light.

If he could keep her quiet now for just a moment—

"I only want your purse," he said. "Don't be fool enough to scream. And—"

A light flashed across them; Carol had not heard the steps that brought it. Mr. Carnes hadn't either. He froze above her, his head half turned, his teeth showing between his lips.

She saw a glimmer of gray—the uniform of the private police they had at Lookout Park.

"Break it up," a voice said. "Break it up now. We close the garden here at eleven; you two are the only ones left. You got to get out now. You can go up to the pavilion if you want; but you can't—"

"Thank you," Mr. Carnes said, the scarf crumpled up in his palm. "Thank you very much."

He moved out three steps before Carol *found her voice. Then* she breathed something, and Mr. Carnes began to run. He was twenty years younger than the special cop, and fifty pounds lighter, and he reached the stairs a good bit ahead. Reached them and started down them, and tried to stop and stumbled on an edge. He fell forward but not far; Jimmy and a long-legged cop, who were a little faster-moving than O'Neill and the others, grabbed for him together.

SHE told Jimmy, while they took the man in the gabardine suit away, that it was nothing, he'd only wanted her purse. The way Jimmy looked when he reached her, so wild and excited, and almost unable to speak, calmed her at once. Her voice grew steady and her breath came once more under control.

"I wasn't worried about that," she said. "One week's pay! I was just afraid that you'd come back too soon, and fight him, and—"

O'Neill came up to her. She had to smile at him, he was such a funny-looking man—fat, soaked with perspiration, breathless, his Panama shaking in his hand. Police, O'Neill croaked—they'd been looking for her. They'd—

He stopped there *as if he had to stop*, but she couldn't keep the smile from the corners of her mouth.

"Me?" she said, and almost laughed aloud, that was so silly. "Looking for me? But—why? And whatever for?"

Nonstop Show

Continued from page 28

Bell and his boys and girls hoped for a month's run and maybe some cakes and ale. This was on July 6, 1933.

To entice people around, the show offered not only The Drunkard, but added a sort of oldtime vaudeville, along with free beer, pretzels, ham-on-rye—and even root beer, in case of any conversions. Nothing much happened at first, but people with good maps and a sense of direction, who could find the place by noting on which side of trees the bark grew thickest, began telling friends to go.

The show began to build up and soon was playing to capacity, which was, and is, 350 at a $1.75 top. Show-wise people from the movies liked to catch the drama, and tourists started to hear about it. In the film colony a sort of contest started to see how many times anyone could look at the thing.

Babes Don't Get In

Mr. William C. Fields, the comedian, would go every time he felt the urge to resist strong liquor and needed good, strong moral support. Since 1933 he has felt this urge no less than twenty-seven times and has attended that many, encouraged by the fact that babes in arms are not admitted. Mr. Fields' affection for babes in arms is conservative.

In the old days, Will Rogers and Fred Stone came and took part in the olio. Olsen and Johnson harangued each other, and many a famous stage and screen name put on an impromptu act. These cuttings-up were all in the olio, as the afterpiece came to be called—a relic of old days when theaters, beside using intermissions for specialty acts, made the performers stay after the main show and sing, dance and tell jokes.

Of the fourteen actors and actresses who started with the show, eight still are playing; others came in soon after the opening. Sometimes Bell tries to change the olio acts, fearing the regulars will tire of them, but the regulars won't stand for it.

Audiences at The Drunkard make themselves part of the proceedings, hissing Squire Cribbs, the villain; crying "Shame!" when Heroine Mary Wilson is imperiled; and cheering lustily the rousing speeches denouncing strong drink. When the villain offers Hero Edward Middleton a bribe everyone shouts: "Don't take it, boy!" and when Edward spurns the silver, the cheers crack the rafters.

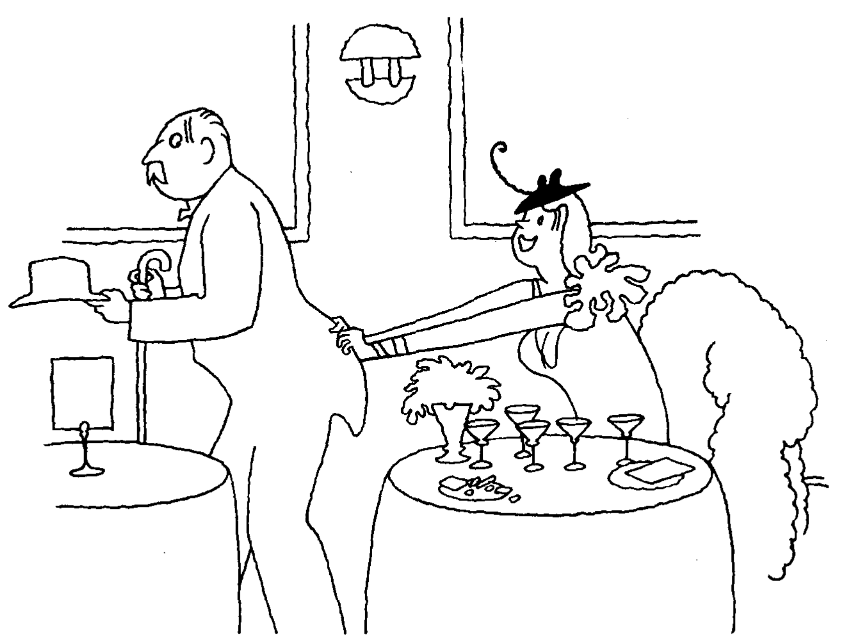
Some of the show's statistics are interesting. Although no visitor ever has offered to sign the pledge, Bell says that the percentage of customers preferring root beer to the regular stuff is steadily increasing, while demand for ham sandwiches and pretzels stays constant. Since it started the show has given away two million, one hundred thousand pints of beer, a million and three quarter ham sandwiches, about six and a half million pretzels and hundreds of candlelit cakes, awarded to couples celebrating birthdays or wedding—and even divorce—anniversaries.

The piece rolled past its three thousandth straight performance early in the fall of '41. This contrasts with 2,327 for Abie's Irish Rose, 1466 for Charley's Aunt, and 2,238 for Chu Chin Chow (in London). It is out ahead of Tobacco Road. When it will close no one knows, but it seems safe for ten years, anyway, which would set an all-time record that probably never would be beaten.

After the stage play, the show becomes a sort of community affair. Customers observed by Song Leader George Stuart not to be singing with sufficient gusto have to do solos. People from St. Louis get introduced to total strangers from Honolulu. Old-time vaudeville acts are dead-panned through with considerable help from the customers and even the waitresses do a song or two.

There is hardly ever any audience trouble, although one aged patron who always tries to make a speech during Act Two has been escorted out seven times and complains he doesn't know how the plot turns out. No one ever was cured of the curse of liquor by seeing the piece, but one customer claims it cured his arthritis.

Nobody knows, including Bell and his players, why The Drunkard goes on and on in the converted studio, now called the Theater Mart. It isn't good drama, it has no intentionally funny lines, there isn't a speck of dirt in it and its situations are hackneyed and unreal. Everybody connected with the show has given up trying to explain it. They're not worrying overmuch, either. They think it may work into something steady, after a while.



"Why, if it isn't Mr. Purdie! And just as I was about to pick up my check!"

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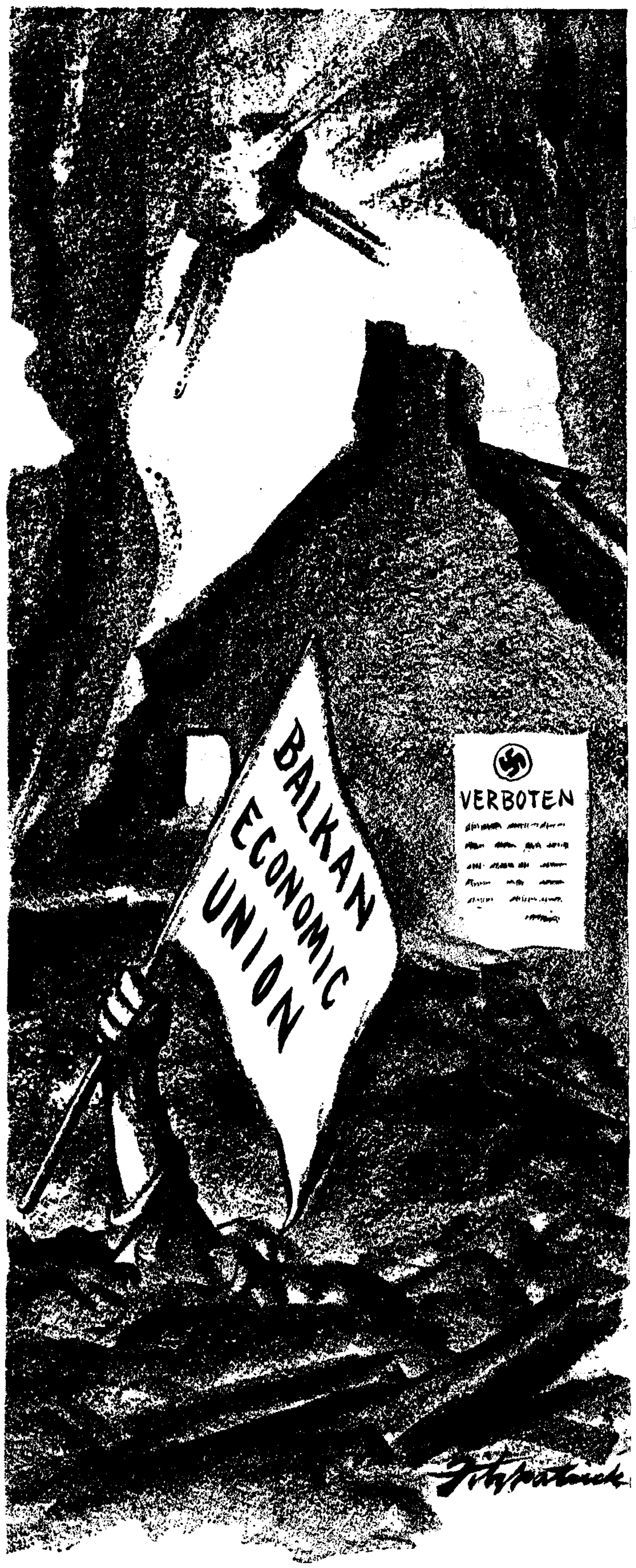
U. S. E.



AN ACORN that may one day produce an oak was planted at the International Labor Organization's recent New York Conference. Delegates for Czechoslovakia, Greece, Poland and Yugoslavia, with the approval of their London governments in exile, agreed to form a single economic bloc if the war should end in the liberation of their countries from Hitler. Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania would be asked into this Balkan bloc in due time.

The first problem, of course, is to get these countries free of Hitler's guns and *Gauleiters*. When and if that is done, the proposed Balkan economic union may conceivably lay the foundations for a United States of Europe.

Before Hitler enraged most of the civilized world with the brutalities of his overlordship of the conquered countries, it was widely agreed that Europe never could be prosperous with a network of economic barriers keeping it a permanent economic jigsaw puzzle. If this war hadn't butted in, the dreamed-of United States of Europe might have come into being peaceably and gradually.

In a bloody, debased kind of way, Hitler is giving that dream a long shove toward realization. If he can be pried loose from the controls somehow, and if the Balkan nations when freed can remember the high resolves they made when enslaved, then a U. S. E. of some type should be off to a good start.

We hope the various Balkan governments in exile will keep working on this scheme, and will have it ready for instant reference and agitation if the war ends in an Allied victory.

Take It Easier, Please

AS WE go to press, the extreme isolationists and the extreme interventionists are about even-Stephen as regards performances which have hurt their respective causes more than helped them.

Some isolationist ladies (well, call them ladies) greeted Ambassador Halifax in Detroit by tossing eggs at him. Mr. Halifax took it like a sport—and the isolationist cause took on in many people's minds a label of hooliganism which it won't soon live down.

Presently, a Col. Early E. W. Duncan, commanding officer at Lowry Field, Denver, was hitting the headlines with an order forbidding his men to have traffic with preachers, laymen or groups opposing United States' entry into the war. Before Colonel Duncan had finished pulling his cyclone cellar in after him, Civilian Defense Co-ordinator F. H. La Guardia bobbed up with an interventionist sermon which he had mailed to a lot of clergymen with the request that they preach it or something like it the following Sunday.

Senator Wheeler, who usually shows better judgment, capped these misadventures in blunderland by roaring that some British manufacturers were using a few shovelfuls of metal to make toy soldiers.

Which side looked the more foolish as the last of this stick of boob-bombs went off, we don't know; or which had disgusted the more people.

Really, ladies and gents, this kind of stuff won't do. The question of whether we are to go all the way into the war or get all the way out of it is one of the gravest questions this country has ever faced. There are fine and patriotic Americans, and a lot of them, on both sides. The question can be settled wisely only if both sides will keep that fact in mind, cut out the idiotic acts, and debate it on its merits. One of the things these fierce times demand of us Americans is that we grow up and take to acting like an adult nation.

Airways Around the World

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS' new African line, laid out primarily to speed plane shipments to the Middle East, has been getting plenty of publicity of late, but we thought we'd give it some more. We quote from Capt. Harold E. Gray's statement to the press the day the Capetown Clipper left on its maiden voyage to San Juan, Port-of-Spain, Belem, Natal and the Belgian Congo:

> The new airway constitutes the greatest single project of its kind ever undertaken by civil aviation. The route itself is as long as the Clipper route across the Pacific to China, which required four years to build. That this new route from the American mainland to far-off South Africa is ready for its first transport test just 83 days from President Roosevelt's announcement of the assignment is a splendid testimonial to the organization of America's international air transport system.

That is putting it conservatively, Captain. It is a magnificent achievement. It is also one which gives us a very heartening series of thoughts.

Good news in this third year of the war—news that tells of progress and improving conditions and better outlooks for some group of people somewhere—is not plentiful. It's a sad time and promises to grow more so for quite a while.

But in this news of Pan American's forging of the South Atlantic-Africa air route in 83 days, isn't there a promise of great things to come? Even more encouraging—isn't it an indication that there is some truth in the idea that war often shortcuts progress, forces it to speed up, lops away a lot of deadwood and inertia?

It isn't likely that in peacetime, even with the Pacific experience behind it, Pan American, or any other airline, would have done this giant job in anything like 83 days. The pressure of war and of the British plane scarcity in the Middle East put a full head of steam on the project; and now the foundation is laid for American passenger air transport after the war over most of the civilized world and part of the uncivilized. This war is tough enough, but here and there it has its compensations, and it may conceivably pay undreamed-of dividends.